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NEW YORK

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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
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1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.

ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ṫh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. III

	Page
Beaumarchais (bō mär shā), Pierre Augustin Caron de	7
Beaumont (bō' mont), Francis	10
Beckett (bek' et), Gilbert Abbott à, *see* À Beckett, G. A.	
Beckford (bek' fōrd), William	14
Beddoes (bed' ōz), Thomas Lovell	20
Bede (bēd), or Beda	23
Bede, Cuthbert, *see* Bradley, Edward	
Bedott (be dot'), Widow, *see* Whitcher, Frances M.	
Beecher (bē' chêr), Catherine Esther	26
Beecher, Henry Ward	29
Beecher, Lyman	38
Beers (bērz), Ethelinda Eliot	45
Behrens (bā' renz), Bertha	46
Bell (bel), Sir Charles	50
Bellamy (bel' ą mi), Edward	55
Bellamy, Jacobus	58
Bellay (be lā'), Joachim du	60
Bellman (bel' män), Karl Mikael	64
Belloc (be lok'), Hilaire	67
Belot (be lō'), Adolphe	69
Belzoni (bel tsō' nē), Giovanni Battista	73
Bembo (bem' bō), Pietro	76
Benjamin (ben' ja min), Park	77
Benson (ben' sŏn), Edward Frederic	80
Bentham (ben' tham), Jeremy	84
Bentley (bent' li), Richard	88
Benton (ben' tŏn), Thomas Hart	92
Beowulf (bā' ō wůlf), The Lay of	95
Béranger (bā roñ zhā), Pierre Jean de	96
Berkeley (bêrk' li), George	102
Bernard (bêr' nąrd; Fr. ber när), Saint	109
Bernard of Cluny	114

PAGE

BERNERS (bêr'nêrz), JOHN BOURCHIER 116
BERNI (ber'nē), FRANCESCO 121
BESANT (bes'ant), ANNIE 124
BESANT, SIR WALTER 131
BETHAM-EDWARDS (be'thąm ed'wąrdz), H., *see* EDWARDS, MATILDA B. .....
BETHUNE (be thön'), GEORGE WASHINGTON 138
BETTINA VON ARNIM (be tē'nä fŏn är'nim), *see* BRENTANO, ELIZABETH .....
BEYLE (bāl), MARIE-HENRI 142
BIÇKERSTETH (bik'êr steth), EDWARD HENRY 146
BIERCE (bērs), AMBROSE 149
BIGELOW (big'e lō), JOHN 153
BILDERDIJK (bil'dêr dīk), WILLEM 155
BILL NYE (bil nī), *see* NYE, EDGAR WILSON .....
BION (bī'on) OF SMYRNA 158
BIRD (bêrd), ROBERT MONTGOMERY 162
BIRRELL (bir'el), AUGUSTINE 167
BISMARCK (biz'märk), OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD 170
BJÖRNSON (byêrn'son), BJÖRNSTJERNE 176
BLACK (blak), WILLIAM 181
BLACKIE (blak'i), JOHN STUART 190
BLACKLOCK (blak'lok), THOMAS 194
BLACKMORE (blak'mōr), SIR RICHARD 196
BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE 198
BLACKSTONE (blak'stōn), SIR WILLIAM 202
BLAINE (blān), JAMES GILLESPIE 207
BLAIR (blâr), HUGH 212
BLAIR, ROBERT 214
BLAKE (blāk), WILLIAM 217
BLANC (blänk), AUGUSTE CHARLES 222
BLAND (bland), EDITH NESBIT 224
BLAVATSKY (blä vät'skē), HELENA PETROVNA 228
BLESSINGTON (bles'ing tŏn), COUNTESS OF 236
BLICHER (bliċh'er), STEEN STEENSEN 238
BLIND HARRY 241
BLIND (blint), KARL 243
BLIND, MATHILDE 246
BLOOMFIELD (blöm'fēld), ROBERT 248
BLOUET (blö ā), PAUL 254

PAGE

Boccaccio (bō kä′ chē ō), Giovanni 257
Boccage (bo käzh′), Manoel de Barbosa du 265
Bodenstedt (bō′ den stet), Friedrich Martin von 268
Bodmer (bōd′ mer), Johan Jakob 271
Boëthius (bō ē′ thi us) 273
Böhme (bē′ me), Jakob 275
Boiardo (bō yär′ dō), Matteo Maria 280
Boileau-Despréaux (bwä lō dā prā ō), Nicolas 281
Boissier (bwäs syā), Marie Louis Gaston 287
Boker (bō′ kêr), George Henry 289
Bolingbroke (bol′ ing brůk), Henry St. John 294
Bolton (bōl′ tŏn), Sarah Knowles 298
Bonaventura (bō nä ven tö′ rą), Saint 300
Boothby (böth′ bi), Guy Newell 303
Born (bôrn), Bertrand de 305
Borrow (bôr′ ō), George 308
Boscan-Almogaver (bos kän′ äl mō gą vār′), Juan 314
Bossuet (bo sü ā), Jacques Bénigne 315
Boston (bôs′ tŏn), Thomas 325
Boswell (boz′ wel), James 329
Boucicault (bō′ sē kō), Dion 339
Bourdillon (bör′ dil on), Francis William 344
Bourget (bör zhā), Paul 346
Bowles (bōlz), Caroline Anne 349
Bowles, Samuel 353
Bowles, William Lisle 358
Bowring (bou′ ring), Sir John 359
Boyesen (boi′ e sen), Hjalmar Hjorth 364
Boyle (boil), Robert 371
Boz, *see* Dickens, Charles .....
Brace (brās), Charles Loring 374
Braddon (brad′ ŏn), Mary Elizabeth 377
Bradley (brad′ li), Edward 383
Bradstreet (brad′ strēt), Anne Dudley 390
Brady (brā′ di), Cyrus Townsend 395
Braeme (brām), Charlotte Mary 401
Brainard (brā′ nąrd), John Gardiner Calkins 404
Brandes (brän′ des), George Morris Cohen 407
Brant (bränt), Sebastian 410
Brantôme (broñ töm), Pierre de Bourdeille 413

awoke my watchful barber here! My master orders me to catch the first glimpse of Rosina when she opens her lattice; but I much fear I never shall be able to succeed for him, for no sooner do I obtain Rosina's notice, and am about to convey a billet, than this devil of a spoil-sport pops his head out and deranges all my plans. [*Puts his ear to Figaro's door.*] All's quiet; he sleeps in spite of the ghosts of the patients he has poisoned. Now, if my serenaders could but tinkle a few soft notes to disturb her gentle slumbers, I might contrive to convey this letter to her. [*He steps back and makes a signal.*]

[*Figaro opens the window at the top of his house.*]

Figaro.— And so, my smooth-chinned philosopher, you thought to deliver your letter free from postage? Quite impossible, I assure you.

Fiorello.— And pray, Signor, who are you, and what letter are you speaking of?

Figaro.— What letter? Why, the letter — the letter you've got in your pocket — the letter that you wanted to convey to Rosina; and as to your "Who am I?" you must be a stranger indeed in Seville, not to know that — ask the girls who I am — I'm the Barber — a distinction, of which I am not a little proud; did you never hear of it before? Every thing that's smart, every thing that's handsome, every thing that's roguish, every thing that's intriguing — all, all, that's the Barber.

Fiorello.— And can you, with these pretensions, destroy my master's hopes, who loves Rosina to distraction?

Figaro.— Honour — my duty — I'm out-door spy here, by appointment; in short, I'm tenant to Dr. Bartolo, over head and ears in debt to him for rent, and sure to go to prison, if I am not vigilant.

Fiorello.— Aye, but my master can prevent that, for he has both power and inclination to reward you liberally.

Figaro.— Oh, I am always grateful for the favours I am to receive, and to prove I deserve them, I'll tell you something about your master. He's a slim, genteel stranger, arrived in Seville three days back, very much

in love with Dr. Bartolo's ward, has haunted his door, as yet without success, and has now sent you to watch when Rosina comes to the balcony.

Fiorello.—Well guessed, my Argus of Seville! but yet, no name, no rank discovered.

Figaro.—'Tis impossible to keep them secret from me long. If I don't discover them to-day, I shall to-morrow, so you may as well divulge. If I like your master, and admit his pretensions, perhaps he may have a chance; if not, let him despair! With Marshal Bartolo within, and General Figaro without, the citadel can never be taken, depend upon it.

Fiorello.— Well, if I do divulge the secret, necessity is my excuse. Know then, my master is the Count Almaviva!

Figaro.— [*With great surprise.*] Who?

Fiorello.— Count Almaviva.

Figaro.— Excellent! excellent! [*Laughing and dancing about.*]

Fiorello.— Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake! What's the matter?

Figaro.— My old master!

Fiorello.— What?

Figaro.— That I lived so long with at Madrid.

Fiorello.— Impossible! The young Count never had but one confidential servant before I lived with him; and he was discharged for roguery.

Figaro.— Ah, see how a poor fellow's character may be traduced! Sir, I was dismissed through a mistake; the Count charged me with wearing his clothes before he had done with them. Now, the fact was, I only tried them on before he had begun with them. No, sir, I'd have you know I had a soul above old clothes.

Fiorello.— Well, we are allies now, Figaro — will you assist us?

Figaro.— To the utmost verge of discretion; self first, Count Almaviva second. Let him state the terms of our confederacy. Bartolo in one scale, Almaviva in the other — Justice is blind. [*Rosina draws up the Venetian*

blind at the balcony.] But soft, she comes forth. Now, to show you my good will, I'll let you commence your operations, but I must pretend to be in bed, for if Dr. Bartolo once suspects me, all my power to serve your master vanishes. [*Exit into his house.*]

Bartolo.— [*Calls within.*] Rosina! Rosina!

Rosina.— [*To Fiorello.*] 'Tis my guardian's voice! hide under the window! — *Adapted from the original of Beaumarchais.*

BEAUMONT, Francis, an English poet and dramatist; born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, 1586; died at Sundridge, March 6, 1616. He was of a distinguished family; studied at Oxford and became a member of the Inner Temple, London, but seems to have paid little attention to the study of law, being the heir to a large estate. He died at the age of thirty, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name and that of John Fletcher (1579–1625), son of the Bishop of Bristol, are inseparably connected in literary partnership. They wrote together *The Woman Hater* (1607); *Cupid's Revenge* (1615); *The Scornful Lady* (1616); *A King and No King* (1619); *The Maid's Tragedy* (1619); *Philaster* (1620); *Monsieur Thomas* (1639); *Wit Without Money* (1639); *The Coronation* (1640); *Works* (1660). Beaumont himself wrote *Paraphrase of Ovid's Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* (1602); *A Masque* (1613); *Poems* (1640); and another set of

Poems (1653). Sir Walter Scott says of these joint authors:

Beaumont and Fletcher have still a high poetical value. If character be sometimes violated, probability discarded, and the interest of the plot neglected, the reader is, on the other hand, often gratified by the most beautiful description, the most tender and passionate dialogue, a display of brilliant wit and gayety or a feast of comic humor. These attributes had so much effect on the public, that during the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, many of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays had possession of the stage, while those of Shakespeare were laid upon the shelf.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher have virtually lost their interest to the stage and are rarely even read. Perhaps *The Maid's Tragedy* is the best of these dramas, and of this the following scene is a favorable specimen.

ASPATIA, WHEN DESERTED BY AMINTOR.

Evadne.—Would thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.
Aspatia.— It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek,
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended Powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night, and all your hands have been employed
In giving me, a spotless offering,
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; would my worth
Were great as yours; or that the King, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless;

But till he did so, in these ears of mine —
These credulous ears — he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.

Evad.—Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp.—Would I could, then I should leave the cause:

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew.

Evad.—That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp.— Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad.— How is it, madam?

Asp. (sings).—

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew.
Maidens willow branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly gentle earth.

Madam, good-night; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you; but if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I, but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him: So did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.
Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth;
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad.— Alas! I pity thee. [*Amintor enters*].

Asp.—Go, and be happy in your lady's love;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take

A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth; though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow-garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love — though now refused —
Than to have had another true to me.

—*The Maid's Tragedy.*

Scattered through the dramas of Beaumont are numerous fine passages and many graceful lyrics.

IV. LIFE OF MAN.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid tonight:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

PRAISE OF MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights
As short as are the nights,
  Wherein you spend your folly
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were only wise to see't,
  But only Melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes;
A sigh that piercing mortifies;
A look that's fastened to the ground;
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale Passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon!
Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely Melancholy.
—*Nick Valor.*

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes — the break of day —
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again:
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free
Bound in those icy chains by thee.
—*Rollo.*

BECKFORD, WILLIAM, an English author and connoisseur; born at London, September 29, 1759; died at Bath, May 2, 1844. He was the son of an alderman, at one time Lord Mayor of London, who, dying, left to his son, then ten years of age, an immense fortune, consisting partly of the estate of Fonthill, in Wiltshire, and partly of plantations in the West Indies, the annual income from which is said to have exceeded £100,000, the accumulations of which during his long minority were

£1,000,000. While a mere youth he traveled extensively on the continent of Europe; and returning to England, sat for a while in the British Parliament for various boroughs; then traveled abroad again, with a retinue of thirty servants, and returning to England took up his residence at Fonthill, 1796. He surrounded his grounds with a wall nine miles long, in order to keep out visitors. In 1801 he began the demolition of the ancient house and the building of the magnificent structure which he called Fonthill Abbey, in the erection and adornment of which he spent several years and enormous sums of money. The grand tower was 260 feet high. In 1822 Beckford sold Fonthill and its curiosities to Mr. Farquahar for £350,000, and took up his residence in Bath, where he built another magnificent residence, which he called Lansdowne House. Here he resided, a morose recluse, in a palace, for more than twenty years.

Beckford, during his long lifetime of more than fourscore, wrote several books which critics have praised, and the titles of which at least remain. But only one of them serves to perpetuate the memory of its author. This is the romance entitled *Vathek,* written in 1872.

THE CALIPH VATHEK AND HIS PALACES.

Vathek, ninth Caliph of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun-al-Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. Being much addicted to women and pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded, and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did

not think, with the Caliph Omar-ben-Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next. He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty. He added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied, by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet.

The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named the Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the earth were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well managed prospective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own: for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumers, which was termed likewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were

kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odors.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, as beautiful as the Houris, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the Caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern, as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the Caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences which did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood; a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy, but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held it. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return, for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mohammed, whose vicars the Caliphs are, beheld with indignation, from his abode in the seventh heaven, the irreligious conduct of such a viceregent. "Let us leave him to himself," he said to the Genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; "let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety

will carry him. If he run into excess we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him therefore to complete the tower which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned; but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven. He will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The Genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek. He fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him. He was almost ready to adore himself, till, casting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness with the thoughts of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

In time Vathek, accompanied by Nouronihar, the chief favorite of his harem, and a mighty suite of followers, set out for Istakar, the dominion of Eblis or Satan, which they reach after numerous adventures.

IN THE HALLS OF EBLIS.

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immense plain. But their

eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odor as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisonous arrows; whilst others grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude which no man could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden.

After awhile Vathek and Nouronihar were ushered into the presence of Eblis himself, "whose person was that of a young man whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapors. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light." Eblis received his visitors with courtesy. "Creatures of clay," he said, "I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy what this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-Adamite kings; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the

subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, you shall find sufficient objects to gratify it." Among the places which they should have the privilege of entering were "the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Arjenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind."

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL, an English poet and dramatist; born at Clifton, July 20, 1803; died at Basel, Switzerland, January 26, 1849. His father, Thomas Beddoes (1760–1808), was an eminent physician and the author of several books, which had some note in their day; his mother was a daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and younger sister of Maria Edgeworth. He studied mainly at Oxford, and in 1821 published *The Improvisatore,* a small volume of poems. This was followed in 1822 by the drama *The Bride's Tragedy,* of which *Blackwood's Magazine* said: "With all its extravagances, and even sillinesses and follies, it shows far more than glimpses of a true poetical genius, much tender and deep feeling, and a wantoning sense of beauty." Soon after the publication of this drama Beddoes went to Göttingen to study medicine, and most of his subsequent life was passed in Germany and Switzerland. In 1848, being in ill-health, he went to Basel, where he was thrown from his horse, injur-

ing his leg to such an extent that amputation was thought necessary; he died from the effects of this surgical operation. Soon after his death a collection of his poetical fragments was published, among which was *Death's Jest-Book, or The Fool's Tragedy* (1850). His principal work, *The Bride's Tragedy*, though entirely unfitted for the stage, contains some passages of rare beauty. Hesperus and Floribel, two newly wedded lovers, are walking in a garden:

HESPERUS AND FLORIBEL.

Hesp. — See, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckle woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
And talk to me. So! I've a rival here;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?
Flor. — Jealous so soon, my Hesperus! Look, then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.
Hesp. — Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers!
Have they been brushing the long grass aside
To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light — the Danaë of flowers,
With gold uphoarded on its virgin lap?
Flor. — And here's a treasure that I found by chance —
A lily of the valley. Low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.
Hesp. — Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ how Zephyr, envious of his love —
The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has weeping visited the world — once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet

('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a pea-bud in a lady's garland);
The felon Winds confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

The bridegroom, not long after, inspired by jealousy, Othello-like, slays his bride, and thus laments over the corpse:

THE LAMENTATION OF HESPERUS FOR FLORIBEL.

Dead art thou, Floribel! fair painted earth!
And no warm breath shall ever more disport
Between those ruby lips. No; they have quaffed
Life to the dregs, and found Death at the bottom,
The sugar of the draught. All cold and still:
Her very tresses stiffen in the air.
Look, what a face! Had our first mother worn
But half such beauty when the serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
No hand but this — which I do think was once
Cain, the arch-murderer's — could have acted it.
And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom,
In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp.
Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first —— O villain! Which way lies the grave?

BEDE (BEDA, or BÆDA), usually called The Venerable Bede, an English monk and ecclesiastic; born at Wearmouth, about A.D. 672; died at Jarrow, May 26, A.D. 735. The story of his life is briefly told by himself at the close of his *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation:*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BEDE.

Thus much of the Ecclesiastical History of Britain, and more especially of the English nation, as far as I could learn either from the writings of the ancients, or the traditions of our ancestors, or of my own knowledge, has, with the help of God, been digested by me, Bede, the servant of God, and priest of the monastery, of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow; who being born in the territory of that same monastery, was given at seven years of age to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfrid; and spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture; and amidst the observance of regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning, teaching and writing. In the nineteenth year of my age I received deacon's orders; in the thirtieth, those of the priesthood. From which time, till the fifty-ninth year of my age, I have made it my business, for the use of me and mine, to compile out of the venerable Fathers, and to interpret and explain according to their meaning these following pieces.

Then follows a complete list of the works which he had written, down to this period, about four years before his death. An account of the last hours of Bede was written by his friend and disciple, Cuthbert. From this account we learn that the last work upon

which Bede was employed was a translation of the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon.

DEATH OF BEDE.

At the commencement of the month of April, 735, he was seized with a shortness of breathing, under which he languished till the 26th of May, suffering little pain, but pining away under the effects of his disease and the absence of sleep. During this time he occupied himself day and night either in admonishing his disciples, or in prayer, or in repeating passages from the Scriptures and Fathers of the Church, interspersing his observations from time to time with pieces of religious poetry in his native tongue. On the 26th of May the symptoms became more alarming, and it was evident that death was near at hand. During that day he continued to dictate to one of the younger members of the community, who acted as his scribe; and he resumed the work early the next morning, which was the Feast of the Ascension, or Holy Thursday; and he told his disciples to write diligently. This they did till nine o'clock, when they retired to perform some of the religious duties peculiar to that day. One of them then said to him, "Dearest master, one chapter still remains, and thou canst ill bear questioning." But Bede desired him to proceed, telling him to "take his pen and write hastily." At the hour of noon Bede directed Cuthbert to fetch from his closet his spices and other precious articles, which he shared among the other presbyters of the house, and begged that they would say masses and prayers for him after his death. He passed the remainder of the day in prayer and conversation, amid the tears of his companions, till evening, when his scribe again interrupted him, telling him that only one sentence of his work remained unfinished. Bede told him to write, and he dictated a few words, when the youth exclaimed, "it is done." "Thou hast said right," answered Bede; "it *is* done. Support my head with thy hands, for I desire to sit in my holy place, where I am accustomed to pray, that, sitting there, I may call upon

my Father." And thus, on the floor of his closet, and chanting the *Gloria Patri,* he had just strength to proceed to the end of the last phrase, and died with the last words, *et Spiritui Sancto,* on his lips.

The life of the Venerable Bede was that of a student and scholar. He is said to have declined the abbacy of his monastery in order to pursue his literary labors without hindrance. He seems to have mastered about all of the science accessible in his age and country. His works include homilies, lives of the Saints, hymns, epigrams, treatises upon chronology and grammar, and comments upon portions of the Old and New Testaments. The most valuable of his works is the *Historia Eccelsiastica Gentis Anglorum,* which was rendered into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great, or at least under his direction. It embodies nearly all now known of the ancient history of Britain, down to the time of its completion in A.D. 731. The first printed edition of his works appears to be that of Paris (6 vols. fol., 1544–54); editions were printed at Basel and Cologne in 1563, 1612 and 1688. An edition, with an English translation, in 12 vols., 8vo, under the supervision of Dr. Giles, was published in London in 1843–44. Stevens' translation of the *Ecclesiastical History of England* forms a volume of Bohn's *Antiquarian Library* (1847); and a translation of the entire historical works appears in Volume I. of *The Church Historians of England* (1853–54).

BEECHER, CATHERINE ESTHER, an American educator and author; born at East Hampton, N. Y., September 6, 1800; died at Elmira, N. Y., May 12, 1878. She was the eldest child of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and after the death of her mother, when she was about sixteen, she had charge of her father's household at East Hampton. When about nineteen she became betrothed to Professor Alexander Fisher, of Yale College, one of the most promising young men of his day. Professor Fisher sailed for Europe in 1822; the vessel on which he embarked was wrecked, and he lost his life. Catherine Beecher remained unmarried, devoting herself to educational work. From 1822 to 1832 she was at the head of a female seminary at Hartford, Conn. In 1832 she went, with her father, to Cincinnati, where she opened a seminary for the education of women; but she was compelled by ill-health to abandon this in a few years. She thenceforth devoted the remainder of her long life to the practical intellectual and physical training of women, not unfrequently diverging into the domains of theological controversy. Among her very numerous physiological works are: *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness* (1855); *Physiology and Calisthenics in Schools and Families* (1856); *The Housekeeper and Healthkeeper* (1859); and *The American Woman's Home* (1869) prepared in conjunction with her sister, Mrs. Stowe. Among her works in which the theological element largely predominates are: *The Religious Training of Children in the Family, the School, and the Church* (1856); *Common Sense applied to Religion* (1857); and *An*

Appeal to the People in behalf of their Rights, as the Authorized Interpreters of the Scriptures (1859).

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

The distinctive feature of the family is self-sacrificing labor of the stronger and wiser members to raise the weaker and more ignorant to equal advantages. The father undergoes toil and self-denial to provide a home, and then the mother becomes a self-sacrificing laborer to train its inmates. The useless, troublesome infant is served in the humblest offices; while both parents unite in training it to an equality with themselves in every advantage. Soon the older members become helpers to raise the younger to a level with their own. When any are sick, those who are well become self-sacrificing ministers. When the parents are old and useless, the children become their self-sacrificing servants. Thus the discipline of the family state is one of daily self-devotion of the stronger and wiser to elevate and support the weaker members. Nothing could be more contrary to its first principles than for the older and more capable children to combine to secure to themselves the highest advantages, enforcing the drudgeries on the younger, at the sacrifice of their equal culture. . . .

The family state, then, is the aptest earthly illustration of the heavenly kingdom; and in it woman is its chief minister. Her great mission is self-denial, in training its members to self-sacrificing labors for the ignorant and weak: if not her own children, then the neglected children of her Father in Heaven. She is to rear all under her care to lay up treasures, not on earth, but in heaven. All the pleasures of this life end here; but those who train immortal minds are to reap the fruit of their labor through eternal ages.

To man is appointed the out-door labor: to till the earth, dig the mines, toil in the foundries, traverse the ocean, transport merchandise, labor in manufactories, construct houses, conduct civil, municipal, and state affairs; and all the heavy work which, most of the day,

excludes him from the comforts of a home. But the great stimulus to all these toils, implanted in the heart of every true man, is the desire for a home of his own, and the hopes of paternity. Every man who truly lives for immortality responds to the beatitude, "Children are a heritage from the Lord; blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them!" The more a father and mother live under the influence of that "immortality which Christ hath brought to light," the more is the blessedness of rearing a family understood and appreciated. Every child trained aright is to dwell forever in exalted bliss with those that gave it life and trained it for heaven.

The blessed privileges of the family state are not confined to those who rear children of their own. Any woman who can earn a livelihood — as every woman should be trained to do — can take a properly qualified female associate, and institute a family of her own, receiving to its heavenly influences the orphan, the sick, the homeless, and the sinful, and by motherly devotion train them to follow the self-denying example of Christ, in educating his earthly children for true happiness in this life and for his eternal home.

And such is the blessedness of aiding to sustain a truly Christian home, that no one comes so near to the pattern of the All-perfect One as those who might hold what men call a higher place, and yet humble themselves to the lowest, in order to aid in the training of the young, "not as men-pleasers, but as servants to Christ, with good-will doing service as to the Lord, and not to men." Such are preparing for high places in the kingdom of heaven. "Whosoever will be chiefest among you, let him be your servant."— *The American Woman's Home* (1869).

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BEECHER, Henry Ward, an American clergyman, reformer, lecturer, and author; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was the fourth son of Dr. Lyman Beecher. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1834, and afterward studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, an institution of which his father was president. In 1837 he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and two years afterward pastor of a church at Indianapolis. In 1847 he accepted the pastorate of the newly organized Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he soon took rank as one of the foremost pulpit orators of the country; and for a long series of years he continued to be a most earnest advocate of all reformatory efforts, especially of those having in view the abolition of slavery and the promotion of temperance. He was also one of the most popular lecturers in the country.

As an author there are few men, living or dead, whose works fill so much space. He rarely wrote out his sermons, but delivered them extempore, at least as far as the mere wording is concerned, though not without careful preparation. But for a quarter of a century his sermons were taken down by stenographers, and printed; many of his public prayers, also, have been taken, and frequently reported in the press, and several volumes of these reports have been published. For many years he was editorially connected with the newspaper press. While a pastor in Indiana he edited an agricultural journal, *The Farmer and Gardener.* When the New York *Independent* was estab-

lished, in 1847, he became a frequent contributor to its columns, and was its chief editor from 1861 to 1863, when he resigned his position. About 1870 he took editorial charge of *The Christian Union,* a weekly religious journal, a post which he filled for ten years.

Apart from this journalistic work, Mr. Beecher published many separate volumes. Among these are: *Lectures to Young Men* (1850); *Star Papers* (1855), selected from his contributions to *The Independent,* which bore the signature of a star (*); *Life Thoughts* (1858); *Pleasant Talks about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming,* selected from earlier writings (1859); *Eyes and Ears* (1862); *Freedom and War* (1863); *Royal Truths* (1864); *Aids to Prayer* (1864); *Pulpit Pungencies* (1866); *Norwood,* a novel, written originally as a serial for the New York *Ledger* (1867); *Lecture-Room Talks* (1870); *Yale Lectures on Preaching,* 3 vols. (1872–74); *A Summer Parish* (1874); *Sermons on Evolution and Religion* (1885); *Life of Christ* (1871–87).

SOME OBJECTIONABLE TRICKS.

It is a shiftless trick to lie about stores and groceries, arguing with men that you have *no time,* in a new country, for nice farming, for making good fences for smooth meadows without a stump, for draining wet patches which disfigure fine fields; to raise your own frogs in your own yard; to permit, year after year, a dirty, stinking, mantled puddle to stand before your fence in the street; to plant orchards, and allow your cattle to eat the trees up, and when gnawed down, to save your money by trying to nurse the stubs into good trees, instead of getting fresh ones from the nursery; to allow an orchard to have blank spaces, where trees have died; and when the living trees begin to bear, to wake up, and put young whips in the vacant spots. It is a filthy trick to use tobacco at all;

and it puts an end to all our affected squeamishness at the Chinese taste in eating rats, cats, and birds' nests. It is vile economy to lay up for remastication a half-chewed cud; to pocket a half-smoked cigar; and finally to bedrench one's self with tobacco-juice; to so besmoke one's clothes that a man can be scented as far off as a whaleship can be smelt at sea. It is a vile trick to borrow a choice book; to read it with unwashed hands, that have been used in the charcoal-bin; and finally to return it daubed on every leaf with nose-blood spots, tobacco-spatter, and dirty finger-marks. It is an unthrifty trick to bring in eggs from the barn in one's coat pocket, and then to sit down upon them. It is a filthy trick to borrow of or lend for others' use a tooth-brush or a tooth-pick; to pick one's teeth at table with a fork or a jack-knife; to put your hat upon the dinner-table among the dishes; to spit generously into the fire, or at it, while the hearth is covered with food set to warm — for sometimes a man hits what he don't aim at. It is an unmannerly trick to neglect the scraper outside the door, but to be scrupulous in cleaning your feet, after you get inside, on the carpet, rug, or andiron; to bring your drenched umbrella into the entry, where a black puddle may leave to the housewife melancholy evidence that you have been there. It is a soul-trying trick for a neat dairy-woman to see her "man" watering the horse out of her milk-bucket; or filtering horse medicine through her milk-strainer; or feeding his hogs with her water-pail; or, after barn-work, to set the well-bucket outside the curb, and wash his hands out of it. — *Talks about Farming, etc.* (1842).

DEATH IN THE COUNTRY.

There is something peculiarly impressive to me in the old New England custom of announcing a death. In a village of a few hundred inhabitants all are known each to each. There are no *strangers*. The village church, the Sabbath-school, and the district-school have been channels of intercommunication; so that one is acquainted not only with the persons, but, too often, with the affairs

— domestic, social, and secular — of every dweller in the town.

A thousand die in the city every month, and there is no void apparent. The vast population speedily closes over the emptied space. The hearts that were grouped about the deceased doubtless suffer alike in the country and in the city. But, outside of the special grief, there is a moment's sadness, a dash of sympathy, and then life closes over the grief, as waters fill the void made when a bucketful is drawn out of the ocean. There goes a city funeral! Well, I wonder who it is that is journeying so quietly to his last home. He was not of my house, nor of my circle; his life was not a thread woven with mine; I did not see him before, I shall not miss him now. We did not greet at the church; we did not vote at the town meeting; we had not gone together upon sleigh-rides, skatings, huskings, fishings, trainings, or elections. Therefore it is that men of might die daily about us, and we have no sense of it, any more than we perceive it when a neighbor extinguishes his lamp.

It was upon the very day that we arrived in Woodstock, upon this broad and high hill-top, in the afternoon, as we were sitting in ransomed bliss rejoicing in the boundless hemisphere above, and in the beautiful sweep of hills feathered with woods, and cultivated fields ruffled with fences; and full, here and there, of pictures of trees, single or in rounded groups; it was as we sat thus — the children, three families of them, scattered out, racing and shouting upon the village-green before us — that the church-bell swung round merrily, as if preluding, or cleaning its throat for some message. It is five o'clock: What can that bell be ringing for? Is there a meeting? Perhaps a "preparatory lecture." It stops. Then one deep stroke is given, and all is still. Every one stops. Some one is dead. Another solemn stroke goes vibrating through the crystal air, and calls scores more to the doors. Who can be dead? Another solitary peal wafts its message tremulously along the air; and that long gradually dying vibration of a country bell — never heard amid the noises of the air in a city — swelling and falling,

swelling and falling; aërial waves, voices of invisible spirits communing with each other as they bear aloft the ransomed one!

But now its warning voice is given. All are listening. Ten sharp, distinct strokes, and a pause. Some one is ten years old of earth's age. No; ten more follow; twenty years is it? Ten more tell us that it is an adult. Ten more, and ten more, and twice ten again, and one final stroke, count the age of *seventy-one*. Seventy-one years! Were they long, weary, sorrowful years? Was it a corrugated wretch, who clung ignobly to life? Was it a venerable sire, weary of waiting for the silver cord to be loosed? Seventy-one years! Shall I see as many? And if I do, the hill-top is already turned, and I am going down upon the farther side. How long to look forward to! How short to look back upon! Age and youth look upon life from opposite ends of the telescope: It is exceedingly long; it is exceedingly short! To one who muses this, the very strokes of the bell seem to emblem life. Each is like a year, and all of them roll away as in a moment, and are gone. — *Star Papers* (1851).

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

It is plain that Mary was imbued with the spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures. Not only was the history of her people familiar to her, but her language at the annunciation shows that the poetry of the Old Testament had filled her soul. She was fitted to receive her people's history in its most romantic and spiritual aspects. They were God's peculiar people. Their history unrolled before her as a series of wonderful providences. The path glowed with divine manifestations. Miracles blossomed out of every natural law. But to her there were no "laws of nature." Such ideas had not yet been born. "The earth was the Lord's." All its phenomena were direct manifestations of his will. Clouds and storms came on errands from God. Light and darkness were the shining or the hiding of his face. Calamities were punishments; harvests were divine gifts; famines were immediate divine penalties. To us, God acts through instruments; to the

Hebrew, he acted immediately by his will. "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast."

To such a one as Mary there would be no incredulity as to the reality of this angelic manifestation. Her only surprise would be that *she* should be chosen for a renewal of those divine interpositions in behalf of her people of which their history was so full. The very reason which would lead us to suspect a miracle in our day, gave it credibility in other days. It is simply a question of adaptation. A miracle, as a blind appeal to the moral sense, without use of the reason, was adapted to the earlier periods of human life. Its usefulness ceases when the moral sense is so developed that it can find its own way through the ministration of the reason. A miracle is a substitute for moral demonstration, and is peculiarly adapted to the early conditions of mankind.

Of all miracles, there was none more sacred, more congruous, and grateful to a Hebrew than an angelic visitation. A devout Jew, in looking back, saw angels flying thick between the heavenly throne and the throne of his fathers. The greatest events of national history had been made illustrious by their presence. Their work began with the primitive pair. They had come at evening to Abraham's tent. They had waited upon Jacob's footsteps. They had communed with Moses, with the judges, with priests and magistrates, with prophets and holy men. All the way down from the beginning of history the pious Jew saw the shining foot-steps of these heavenly messengers. Nor had the faith died out in the long interval through which their visits had been withheld. Mary could not, therefore, be surprised at the coming of angels, but only that they should come to her.

It may seem strange that Zacharias should be struck dumb for doubting the heavenly messenger, while Mary went unrebuked. But it is plain that there was a wide difference in the nature of the relative experiences. To Zacharias was promised an event external to himself, not involving his own sensibility. But to a woman's heart there can be no other announcement possible that shall so stir every feeling and sensibility of the soul as the

promise and prospect of her first child. Motherhood is the very center of womanhood. The first awaking in her soul of the reality that she bears a double life — herself within herself — brings a sweet bewilderment of wonder and joy. The more sure her faith of the fact, the more tremulous must her soul become. Such an announcement can never mean to a father's what it does to a mother's heart. And it is one of the exquisite shades of subtle truth, and of beauty as well, that the angel who rebuked Zacharias for doubt, saw nothing in the trembling hesitancy of Mary, inconsistent with a childish faith. If the heart swells with the hope of a new life in the common lot of mortals, with what profound feeling must Mary have pondered the angel's promise to her son:

He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest,
And the Lord God shall give him the throne of his father David;
And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever.
And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

— *The Overture of Angels* (1870).

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

It is said, "Are not many persons made crazy by the excitement under which they are dealt with in these revivals of religion?"— Yes, some. There are some that would be made crazy by any excitement. But I have been watching in New York and Brooklyn, during all the time I have been there — now nearly twenty-six years — and I have never had to deal with a person in my congregation that was made insane by religion, and yet I suppose I have conversed with a thousand persons who were under very deep religious impressions. But I have seen man after man — I could point to nearly twenty within my own personal neighborhood and knowledge — that have been taken from their stores and brokers' shops, and other places of that kind, to the retreats for the insane, because of the excitements of business. Twenty men may wear themselves out in business and die,— either from soften-

ing of the brain, or hardening of the heart, — and nobody says a word about that! But if, in attempting to live a better life, there are one or two among a thousand so organized that they cannot bear any excitement — and certainly not such an excitement as religion naturally creates — these are marked and held up as scarecrows. — *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (1873).

A PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Vouchsafe, our Father, thy blessing to rest upon us. Thou hast blessed us, and made this place memorable. We thank thee that we have so many of us been drawn together in the better relations which include the hope and faith of the life that is to come. We thank thee for all the hours of enjoyment which we have had together, and for the enriching of our affections one in the other. We thank thee that we have been strengthened in faith and in hope, and that joy itself has been wings to faith. Now we are to disperse, having met for the last time, so many of us, together in this place. We pray that we may do it without sadness; that we may do it with thankfulness for that which is past, and with hope for that which is to come. May we never forget that we are called not to darkness but to light; that we are the children of the day; and that our faces should shine as those upon whom God is shining. We pray that we may go forth to meet the duties of life; to assume its burdens and responsibilities with more trust in thee; with no trust in our own strength, which is so poor and so failing. May our hearts be stayed upon God. Fulfil to every one of us, we beseech thee, the promises which thou hast made. Be a defence to those who are assaulted. Open a door to those who are pursued, that they may run in and be safe. Hide them in thy pavilion until the storm be overpassed. We pray thee that thou wilt give grace to those who are violently tempted, that they may be able to resist temptation and come off with victory. We pray that thou wilt raise up all who are cast down and that are desponding. Wilt thou give strength to every one that is to assume burdens and carry sorrows. We be-

seech thee that to those whose life is outward, divine grace may be ministered in all fidelity; and that in all rectitude they may walk before men. We pray that those whose life is hidden and whose sorrows are unspoken, may have the witness of the Spirit of God dwelling evermore in them. May those who seem to themselves to be treading their last steps on the shadowy side of life rejoice that the day is not far distant when they shall enter upon their nobler rest and life. We pray that those whose life is apparently before them may be girded with strength, and grow more and more in truth and honor, and fidelity toward men. Bless, we pray thee, the Church Universal. May thy disciples of every name study the things in which they agree with one another. May divisions, and oppositions, and prejudices, and hatings pass away; and may the common love of Jesus bind them together in love, that all may work together. And now that the enemy is coming in like a flood, we pray that all thy people may feel for each other's hands, and stand banded together, immovable and firm for rectitude. We pray that thus the power of the Holy Ghost may overshadow all Churches, and that the glory of the Lord may fill this land, even as the waters fill the sea. We commend ourselves to thy fatherly care. May we carry away a song. May we rejoice in the Lord, and again may we rejoice. And so, singing and rejoicing, in the midst of infirmities and trials, may we follow in the footsteps of those worthies who now are crowned in heaven; and may we be received with infinite greetings and rejoicings, and have an exceeding abundant entrance administered to us in the kingdom of our Father. We ask it in the adorable name of Jesus, to whom, with the Father and the Spirit, shall be praises everlasting. Amen.—*A Summer Parish* (1875).

VERITIES IN RELIGION.

You are sinners; and God, through Jesus Christ, has come into the world to save sinners. Be lifted, then, into communion and intercourse and likeness with God. Read on; fill your mind with facts and ideas, but do not

be in haste to give up the covenants of your father. Do not be sceptical of the reality of piety. Is there no mother that rises from the horizon of your memory to tell you that her religion was true — not in its doctrines but its substance? Is there no venerable patriarch, remembered as your father, whose justice and charity and truth were such that you can say, "If ever there was a Christian he was one?" You have seen what religion is in actual disposition and in actual life. Hold on to that substance. You are a dying man, with but one life to live, and with one great hope. If you would uncover it and look it in the face, and hope on, and live again in a better sphere and under nobler culture, see to it that no raw knowledge, and no yet green information, shall replace in your soul that central substance. Say to yourself: "I am of the dust; I am brother of the worm. I am companion of the beast. But I am rising steadily away from them. I go up toward inspiration and light, yet half clouded; I feel in me that I am of God, and am a son of God, and I will not give up my birthright, neither for the bait of pleasure, neither for the bribe of power and ambition, neither for the cry of the multitude." — *Sermons on Evolution and Religion* (1885).

BEECHER, Lyman, an American theologian; born at New Haven, Conn., October 12, 1775; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., January 10, 1863. He was graduated from Yale College in 1797, and in the following year became pastor of the Presbyterian church at East Hampton, N. Y. In 1806 he delivered and published a sermon upon duelling, occasioned primarily by the death of Alexander Hamilton, who had been killed in a duel with Aaron Burr. This discourse excited much attention, and gave its author a wide reputation, which was amply sustained

by his other discourses, and he soon became recognized as one of the foremost of American divines. In 1810 he became pastor of the Congregational church at Litchfield, Conn., retaining this position for sixteen years. During this period he delivered and published the *Lectures on Intemperance,* which became famous, and he also bore an active part in the Unitarian controversy which was then rife in New England. In 1826 he was called to the pastorate of the newly organized Hanover Street Congregational Church in Boston. The Presbyterian denomination had set up the Lane Theological Seminary near Cincinnati, O., and Dr. Beecher was invited to the presidency of the new institution, which he accepted in 1832. He held this position for twenty years, during ten of which he was also pastor of a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. The theological controversy in the Presbyterian Church was now at its height, and in 1835 Dr. Beecher was tried before his Presbytery for teaching doctrines not in accordance with the standards of the Church. The case was in the end brought before the Synod, by which Dr. Beecher was fully acquitted. In 1838 occurred the disruption by which the Presbyterian Church was divided into two branches, the "New School" and the "Old School," without much apparent regard to geographical lines. Dr. Beecher adhered to the "New School" party. In course of time the slavery question introduced a new disturbing element into the Church as well as the State. Lane Seminary suffered in many ways from the disputes thus originated, and in 1852 Dr. Beecher retired from the presidency of that institution, and returned to the East, proposing to devote the remainder of his life to the revisal of the works which he had written.

This work of revisal was never fully completed, for failing health — mental, rather than physical — intervened. Still a collection in three volumes was prepared, comprising about one-half of what he proposed to embody. After his death appeared a work in two large volumes entitled *Autobiography, Correspondence, etc., of Lyman Beecher,* edited by Charles Beecher, one of his sons, with the aid of several of the other children of Lyman Beecher. Dr. Beecher was married three times and was the father of thirteen children, of whom ten grew to maturity.

TRINITARIANS AND UNITARIANS.

As to the invidious complaint of our not allowing to Unitarians the name of Christians, it is a complaint so unreasonable and so unjust, that they who make it pay but a poor compliment to the understanding of Unitarians, if they expect it can long avail them to create prejudice, or to stop among them the progress of truth. We do no more withhold from Unitarians the Christian character than they do from us. We regard them as rejecting the Gospel, and they regard us as idolaters; and whatsoever they may be pleased to say, after they have in effect striped us of the Christian character, and thrust us out of the pale of the church, and cut us off from heaven, they cannot bring us back again, or cover up our idolatry with the mantle of charity; for no point is more absolutely settled in the Bible, than that *idolaters* are not Christians, and cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

But neither have we any cause to complain of them, nor they of us. Unitarians and the Orthodox are bound by the high command of heaven to think for themselves: to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good. In this process we come to conclusions so diverse about the doctrines which constitute Christianity, that if one side is right, the other side is wrong. If Unitarians are right, we are idolaters; and if we are right, Unitarians are not Christians. But in coming to these conclusions, we have

no sinister designs against each other. We do not become Unitarians or Trinitarians for the *sake* of denying Christian character to each other; and that we do so, follows only as an inference unavoidable from our belief; for, as I have said, it surpasses the power of Unitarians, after they have by their *principles* made us idolaters, to make us Christians by their charity. Nor do we, in judging for ourselves, exercise any right but our own, or encroach upon the right of each other. Unitarians have no claim to our charity, nor we to theirs, unless it can be granted in consistency with our respective convictions of truth. We not only have no claim to the charity of Unitarians, but they have no right to grant it to us in direct opposition to the express decision of the Bible — that idolaters are not Christians, and cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Dr. Priestley, whose candor I admire, as much as I deplore his errors, says: "The truth is, there neither can nor ought to be any compromise between us. If *you* are right, we are not Christians at all; and if we are right, *you* are gross idolaters." Again, he says: "All who believe Christ to be a man, and not God, must necessarily think it idolatrous to pay him divine honor; and to call it so is no other than the necessary consequence of our belief." Nay, he represents it as "ridiculous that they should be allowed to *think* Trinitarians idolaters, without being permitted to call them so;" and adds: "I have no idea of being offended with any man, in things of this kind, for speaking what he believes to be the truth."

As to the charge of thrusting Unitarians out of the pale of the church, it is ridiculous. Have not Unitarians the privilege of forming churches of their own? and have not all denominations the right of judging for themselves what are the qualifications for membership? It is the *essence* of liberty of conscience, that Christians of similar views in doctrine and experience should be allowed to associate for mutual usefulness and edification. It is the exercise of this right which constitutes different denominations of Christians; and if, according to the doctrinal views of the Orthodox, Unitarians cannot be received into fellowship, have they any claim upon us?

Let them go to their own company, and be at peace. We do not ask to be admitted to their churches:— why should they demand fellowship in ours? It is more for the peace of the religious community that those who differ radically should separate, than that discordant materials should be pressed together in one community. If Unitarians can hold fellowship with idolaters, the Orthodox cannot hold fellowship with those who, according to their views of truth, reject the Gospel. We have a right to judge for ourselves what is Christianity; and Unitarians have no right to insist that they will judge for themselves and for us too.— *The Faith Once Delivered to the Saints* (1823).

DEPENDENCE AND FREE AGENCY.

To the Scriptural account of man's dependence on Christ for his capacities and powers of action as a free agent, and also for their restoration by grace to their unperverted exercise, it is objected, among other considerations, that "The doctrine of dependence on the sovereign grace of God for the commencement and continuance of evangelical obedience is *inconsistent* with the doctrine of man's free agency and accountability; that the two doctrines never have been and never will be reconciled; that all who have made the attempt have but darkened counsel by words without knowledge; and that all who preach man's dependence on the Holy Spirit for regeneration, and then call upon him to repent, and obey the Gospel, contradict, in one part of their discourse, what they inculcate in another."

To this objection we answer.— If the dependence of a sinner upon the special influence of the Spirit for ability to obey the Gospel were occasioned by such a constitution of the mind as renders obedience a natural impossibility — for want of adequate powers, or knowledge, or motives — then it would be impossible to reconcile such dependence with accountability; and it might truly be said that they never have been and never will be reconciled.

It must certainly be admitted that, if God should command exercises which man can no more put forth than he

can create a world, and should not himself work in him to produce them, it would be the requisition of a natural impossibility, which could not be reconciled with a just accountableness. Or, if he should command a change of moral tastes or instincts, which are a part of the soul's created constitution, upon which the will cannot act, but which do themselves govern the will as absolutely as the helm governs the ship, then also, the thing required would be at natural impossibility, and could not be reconciled with free agency and accountability. But where is the inconsistency with free agency and accountability in the present case?

God commands the sinner to obey the Gospel; and the sinner, thoroughly furnished with all the powers and means of moral agency, refuses to obey. Rewards, threatenings, entreaties, expostulations, judgments, and mercies exhaust their powers upon him, and he refuses; *he will not come to Christ, and always resists the Holy Ghost.* And what is there here to destroy free agency? Who puts forth a more giant free agency than the sinner, fully set to do evil? Would flexible wickedness be blamable, and is inflexible obstinacy blameless? If depraved a little, would he have no cloak for his sin; and do his crimes whiten, and his obligations fail, as his heart strengthens itself in opposition to God?

"But," it is asked, "if he will not repent unless God by his special agency interpose, how can he be to blame?" He can be to blame, because it is his duty to repent on the ground of his capacity and the divine requirement; and he refuses. He can be to blame, as the drunkard can be for his intemperance, because he is able and only unwilling to reform; as the thief can be, though he may never cease to do evil; as the pirate can be, though he may go on to shed blood till justice overtakes him.

"But," it is also asked, "is not his destruction certain, if the Lord does not have mercy upon him?" — Most assuredly.— Well, then, how can he be to blame?"— Because, with the plenary power of a free agent, he has violated the law of the universe, and trodden under foot the blood of the atonement, and despised the riches of the

goodness of God, until public justice demands his death. Cannot a criminal deserve punishment unless some way is open for his actual escape from punishment — a way, too, which shall overrule his own contemptuous and obstinate rejection of proffered mercy?

And what has the certainty of his perseverance in evil to do with the reality of his free agency, or the mitigation of his guilt? Is uncertainty of choice and character essential to virtue? There is not a maxim of greater folly. Who does not know that good and ill desert in character rises with the relative certainty of its continuance? Is not the glorious God worthy of all praise, and Jesus Christ of all confidence, and Satan of all execration, though the choice and character of each will never change? And is not this the decision of common sense? Whose virtue and vice have reached their height or degradation more entirely than those, on the one hand, whose integrity is not suspected of change, or those whose baseness, on the other, is hopeless of reformation? The sinner can be accountable, then, and he is accountable, for his impenitence and unbelief, though he will not turn, and God may never turn him, because he is able, and only unwilling, to do what God commands, and which, being done, would save his soul. Indeed, to be able and unwilling to obey God is the only possible way in which a free agent can become deserving of condemnation and punishment. So long as he is able and willing to obey, there can be no sin; and the moment the ability of obedience ceases, the commission of sin becomes impossible.* — *Sermon on Dependence and Free Agency* (1835).

* To this sermon, as reprinted in his *Works*, in 1853, Dr. Beecher appends this note: "Dr. Wilson founds one charge of heresy upon this passage."

BEERS, ETHELINDA ELIOT ("ETHEL LYNN"), an American poet; born at Goshen, N. Y., January 13, 1827; died at Orange, N. Y., October 10, 1879. She is the author of numerous war lyrics and other poems, the best known of which is *The Picket Guard,* or *All Quiet Along the Potomac* (1879). The authorship of this poem has been erroneously claimed by or for several other persons.

THE PICKET GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing — a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle.
Not an officer lost — only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,— may Heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle —"Ah! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's *off duty,* forever!

BEHRENS, BERTHA ("W. HEIMBURG"), a German novelist; born in Thale in 1850. She succeeded E. Warlitt as contributor to *Die Gartenlaube,* and also completed Warlitt's posthumous novel *Das Enlenhaus.* Miss Behrens has become very popular throughout Europe by her novels of domestic life in Germany, and a number of her books have been translated into English. She has found a wide circle of readers in the United States. Her novels include *Aus dem Leben meiner Alten Freundin* (1878); *Lumpenmüllers Lieschen* (1879); *Ihr Einziger Bruder* (1882);

Waldblumen (1883); *Dazumal* (1887); *Trudchens Heirat* (1888); *Um fremde Schuld* (1895); and *Antons Erben* (1898). Two of her most popular novels read in the United States and England are *Martha, the Story of a Clergyman's Daughter,* and *A Tale of an Old Castle.*

PEACE.

As we stood there the sun flamed forth once more in gorgeous tints of crimson and purple, cast a roseate hue over the peaceful graves, and imparted new life and youth to the countenance of the gray-haired man. The soft breath of evening stirred the old lindens by the low wall, and wafted to us from the park the melodious strains of one of Schubert's songs. Nature appeared hushed in peaceful repose in this solemn twilight hour; the very atmosphere seemed to fill one with indescribable longings after something nobler and higher, while from the old man's lips sounded, as if in a dream:

"This is the peace that follows a severe conflict, and ere long will come the reunion."

The music died away in the distance, the splendor faded from the western sky, and the evening star shone down upon us with a friendly light. Presently we heard the pealing of the church-bell as it rang out the close of day and ushered in the approaching night. At first its tones were low and pensive, but gradually grew richer and fuller till the balmy air was filled with their sweetness, and even the quiet graves seemed to join in the chorus and sing of peace and heavenly reunion.— *Martha.*

THE OLD LADY OF THE MILL.

The rag-mill, as the paper-mill was universally called in all the region round about, was charmingly situated between two lofty old trees on the banks of a swift-running little river. The stately dwelling-house, with gilded weather-cock on its pointed slate roof, dated from the first half of the former century, and had retained the

characteristics of that period. Its front door, of solid oak, with bright brass knocker, was still the same, and the inscription carved upon the jutting balcony, now gray with age, announced that "this house was erected to the glory of God in the year 1741 by John Frederick Irving and his wife, Ernestine, whose maiden name was Eisenhardtin." The old dragon heads at the four corners of the roof still held themselves at all times ready to eject the rain from their mouths, and the gray sand-stone benches on either side of the house-door, beneath the two great linden-trees, were as much to-day as ever the favorite gathering-place of the family on fine summer evenings. A large fruit garden surrounded the house on three sides, with its straight walks, a shady jasmine bower and quantities of currant and gooseberry bushes. This garden was under the special administration of "auntie." In that whole country there were no such splendid sorts of apples and cherries as at the rag-mill, and the asparagus from her carefully kept beds was just as famous on account of its tenderness and extraordinary size.

Who would have thought of the paper-mill without that dear old woman? Hospitality made itself felt as soon as one had crossed the bridge opposite the house. Even then an old woman's head might be seen bobbing from behind the white curtains, bidding the guest welcome with a pair of kindly bright eyes. The same old woman would then thrust her spinning-wheel aside, and was so nimble that for the most part she was ready to meet the new-comer at the ever-open front door with a friendly greeting. "How delighted Minnie and Frederick will be to see you"—those were the names of master and mistress. And then she would trip forward and open the door to admit her guest into the snug sitting-room, and while she took the ponderous bunch of keys from her side, would speedily set off for kitchen and pantry."

The old lady had lived at the mill from the time that she was ten years old. She had been an orphan, and the grand-father of the present owner had brought up the always pleasantly disposed little girl, who had there-

fore been the playmate of his two children. She had rewarded this deed of benevolence by faithfulness and steady devotion, had shared weal and woe with the family, and had been now, for ever so long a while, a cherished member of the household, and simply indispensable to its comfort. The Irvings had always been distinguished for their goodness and kindness to the poor; they had never let the left hand know what the right hand did, and as auntie so often said, the Lord had blessed them — they were the richest people to be found far or near.

There had always belonged to the mill men of the genuine German type, whose hand offered in pledge was worth more than ten oaths, and who to a firm will united enterprising and restless energy. "Pray and work," had always been the motto of the family, inculcated on the children by their parents. The mill, however, had one more claim to celebrity, which had well-nigh grown proverbial, and this was the beauty of its women. "As pretty as though she came from the mill," passed from mouth to mouth in the village, when they wished to compliment a young beauty, and the blue eyes of the fair miller's maidens had, lo! these many years, caused many a sigh and many a heartache. The old mill had also looked down upon many a joyous scene of life, and the joy had ever been that of purity and innocence. A neighborly, friendly intercourse had always been kept up with the Derenbergs; on both sides were qualities that called forth mutual respect, and if, as sometimes happened, the old lord of the castle rode along by the mill stream, and the miller, as it happened, sat under the linden-tree with his wife, there always ensued a friendly chat. In times of trial, too, they joined hands; and while the war lasted, from 1807 to 1813, blood relations could not have held more closely together than the proud Derenbergs and the Irvings of the paper-mill.—*A Tale of an Old Castle.*

BELL, Sir Charles, a British physiologist and anatomist; born at Edinburgh, November, 1774; died at Hallow Park, near Worcester, April 28, 1842. He early acquired professional eminence at Edinburgh, and in 1806 went to London, where he lectured with great success upon anatomy and physiology, and in 1826 was placed at the head of the Medical School of the London University. He resigned this position in order to devote himself to the special treatment of nervous diseases. In 1831, soon after the accession of William IV., he was one of the five men, eminent in science, who received the honor of knighthood, the others being John Herschel, David Brewster, John Leslie, and James Ivory. Mr. Bell's strictly professional writings were numerous, and are still esteemed of high authority. He was one of the eight eminent men who were selected to write the famous series of works known as the *Bridgewater Treatises.* His treatise (first published in 1834), entitled *The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as Evincing Design,* is one of the best of these treatises, and has given him a permanent place in literature as well as in science. He is especially famous as the discoverer of the distinct functions of the sensory and motor nerves.

FUNCTIONS OF THE RIGHT AND LEFT HAND.

In speaking of the arteries which go to the hand it may be expected that we should touch on a subject formerly a good deal discussed, whether the properties of the right hand, compared with the left, depend on the course of the arteries; for it has been affirmed that the superiority of the right arm is owing to the trunk of the artery which

supplies it, passing off from the heart more directly, so as to admit of the blood being propelled more forcibly into the small vessels of that arm than the left. This, however, is assigning a cause altogether unequal to the effect, and presenting too confined a view of the subject. It partakes of the common error of seeking in the mechanism, the explanation of phenomena which have a deeper origin.

Among all nations there is an universal consent to give a preference to the right hand over the left. It cannot, therefore, be a conventional arrangement, it must have a natural source. For the conveniences of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand should be used, or which foot should be put forward; nor is there, in fact, any such indecision. Is this readiness taught us, or is it given to us by nature?

Sir Thomas Browne says, that if the right side were originally the most powerful in man, we might expect to find it the same in other animals. He affirms that squirrels, monkeys, and parrots feed themselves with the left leg rather than with the right. But the parrot may be said to use the strongest foot where most strength is required: that is, in grasping the perch and standing, not in feeding itself. That the preference for the right hand is not the result of education, we may learn from those who, by constitution, have a superiority in the left. They find a difficulty in accommodating themselves to the modes of society; and although not only the precepts of parents, but everything they see and handle, conduce to make them choose the right hand, yet will they rather choose the left.

It must be observed, at the same time, that there is a distinction in the whole right side of the body, as well as in the arm; and that the left side is not only the weaker in regard to muscular strength, but in its vital or constitutional properties. The development of the organs of motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, or the testimony of the tailor or shoemaker. Certainly, the superiority may be

said to result from the more frequent exertion of this side; but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also; and disease attacks the left extremities more frequently than the right. We see that opera-dancers execute their more difficult feats on the right foot; but their preparatory exercises better evince the natural weakness of the left limb. In order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibitions, they are obliged to give double practice to the left leg, and if they neglect to do so, an ungraceful preference to the right side will be remarked. In walking behind a person, we seldom see an equalized motion of the body; the tread is not so firm upon the left foot, the toe is not so much turned out, and a greater push is made with the right. From the peculiar form of woman, and from the elasticity of her step, resulting from the motion of the ankle rather than of the haunches, the defect of the left foot, when it exists, is more apparent in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot, unless he be left-handed. The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup, and springs from the right.

We think, therefore, we may conclude that the adaptation of the form of everything in the conveniences of life to the right hand — as, for example, the direction of the worm of the screw, or of the cutting end of the auger, or the shape of other tools or instruments — is not arbitrary, but has relation to a natural endowment of the body. He who is left-handed is most sensible to the advantages of this arrangement, whether in opening the parlor-door or a pen-knife. On the whole, the preference of the right hand is not the effect of habit; but is a natural provision, and is bestowed for a very obvious purpose; and the property does not depend on the peculiar distribution of the arteries of the arm. The preference is given to the right foot, as well as to the right hand.— *The Hand, Chap. IV.*

PAIN NECESSARY TO HUMAN EXISTENCE.

It affords an instance of the boldness with which philosophers have questioned the ways of Providence, that they have asked, "Why might not all our actions be performed at the suggestion of pleasure?" "Why should

we be subject to pain at all?"— In answer, I would say, that consistently with our condition, our sensations and pleasures, there must be variety in the impressions. Such contrast is common to every organ of sense. The continuance of an impression causes it to fade. If the eye look steadfastly upon one object, the image is soon lost; if we continue to look on one color, we become insensible to it, and for a perfect conception, colors opposed to each other are necessary. So have we seen that in the sensibilities of the skin, variety is required to render the sensations perfect.

It is difficult to say what these philosophers would define as pleasure. But whatever exercises of the senses it may be — unless we are to suppose an entire change of our nature — its opposite must also be implied. Nay, further, in this fanciful condition of existence, did anything of our present constitution prevail, we must suppose that emotions purely of pleasure would lead to indolence, relaxation, and indifference. In the lower creatures, governed by instinct, there may be, for aught we know, some such condition of existence. But the complexity and delicacy of the human frame are necessary for sustaining those powers or attributes which are in correspondence with superior intelligence; since they are not in relation to the mind alone, but intermediate between it and the external material world. Grant that vision is necessary to the development of thought, the organ of it must be formed with relation to light. Speech, so necessary to the development of the reasoning faculties, implies a complex and exceedingly delicate organ to play on the atmosphere around us. It is not to the mind that the various organizations are wonted; but to its condition as related to a material world.

The necessity for this delicacy of the animal structure being admitted, the textures must be preserved by modifications of sensibility, which shall either excite the parts to instinctive efforts or rouse us to instantaneous voluntary activity. Could the eye guard itself, unless it possessed sensibility greater than the skin? or unless this sensibility were in consent with an apparatus which acts

as quickly as thought? Could we, by the mere influence of pleasure, or by the cessation or variation of pleasurable feelings, be kept alive to those injuries to which the lungs are exposed from substances being carried into them with the air we breathe? Would anything but the painful sense which accompanies the danger of suffocation, produce those instant and sudden efforts which guard the throat from the intrusion of offensive or injurious matters?

Pleasure is, at best, a poor motive to exertion; and rather induces languor and indulgence, and at length indifference. To say that animals might be continually in a state of enjoyment, and that when urged by necessities such as thirst, hunger, and weariness, they might merely feel a diminution of pleasure, is to suppose not only their nature, but that of the external world altered. Whilst earth, rocks, woods, and water are the theatre of our existence, the textures of our bodies must be exposed to injuries; and they can only be protected from them by sensibilities adapted to each part, and capable of rousing us to the most animated exertions. To leave us to the guidance of the solicitations of pleasure would be to place us where accidents would befall us at every step, and whether these injuries were felt or not, they would be destructive to life.

In short, to suppose that we might move and act without experience of resistance, or of pain, that there should be nothing to bruise the skin or hurt the eye; and nothing noxious to be inhaled with the breath, would be to imagine another state of existence altogether from the present; and the theorist would be mortified were that interpretation put on his meaning. Pain is the necessary contrast to pleasure. It ushers us into existence, and is the first to give us consciousness. It alone is capable of exciting the organs into activity. It is the companion and the guardian of human life. If all were smooth in our path, if there were neither rugged places nor accidental opposition, whence should we derive those affections of our minds which we call enterprise, fortitude, and patience?

The highest proof of benevolence is this: that we pos-

EDWARD BELLAMY.

sess the chiefest source of happiness in ourselves. Every creature has pleasure in the mere exercise of his body, as well as in the languor and repose that follow exertion. But these conditions are so balanced that we are impelled to change; and every change is an additional source of enjoyment. What is apparent in the body is true of the mind also. The great source of happiness is to be found in the exercise of talents, and perhaps the greatest of all is when the ingenuity of the mind is exercised in the dexterous employment of the hands. Idle men do not know what is meant here; but nature has implanted in us this stimulus to exertion; so that the ingenious artist who invents, or with his hands creates, enjoys a sort of delight, perhaps greater, certainly more uninterrupted, than belongs to the possession of higher intellectual powers; far, at least, beyond what falls to the lot of the mere minion of fortune.— *The Hand, Chap. VII.*

BELLAMY, EDWARD, an American journalist and novelist; born at Chicopee Falls, Mass., March 29, 1850; died there May 22, 1898. He studied at Union College, taking a part of the regular course, and also spent a year in study in Germany. After his return to this country he studied law and was admitted to the bar; he never practiced, however, his tastes leading him into literature. In 1871 he became connected with the New York *Evening Post* as an outside editorial writer, and soon after an editorial writer and reviewer on the Springfield, Mass., *Union*. His health failing, he in 1877 went to the Hawaiian Islands, where he spent a year. He published his first novel, *Six to One, A Nantucket*

Idyl, in 1878; *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process* in 1880; *Miss Ludington's Sister* in 1884, and *Looking Backward* in 1888. Besides these books, he contributed many short stories to the leading magazines. In 1891, in connection with others, he founded in Boston a Nationalist paper, called *The New Nation,* of which he was the editor-in-chief. This paper advocated all industrial reforms, the nationalization of the telegraph, telephone, and express service, and gave place to the discussion of social and industrial problems. In 1897 he published a sequel to *Looking Backward,* entitled *Equality. The Duke of Stockbridge* appeared in 1901, after his death.

EDUCATION.

"To borrow a phrase which was often used in your day, we should not consider life worth living if we had to be surrounded by a population of ignorant, boorish, coarse, wholly uncultivated men and women, as was the plight of the few educated in your day. Is a man satisfied, merely because he is perfumed himself, to mingle with a malodorous crowd? Could he take more than a very limited satisfaction, even in a palatial apartment, if the windows on all four sides opened into stable yards? And yet just that was the situation of those considered most fortunate as to culture and refinement in your day. I know that the poor and ignorant envied the rich and cultured then; but to us the latter, living as they did, surrounded by squalor and brutishness, seem little better off than the former. The cultured man in your age was like one up to the neck in a nauseous bog solacing himself with a smelling-bottle. You see, perhaps, now, how we look at this question of universal high education. No single thing is so important to every man as to have for neighbors intelligent, companionable persons There is nothing, therefore, which the nation can do for him that will enhance so much his own happiness as to educate his neighbors. When it fails to do so, the value

of his own education to him is reduced by half, and many of the tastes he has cultivated are made positive sources of pain.

"To educate some to the highest degree and leave the mass wholly uncultivated, as you did, made the gap between them almost like that between different natural species, which have no means of communication. What could be more inhuman than this consequence of a partial enjoyment of education? Its universal and equal enjoyment leaves, indeed, the difference between men as to natural endowments as marked as in a state of nature, but the level of the lowest is vastly raised. Brutishness is eliminated. All have some inkling of the humanities, some appreciation of the things of the mind, and an admiration for the still higher culture they have fallen short of. They have become capable of receiving and imparting, in various degrees, but in all some measure, the pleasure and inspirations of a refined social life. The cultured society of the nineteenth century,— what did it consist of but here and there a few microscopic oases in a vast, unbroken wilderness? The proportion of individuals capable of intellectual sympathies or refined intercourse, to the mass of their contemporaries, used to be so infinitesimal as to be in any broad view of humanity scarcely worth mentioning. One generation of the world to-day represents a greater volume of intellectual life than any five centuries ever did before.

"There is still another point I should mention in stating the grounds on which nothing less than the universality of the best education could now be tolerated," continued Dr. Leete, "and that is, the interest of the coming generation in having educated parents. To put the matter in a nutshell, there are three main grounds on which our educational system rests; first, the right of every man to the completest education the nation can give him on his own account as necessary to his enjoyment of himself; second, the right of his fellow-citizens to have him educated, as necessary to their enjoyment of his society; third, the right of the unborn to be guaranteed an intelligent and refined parentage." — *Looking Backward.*

BELLAMY, JACOBUS, a Flemish poet; born at Flushing, November 12, 1757; died March 11, 1786. While apprentice to a baker he produced several short poems which gained for him some local celebrity, and means were furnished to enable him to study at the University of Utrecht. Several of his works, among which are the *Vaderlandsche Gezangen* ("Patriotic Songs") (1785), stand high in Dutch poetry, of which he ranks as one of the restorers.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

For thee, for thee, my lyre I string,
Who, by ten thousand worlds attended,
Holdest thy course sublime and splendid
Through heaven's immeasurable ring!
I tremble neath the blazing throne
Thy light eternal built upon:
Thy throne, as thou, all radiant, bearing
Love's day-beams of benignity.
Yet terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not thee.

There was a moment ere thy plan
Poured out Time's stream of mortal glory;
Ere thy high wisdom tracked the story
Of all the years since Time began;
Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mine,
And making misery — discipline,
The bitter waters of affliction
Distilling into dews of peace
And kindling heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

Then did thine omnipresent eye,
Earth's million million wonders seeing,
Track through the misty maze of being

E'en my obscurest destiny:
I, in those marvellous plans — though yet
Unborn — had mine own portion set.
And thou hadst marked my path, though lowly;
E'en to my meanness thou didst give
Thy Spirit — thou so high and holy;
And I, thy creature, live. . . .

Up, then, my spirit! Soar above
This vale, where mists of darkness gather!
Up to the high eternal Father!
For thou wert fashioned by his love.
Up to the heavens! away! away! —
No; bend thee down to dust and clay:
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee,
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze.
No; wouldst thou find the Godhead, turn thee
On Nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou
May'st read the Almighty; every feature
That's spread upon the face of Nature
Is brightened with his holy glow;
The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley — silent all —
The waving grain, the roaring ocean,
The woodland's wandering melody:
All, all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator, speaks of thee.

But of all thy works through sea and land
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In man thy noblest thoughts are blending.
Man is the glory of thy hand;
Man, modelled in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing
His Spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, a nobler daring;
'Tis thine immortal mould.

O Wisdom! O unbounded Might!
I lose me in the light Elysian;
Mine eye is dimmed, and dark my vision:
Who am I in this gloomy night?
Eternal Being! let the ray
Of thy high wisdom bear away
My thoughts to thine abode sublimest!
But how shall grovelling passions rise
To the proud temple where thou climbest
The threshold of the skies?

Enough, if I a stammering hymn,
My God, to thee may sing, unworthy
Of those sweet strains poured out before Thee
By heavenly hosts of cherubim.
Despise me not; one spark confer
Worthy of thine own worshipper:
And better songs and worthier praises
Shall hallow thee, when 'midst the strain
Of saints my voice its chorus raises,
Never to sink again.

Translation of BOWRING.

BELLAY, JOACHIM DU, a French poet; born at Lyré, near Angers, in 1524; died at Paris, January 1, 1560. He was one of the famous group of writers known as the Pléiade, and next to Ronsard, the most distinguished member of that poetical school. He is best known by his *La Défense et Illustration de la Langue Francaise.* In this work he explained the purpose of the Pléiade, and argued that French prose and poetry should closely imitate the masterpieces of the Greeks and Latins. Within a year after its publication, appeared two volumes of

verse, *Recueil de Poésie* and *L'Olive*. In 1550 he was appointed secretary to his relative, Cardinal du Bellay, French Ambassador to the Papal Court at Rome. He remained here for four years and a half, and it is to this stay in Rome that we are indebted for his *Antiquitiés de Rome* (1558), and the *Regrets,* his greatest lyrical work (1559). His best single poem, *Un Vanneur,* was written not long before his death, and was published in his *Jeux Rustiques* (1560). In 1559 he was nominated Archbishop of Bordeaux, but he died before entering upon the duties of the office. Bellay has been called "the French Ovid."

THE RUINS OF ROME.

VII.

Ye sacred ruines and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine,
Triumphant arcks, spyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall,
Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,
The people's fable and the spoyle of all!
And though your frames do for a time make warre
'Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!
For if that Time make ende of things so sure,
It also will end the paine which I endure.

XVIII.

These heapes of stones, these old wals which ye see
Were first enclosures, but of salvage soyle;
And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee
Of time, were shepheards' cottages somewhile

Then tooke the shepheards kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoonest their rule of yearely presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele;
Which made perpetuall, rose to so great hight
That thence th' imperiall eagle rooting tooke
Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
Her power to Peter's successor betooke,
Who shepheardlike (as Fates the same foreseeing),
Doth show that all things turn to their first being.

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave citie
Which with stout courage arm'd against mischance,
Sustein'd the shock of common enmitie,
Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seen that anie fortunes wreakes
Could break her course begun with brave intent,
But when the object of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailed
Faine would arrive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell ride.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonesht dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples, nie,
Judge, by these ample ruins vew the rest
The which injurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best,
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also mark how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herself with buildings rich and gay;

That one would judge that the Romaine Dæmon
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foot to reare her pouldred corse.

XXIX.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,
All that which Greece their temples to embrave,
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise,
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave,
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme,
Appelles wit, or Phidias his skill,
Was wont this auncient citie to adorne,
And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill;
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise,
All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange,
All that which Asie ever had of prise,
Was here to see. O mervelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament;
And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.

XXXII.

Hope, ye, my verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever immortalitie
So meane harpes work may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble do appeare,
Might well have hoped to have obtained it.
Nath'les, my Lute, whom Phœbus deigned to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, however base thou bee,
That thou art first which of thy nation song
Th' old honour of the peopled gouned long.

Translation of EDMUND SPENSER.

BELLMAN, Karl Mickel, a Swedish poet; born at Stockholm, February 4, 1740; died February 11, 1795. On his father's side he was descended from a family that had distinguished itself in the fine arts, and his gifted and beautiful mother early directed his mind toward music and poetry. His wonderful gift of improvising verse was suddenly made manifest during a severe illness while he was yet a child. Ever after this he seemed able to give himself over at pleasure to the complete control of the muse. He would shut his eyes, take his zither, throw back his head, and begin to weave together in lyrical measure wild thoughts on love or wine, to an original air which flowed from his fingers as smoothly as the words from his tongue. Gradually the thoughts took more coherent form and the metre became regular and musical. There is no doubt that these singular fits of inspiration were genuine. The poems are bright in coloring, ring with a fierce and mysterious melody, and clearly bear the stamp of original genius, though all conform to the rules of style, and most of them are perfect in form, somewhat similar in general to the poems of Olof von Dalin, who at this time flourished in the enjoyment of the royal patronage, and who gave to this young genius all the encouragement in his power.

At the age of seventeen Bellman published a translation of Schweidnitz's *Evangelical Thoughts of Death.* At twenty was published *The Moon,* an original satire characteristic of the man, which was revised and edited by Dalin. The *Freedman's Epistles* and the *Freedman's Songs* comprise the bulk of his

life-work, and occupied the author from 1765 to 1780, though they were not published until 1790. These are a series of dithyrambic odes, in which the most dissimilar elements are united. In a bacchanal hymn the music will often fade away into a sad elegiac vein, and the rare picturesqueness of his idyls is warmed by the rich color and geniality of his humor. Sometimes frantic, sometimes gross, he is always ready at a moment's notice to melt into the mildest reveries. His later works are: *The Temple of Bacchus; What You Will;* and *Zion's Holiday.* Several statues have been erected to his memory, notably the colossal bust by Bystrom, which was set up in the public gardens of Stockholm by the Swedish Academy in 1829.

The following is a free translation of Bellman's *Freedman's Epistles* to Father Mollberg in connection with his harp, and at the same time a notice that Mollberg suffered unjustly in the drinking-place at Rostock. It is one of the three songs which he wrote between 1765–80, for which he also composed the music. The peculiar originality of his genius as displayed in the *Fredman's Epistlar; Fredman's Sånger;* and *Bacchanaliska Ordens-Kapitlets Handlingar,* made his name immortal. These songs, which gained for him the name of "the Anacreon of the North," secured him a well-paid government office. The King of Sweden was very fond of his poetry, and often caused him to be summoned into his presence.

"Mollberg, servant! what has occurred!
Why should I see you without hat and harp?
Bloody lips! A tooth is missing!
Where have you been, my brother, proceed!"
To Rostock in the war,
The harp I struck;

On me and my playing
The talk was then turned,
And as I sat playing — pling, plingeli, plong,
Came a shoemaker, crook-legged and long,
And struck me on the mouth — Pling, plingeli, plong.

I sat and played — of drink no trace — a
Polka of the King of Poland, G-dur
A circle of worthy men scattered around me.
This one drank a pint and that one a half.
Don't know how it happened,
But one in a moment
Struck the hat off my head:
"Why talk you of Poland,
You ninny?" — pling, plingeli, plang.
"Play no more polkas!" another one sang,
"And keep still forever" — pling, plingeli, plang.

Hear! my patrons, what else happened me!
While I was quietly sipping my glass,
I spoke very loud of Poland's condition.
Hear this, I then said:
That no Prince there is
On earth that I know of
Who dare prevent me
From playing the harp,
In his own land — pling, plingeli, pling,
Had I at hand but one other string,
Play a polka — pling, plingeli, pling.

Now there sat in the corner an old sergeant,
Two notaries, and one body-guard,
Who cried: "Strike him! the shoemaker's right,
Poland is punished, bad is her plight!"
From behind the stove,
An awry woman did move,
Who with jug and glass
The harp broke to smash!
But the shoemaker — pling, plingeli, plong,
Put a hole in my neck, dear friend, so long!
You now have the story — pling, plingeli, plong.

"Oh! righteous world!" Now let me ask you;
Did I not suffer unjustly? "'Tis true!"
Was I not blameless? "God bless you, of course!"
My harp is broken! my nose is worse!
Shame! was that justice?
The best thing for me is
To flee from this land,
With my harp in my hand
To play of Bacchus and Venus — kling, klank,
With masters of the highest rank,
Come with me Apollo — pling, plingeli, plank.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, an English critic and essayist; born at London, July 27, 1870. He is a son of M. Louis Belloc, a French barrister; married to Bessie Raynor Parks, a well-known English author. He served two years with the French artillery at Toul, and was then educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He has published *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* (1896); *More Beasts for Worse Children* (1897); *The Modern Traveler* (1898); *The Moral Alphabet* (1899); *Danton,* a biography (1899); *Lambkin's Remains* (1900); *Paris* (1900); *Robespierre* (1901); *The Path to Rome,* a delightful volume of travels (1902); *Avril,* essays on the poetry of the French Renaissance (1904), and *Emmanuel Burden,* a novel (1905). The latter work is an account of a merchant of London dealing with his lineage, speculations, and his death.

Mr. Belloc's *Avril* is a charming collection of essays dealing with the personality of the French poets. From this work the following selections are taken:

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

You see a unique and single personality, distinct but without force, founding no school — the grave, abiding, kind but covert face of Charles of Orleans. He, linked to the French Renaissance, is like the figure of a gentle friend playing in some garden with a child, whose manners are new and pleasing to him, but of whose great destiny he makes no guess. That child was to be Du Bellay, Brantome, Montaigne, a hundred sided, huge Rabelais, Ronsard. . . . Charles of Orleans has a note quite new and one that after him never failed, but grew in volume and in majesty until it filled the great chorus of the Pleiade — the Lyrical note of direct personal expression.— *Avril.*

VILLON.

Of the greatness of his genius nothing can be said; it is like the greatness of all the chief poets, a thing too individual to seize in words. It is superior and exterior to man. Genius of that astounding kind has all the qualities of an extraneous thing. A man is not answerable for it. It is nothing to his salvation; it is little even to his general character. It has been known to come and go, to be put on and off like a garment, to be lent by Heaven and taken away, a capricious gift. But of the manner of his genius it may be noted that, as his vigor prepared the flood of new verse, so in another matter his genius made him an origin. Through him first the great town — and especially Paris — appeared and became permanent in letters. Her local spirit and her special quality had shone fitfully here and there for a thousand years — you may find it in Julian, in Abbo, in Joinville. But now in the fifteenth century it had been not only a town, but a great town, for more than a century — a town, that is, in which men live entirely, almost forgetting the sky. The keen edge of such a life, its bitterness, the mockery, and challenge whereby its evils are borne, its extended knowledge, the intensity of its spirit — all these are re-

ADOLPH BELOT.

flected in Villon and first reflected in him. Since his pen first wrote, a shining acerbity like the glint of a sword edge has never deserted the literature of the capital.—*Avril.*

RONSARD AND DU BELLAY.

The stream of Catholicism was running true. The nation was tumbling back after a high and turbulent flood into the channel it had scoured for itself by the unbroken energies of a thousand years. It is no accident that Ronsard and Du Bellay were churchmen. It is a type. It is a type of the truth that the cloth admitted poets; of the truth that in the great battle whose results yet trouble Europe, here, on the soil where the great questions are fought out, Puritanism was already killed. The epicurean in them both, glad and ready in Ronsard, sombre and Lucretian in Du Bellay, jarred indeed in youth against their vows, but that it should have been tolerated, that it should have led to no excess or angry revolt was typical of their moment. It was typical, finally, of their generation that all this mixture of the Renaissance with the Church matured at last into its natural fruit, for in the case of Ronsard we have a noble expression of perfect Christianity at the end.—*Avril.*

BELOT, Adolphe, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Pointe-á-Patre, Guadeloupe, West Indies, November 6, 1829; died at Paris, December 17, 1890. He studied law in Paris, and for a time practiced at Nancy. His first book, *Châtiment,* a novel published in 1855, and his first play, *À la Campagne,* a one-act comedy published in 1857, attracted little or no attention. In 1859, in conjunction with M. Charles Edmond Villetard, he wrote and

published *Le Testament de César Girodot,* a three-act comedy, which at once became popular and has had a phenomenal success in the theatres of Paris. He afterward wrote numerous plays and novels, the latter passing through a large number of editions, and later, being dramatized by their author, reached hundreds of representations. Among his works are: *Mademoiselle Giraud, ma Femme,* the most celebrated; *L'article 47; Miss Multon; Le Parricide; Hélène et Mathilde; Mémoires d'un Caissier; La Femme de Feu; La Femme de Glace;* and a series of novels in four volumes, styled, respectively, *Les Mystères Mondains; Les Baigneuses de Trouville; Madame Vitet et Mademoiselle Le Lièvre;* and *Une Maison Centrale de Femmes.* A number of his works have been translated into English. M. Belot travelled extensively in North and South America and India. He was made a knight of the Legion of Honor in 1867, and received other titles of distinction.

THE JOURNAL OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Tears fell from her eyes as she thus spoke, and the old advocate, though experienced in all sorts of emotions, evinced signs of unusual feeling.

They both remained silent for a moment, when he said to her affectionately:

"You are now reunited. Are you happy?"

"We were," replied she, drying her tears; "we were living together quietly, in perfect solitude, far from the indiscreet and curious, more concealed and unknown in Paris than we should ever have been in a provincial town; we were congratulating ourselves on the course we had adopted, when — ah, sir, give me advice! I have no one of whom I can ask it, and have thought of you, to whom I am under so many obligations, whose discre-

tion I well know; on you who have pitied me, who have loved us, and whom we also love in return."

She gave him a detailed account of the events that had occurred in the life of her son for the last six months.

He was desperately loved, and he loved in return. Yes, he was in love! What more natural? Does not love attract love? He loved with the ardor of a heart still young, which had not beaten for eight years; which an injudicious passion had formerly controlled, but which had recently allowed itself to be touched by seductions new to him, and unknown until this day, namely, goodness, charms, grace, distinction, and innocent ingenuousness.

George had a long time resisted this love. He had fought against it, had absented himself, but now confessed he was conquered.

What was to be done? Should he now flee again?

But his future, his happiness, was at stake. After suffering so much, did he not deserve to be happy? The question perhaps also was one of life; at all events, that of her whom he loved.

The question was, whether he should accept the hand that was offered him, and be married!

Could he do it? To disclose his past life was an impassable barrier between him and her. But if he should not disclose it, and the time should come when it would be known!

This situation was for a long time explicitly discussed by Madame Du Hamel, when she ceased, and waited for Monsieur X —— to be kind enough to give her his advice. The lawyer's answer was not long waited for.

"Before all things," said he, "before discussing the marriage of your son in a moral point of view, ought we not to examine the practical side of the question? In order to be married, papers and facts are necessary. Where are yours? The record of your son's birth, your marriage contract, and the fact of the decease of your husband, will inform everybody that your name is Du Hamel, and you tell me that you have, for prudential reasons, changed your name. It is doubtless to this precaution that you owe the tranquillity which you en-

joy. Are you going to disturb it, attract public attention, and revive remembrances almost effaced? How shall we explain to the family with which you wish to be connected, that after being called for so long a time by another name, you are all at once called Du Hamel, in the church and elsewhere?"

She had listened without interrupting him; and when he had ceased speaking, she replied:

"We shall not be obliged to resume the name of Du Hamel. That which we now bear, and which I took after the condemnation of my son, is the only one which legally belongs to us. My husband, at the time he was spending in Paris a very considerable fortune, which he afterwards repaired in America, lived in an elegant, vain, and titled circle, in which his plebeian name did not sound well enough; so he thought he would add to it that of Du Hamel, which he found in an old family parchment. Gradually, as it often happens, the first name disappeared, and there remained only the second, which he made me acquire the habit of bearing, and which was afterwards borne by my son.

"But I repeat it, it does not belong to us; not the least trace of it is to be found in our papers, and we hastened to quit it and return to our veritable name, which, fortunately, has for a long time been forgotten."

"Then," said Monsieur X——, "the material obstacle disappears. Let us examine the question from a moral point of view. On the one hand is a serious, threatening, certain danger, the happiness of the two persons in the case, their compromised existence, or at least the existence of one of them. On the other hand, there are eventual perils, improbable indeed, if certain precautions are not taken, and especially if it is considered that, for three years, no disquieting circumstance has presented itself, and that life has been passed in perfect tranquillity."

They conversed thus for a long time. When they separated, Monsieur X—— said to Madame Du Hamel, at the same time cordially pressing her offered hand,—

"I thank you for having come to see me. This proof of confidence given me by one of the most respectable

women of my acquaintance, has been to me exceedingly touching. Tell your son that I have never ceased to esteem him, and that the greatest sorrow of my life is, that I was not able to gain his case. Press his hand for me, and wish him, in my place, all the happiness which he truly deserves."— *Article 47.*

BELZONI, Giovanni Battista, an Italian traveller and explorer; born at Padua in 1778; died at Gato, Benin, West Africa, December 3, 1823. He was educated for the Church, but soon abandoned his clerical studies, and about 1803 went to England, where he figured for a time as an athlete in theatrical establishments. He pursued this career in various parts of Europe for several years. In the meantime he had developed a high degree of mechanical ability. About 1815 he was attracted toward the efforts which had been set on foot for the exploration of the monumental remains of ancient Egypt, in which he was favored by Mehemet Ali, the great Pacha of Egypt. His labors in this department were of the highest significance. The results of them are embodied in several elaborately illustrated works, the most notable of which is a *Narrative of Recent Discoveries,* etc., with an atlas of forty-four colored engravings, published in London in 1821. At this time he also opened in London an exhibition of the Egyptian antiquities which he had accumulated. Not long afterward he undertook an expedition, the object of which was to reach Timbuctoo, in Central Africa; but on the way he was seized by a fatal attack of dysentery.

The drawings which he had made of the royal tombs which he had opened in Egypt were published by his widow in 1829. Belzoni's account of his Egyptian excavations is perhaps the very best work of its class. A single passage is here subjoined:

OPENING A TOMB AT THEBES.

On the 16th of October, 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or laboring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there. But I persisted in carrying on the work, and on the evening of the following day, we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away.

On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed; and about noon the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit, 30 feet deep by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope, fastened to a piece of wood that was laid across this passage against the pro-

jections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom — no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend, by means of the rope, into the aperture.

It was not until the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, and plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rain-water which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb.

We passed through the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre. An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered. And the vivid colors, and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step.

In one apartment we found the carcass of a bull embalmed; and also, scattered in various places, wooden figures of mummies, covered with asphaltum to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, colored blue, and strongly varnished. In another part were four wooden figures, standing erect, four feet high, and a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a role of papyrus. The sarcophagus, of oriental alabaster, was found in the centre of the hall — to which I gave the name of the saloon — without a cover,

which had been removed and broken; and the body which had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead; though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

BEMBO, PIETRO, an Italian ecclesiastic, scholar, and poet; born at Venice, May 29, 1470; died at Rome, January 18, 1547. He was of a noble family, and received the best education which the age afforded. At twenty-two he went to Messina, in Sicily, in order to study Greek. Returning to Venice, he took part in public affairs, but soon devoted himself wholly to study. In 1512 he went to Rome, where he was made Secretary to Pope Leo X. After the death of that Pontiff, Bembo retired to Padua, where he collected a valuable library and rare coins and medals. In 1529 he was made Historiographer to the Republic of Venice. In 1539 he was created a cardinal by Pope Paul III., and took up his residence at Rome, having been also appointed to a bishopric. His principal works are a *History of Venice*, a collection of dialogues upon the principles of Italian prose composition and a volume of sonnets and canzonets.

ON SOLITUDE.

Dear calm retreat! where from the world I steal,
Where to myself I live, and dwell alone —
Why seek thee not when Phœbus, fiercer grown,

Has left the Twins behind his burning wheel?
With thee I rarely grief or anger feel;
Nowhere my thoughts to heaven so oft have flown,
Nowhere my pen such industry has shown,
When to the Muse I chance to make appeal.
How truly sweet a state is solitude,
And how from cares to have my bosom free,
And live at ease, was taught me in thy school,
Dear rivulet, and thou delightful wood!
O, that these parching sands, this glaring sea,
Were changed for your green shades and waters cool!

TO DEATH.

Thou, the stern monarch of dismay,
Whom Nature trembles to survey,
O Death! to me, the child of grief,
Thy welcome power should bring relief,
Changing to peaceful slumber many a care.
And though thy stroke may thrill with pain.
Each throbbing pulse, each quivering vein,
The pangs that bid existence close,
Ah! sure, are far less keen than those
Which cloud each lingering moment with despair.
— *Translation of* MRS. HEMANS.

BENJAMIN, PARK, an American poet and journalist; born at Demarara, British Guiana, August 14, 1809; died at New York, September 12, 1864. He studied at Harvard, and afterward at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., from which he graduated in 1829. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1832. But literature was more congenial to his tastes than the law, and he abandoned the latter, and became one of the editors

of *The New England Magazine,* then just established. In 1837 he removed to New York and became associated with Charles Fenno Hoffman in editing *The American Monthly Magazine,* and was later associated with Horace Greeley as editor of *The New Yorker.* In 1840 he founded *The New World,* and in connection with Epes Sargent and Rufus W. Griswold conducted it for a number of years. He was afterward for a brief time connected with several other periodicals, but withdrew from all publications a number of years before his death. No collected edition of his works has ever been published, but among his longer poems are *The Meditation of Nature* (1832); *Poetry,* a satire (1832); and *Infatuation* (1844); and of his shorter poems, *The Departed; Winter and Spring; The Old Sexton,* and *To One Beloved.*

THE DEPARTED.

I look around, and feel the awe
  Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days
  In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
  Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the Departed
  Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice, it mingles with
  Each free and careless strain;
I scarcely think earth's minstrelsy
  Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
  The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
  As their remembered words.

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
  How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
  Of the ever-tossing deep;
Or where the hurrying night-winds
  Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
  In the cities of the dead!

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
  Still on me sweetly fall;
Their tones of love I faintly hear
  My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
  With their angel plumage on:
But my heart is very desolate
  To think that they are gone.

Among Mr. Benjamin's sonnets are several which are daintily wrought; as this:

WINTER AND SPRING.

'Tis Winter now; but Spring will blossom soon,
  And flowers will lean to the embracing air,
And the young buds will vie with them to share
Each zephyr's soft caress; and when the moon
  Bends her new silver bow, as if to fling
  Her arrowy lustre through some vapor's wing,
The streamlets will return the glance of night
  From their pure gilded mirrors set by spring
Deep in rich frames of clustering chrysolite,
Instead of Winter's crumbled sparks of white.
  So, Dearest! shall our loves, though frozen now
By cold unkindness, bloom like buds and flowers,
  Like fountains flash: for Hope, with smiling brow,
Tells of a Spring whose sweets shall all be ours.

BENSON, Edward Frederic, an English novelist; born at Wellington, July 24, 1867. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge, and from 1892 to 1895 worked at Athens for the British Archæological School. In 1895 he went to Egypt for the Hellenic Society, and later travelled in Algiers, Greece, Egypt and Italy. His reputation as a novelist began in 1893, when he published *Dodo,* a story of London society, which attracted wide attention. His later works include *Rubicon* (1894); *Judgment Books* (1895); *Limitations* (1896); *The Babe* (1897); *Vintage* (1898); *The Capsina* (1899); *Mammon and Company* (1900); *The Book of Months* (1903); *The Relentless City* (1903) and *The Challoners* (1904). In *Dodo* he is at his best in one of the love passages.

LOVE AND LIFE.

"It seems to me this love you talk of is a very weak thing," said Dodo. "It always fails, or is in danger of failing, at the critical point. I believe I could do anything for the man I loved. I did not think so once. But I was wrong, as I have been in my marriage."

Dodo paused, but Jack said nothing; it seemed to him as if Dodo had not quite finished.

"Yes," she said; then paused again. "Yes, you are he."

There was a dead silence. For one moment time seemed to Jack to have stopped, and he could have believed that that moment lasted for years, forever.

"Oh, my God!" he murmured, "at last!"

He was conscious of Dodo sitting there, with her eyes raised to his, and a smile on her lips. He felt himself bending forward toward her, and he thought she half rose in her chair to receive his embrace.

But the next moment she put out her hands as if to stop him.

"Stay," she said. "Not yet, not yet. There is something first. I will tell you what I have done. I counted on this. I have ordered the carriage after dinner at half-past ten. You and I go in that, and leave by the train, Jack, I am yours — will you come?"

Dodo had taken the plunge. She had been wavering on the brink of this for days. It had struck her suddenly that afternoon that Jack was going away next day, and she was aware she could not contemplate the indefinite to-morrow and to-morrow without him. Like all Dodo's actions, it came suddenly. The forces in her which had been drawing her on to this had gathered strength and sureness imperceptibly, and this evening they had suddenly burst through the very flimsy dam that Dodo had erected between the things she might do and the things she might not, and their possession was complete. In a way it was inevitable. Dodo felt that her life was impossible. Chesterford, with infinite yearning and hunger at his heart, perhaps felt it, too.

Jack felt as if he was waking out of some blissful dream to a return of his ordinary every-day life, which, unfortunately, had certain moral obligations attached to it. If Dodo's speech had been shorter, the result might have been different. He steadied himself for a moment, for the room seemed to reel and swim, and then he answered her.

"No, Dodo," he said, hoarsely, "I cannot do it. Think of Chesterford! Think of anything! Don't tempt me. You know I cannot. How dare you ask me?"

Dodo's face grew hard and white. She tried to laugh, but could not manage it.

"Ah," she said, "the old story, isn't it? Potiphar's wife again. I really do not understand what this love of yours is. And now I have debased and humbled myself before you, and there you stand in your immaculate virtue, not caring ——"

"Don't, Dodo," he said. "Be merciful to me; spare

me. Not caring? — you know it is not so. But I cannot do this. My Dodo, my darling."

The strain was too great for him. He knelt down beside her, and kissed her hand passionately.

"I will do anything for you," he whispered, "that is in my power to do; but this is impossible. I never yet did, with deliberate forethought, what seemed to me mean or low, and I can't now. I don't want credit for it, because I was made that way; I don't happen to be a blackguard by nature. Don't tempt me — I am too weak. But you mustn't blame me for it. You know — you must know, that I love you. I left England last autumn to cure myself of it, but it didn't answer a bit. I don't ask more than what you have just told me. That is something — isn't it, Dodo? And, if you love me, that is something for you. Don't let us degrade it; let it be a strength to us, and not a weakness. You must feel it so."

. . . . . .

There was a long silence, and in that silence the great drama of love and life, and good and evil, which has been played every day of every year since the beginning of this world, and which will never cease till all mankind are saints or sexless, filled the stage. Dodo thought, at any rate, that she loved him, and that knowledge made her feel less abased before him. All love — the love for children, for parents, for husband, for wife, for lover, for mistress — has something divine about it, or else it is not love. The love Jack felt for her was divine enough not to seek its own, to sacrifice itself on the altar of duty and loyalty, and the pure, cold gods; and in its tumultuous happiness it could think of others. And Dodo's love was touched, though ever so faintly, with the same divine spark, a something so human that it touched heaven. — *Dodo.*

THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES.

There is a particular beauty about the Thames valley for which you may search for years elsewhere, and not find; a splendid lavishness in the way that the woods are cast down broadcast along the river, and a princely ex-

travagance of thick, lush hay-fields, that seem determined not to leave a spare inch of land between them and the water. The whole scene has been constructed with a noble disregard of expense, in the way of water, land, and warm woodland air. The tall, clean-limbed beech-trees have room to stretch their great, lazy arms without being prosecuted for their clumsy trespasses, and the squirrels that chatter at you from their green houses seem to have a quite unusual sleekness about them, and their insolent criticisms to one another about your walk and general personal unattractiveness are inspired by a larger share of animal spirits than those of other squirrels. As you row gently up in the middle of the stream, you may see a heron standing in the shallows, too lazy to fish, too supremely confident to mind the approach of anything so inferior as yourself, and from the cool shadow of the woods, you may hear an old cock-pheasant talking to himself, and not troubling to practice a new and original method of rocketing in June, for he knows that his time is not yet.

At this time of year, too, you need not trouble to look round to see if there are large boats full of noisy people bearing down on you; like the pheasant, their time is not yet. But now and then the long strings of creamy bubbles appearing on the deep, quiet water, and a sound rich in associations of cool plunges into frothy streams, warn you that a lock is near. And above you may see some small village clustering down to the river's edge, to drink of its sweet coolness, or a couple of shaggy-footed cart-horses, looking with mild wonder at this unexpected method of locomotion, lifting their dripping noses from the bright, gravelly shallows to stare at you, before they proceed to finish their evening watering. — *Dodo.*

BENTHAM, JEREMY, an English jurist and publicist; born at London, February 15, 1748; died there June 6, 1832. His father was a man of large fortune, and spared no pains in the education of his precocious son, who, we are told, read such books as Rapin's *History* when only three years old, at which age he began the study of Latin, and within a year or two had learned to play the violin and to speak French. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, at the age of thirteen; became a student of law at Lincoln's Inn at fifteen, and was soon admitted to the bar; but never entered upon the regular practice of the profession, preferring to devote himself to speculation upon social and political topics. His first work, *A Fragment Upon Government,* was published in his twenty-eighth year, without the name of the author. He hoped to enter Parliament; but failing in this, he settled himself down to the task of discovering and inculcating the principles upon which all sound legislation must be based. The theory at which he ultimately arrived is thus briefly summed up by him:

BENTHAM'S SOCIAL THEORY.

In the phrase "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" I saw delineated in a pamphlet by Priestley, for the first time, a plain as well as true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or politics.

Bentham, having inherited a competence ample for all his wants, was able to pursue his studies undistracted by the necessity for making a livelihood, and to

maximize the results of his time and labor by the employment of amanuenses and secretaries. He dwelt for a full half-century in the London house in which he had been born. His fame spread widely and rapidly. He was made a French citizen in 1792; and his advice was most respectfully received in most of the states in Europe and America, with many of the leading men of which he maintained an active correspondence. His great ambition was to prepare a code of law for his own or some foreign community. T. E. Holland, Professor of International Law in the University of Oxford, thus sums up the results of Bentham's labors, in his admirable biographical sketch contained in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:*

BENTHAM'S LIFE-WORK.

"He was able to gather around him a group of congenial friends and pupils, such as the Mills, the Austins, and Bowring, with whom he could discuss the problems upon which he was engaged, and by whom his books were practically re-written from the mass of rough though orderly memoranda which the master had himself prepared. Thus, for instance, was the *Rationale of Judicial Evidence* written out by J. S. Mill, and the *Book of Fallacies* by Bingham. The services which Dumont rendered in recasting as well as translating into French the works of Bentham were still more important. . . . Whether or no he can be said to have founded a School, his doctrines have become so far part of the common thought of the time that there is hardly an educated man who does not accept, as too clear for argument, truths which were invisible till Bentham pointed them out. . . . He was determined to find a solid foundation for both morality and law, and to raise upon it an edifice, no stone of which should be laid except in accordance with the severest logic. This foundation is 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' . . . Most of Ben-

tham's conclusions may be accepted without any formal profession of the 'utilitarian' theory of morals. They are, indeed, merely the application of a rigorous common sense to the facts of society. . . . With the principles of private morals he really deals only so far as is necessary to enable the reader to appreciate the impulses which have to be controlled by law. As a teacher of legislation, he inquires of all institutions whether their utility justifies their existence. If not, he is prepared to suggest a new form of institution by which the needful service may be rendered. While thus engaged, no topic is too large for his mental grasp, none too small for his notice; and, what is still rarer, every topic is seen in its due relations to the rest. English institutions had never before been thus comprehensively and dispassionately surveyed. . . . His writings have been and remain a storehouse of instruction for statesmen, an armory for legal reformers. To trace the results of his teaching in England alone would be to write a history of the legislation of half a century. Those of Bentham's suggestions which have been hitherto carried out have affected the matter or contents of the law. . . . But the service rendered by Bentham to the world would not be exhausted even by the practical adoption of every one of his recommendations. There are no limits to the good results of his introduction of a true method of reasoning into the moral and political sciences."

Of the personal life of Jeremy Bentham we have a very pleasant account by Richard Rush, who was the American Minister to England from 1817 to 1825. In 1818 he spent an evening with Mr. Bentham, then seventy years of age. He thus, in his *Narrative of a Residence at the Court of England,* published not long after the death of Bentham, writes of the aged philosopher:

BENTHAM AT HOME.

"If Mr. Bentham's character is peculiar, so is his place of residence. It was a kind of blind alley, the end of which widened into a small neat court-yard. There by itself stands Mr. Bentham's house. Shrubbery graced its area, and flowers its window-sills. It was like an oasis in the desert. Its name is *The Hermitage*. Mr. Bentham received me with the simplicity of a philosopher. I should have taken him for seventy or upwards. Everything inside his house was orderly. The furniture seemed to have been unmoved since the days of his fathers — for I learned that it was a patrimony. A parlor, library, and dining-room made up the suite of apartments. In each was a piano, the eccentric master of the whole being fond of music, as the recreation of his literary hours. It is a unique, romantic like homestead. Walking with him into the garden, I found it dark with the shade of ancient trees. They formed a small barrier against all intrusion. The company was small but choice: Mr. Brougham, Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Mill, author of the well-known work of India, M. Dumont, the learned Genevan, once the associate of Mirabeau, were all who sat down to table. Mr. Bentham did not talk much. He had a benevolence of manner suited to the philanthropy of his mind. He seemed to be thinking only of the convenience and pleasure of his guests, not as a rule of artificial breeding, as from Chesterfield or Madame Genlis, but from innate feeling. Bold as are his opinions in his works, here he was wholly unobtrusive of theories that might not have commended the assent of all present. When he did converse, it was in simple language — a contrast to his later writings, where an involved style, and the use of new or unusual words, are drawbacks upon the speculations of a genius original and profound, but with the faults of solitude. Yet some of his earlier productions are distinguished by classical terseness."

The works of Jeremy Bentham are very voluminous. What appears to be a full collection of them is to be

found in the edition by Dr. Bowring (completed in 1843), in eleven closely printed octavo volumes. Several of these works originally appeared in French. Among these is the perhaps most notable work of Bentham, entitled, *Traités de Législation Civale et Pénale,* issued in 1802, which purports to have been rendered into French by M. Dumont *"d' après les manuscrits confiés par l' Auteur."* This work should undoubtedly be credited to Bentham, Dumont acting as editor and translator of the rough manuscripts placed in his hands by Bentham. This great work of Bentham first appeared in English in 1840, in a translation by Richard Hildreth, a New York journalist.

BENTLEY, RICHARD, an English clergyman, classical scholar and critic; born at Wakefield, Yorkshire, January 27, 1662; died at Cambridge, July 14, 1742. He entered St. John's College in the almost menial capacity of a subsizar, but manifested such unusual capacity that at the age of twenty he was made head-master of a grammar school, and in the following year became domestic tutor to the son of Dr. Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's and subsequently Bishop of Worcester. In 1692 Bentley was made a prebendary in Worcester Cathedral, and was chosen to deliver the first series of the Boyle Lectures. Three years later he was made Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. The next year he received the degree of D.D. from Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1700 he became Master of that college, and obtained some

valuable preferments. In 1717 he gained the position of Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, retaining that dignity until his death, notwithstanding he had made himself obnoxious to the authorities of the university. Bentley was universally conceded to be the most learned and acute classical scholar of his country, and his editions of numerous Greek authors were far in advance of any others which had been produced at that time. Hallam, in his *History of Literature,* thus speaks of one of Bentley's earlier works:

"He pours forth an immense store of novel learning and acute criticism, especially on his favorite subject, which was destined to become his glory — the scattered relics of the ancient dramatists. The style of Bentley, always terse, whether he wrote in Latin or English, could not but augment the admiration which his learning challenged."

The readers of Macaulay will call to mind the account of the once famous controversy concerning the genuineness of the so-called *Epistles of Phalaris,* in which Bentley bore such a triumphant part, and the picture which he presents incidentally of the unlovely character of Bentley himself:

"His spirit, daring even to rashness, self-confident even to negligence, and proud even to insolent ferocity, was awed for the first and last time: awed not into meanness or cowardice, but into weariness and sobriety. For once he ran no risks; he left no crevice unguarded; he wantoned in no paradoxes. In almost everything that he has written we can discover proofs of genius and learning. But it is only here that his genius and learning appear to have been constantly under the guidance of good sense and good temper. Here we find none of that besotted reliance on his own powers, and on his own luck, which

he shows when he undertook to edit Milton; none of that extravagant vaunting and savage scurrility by which he afterwards dishonored his studies and his profession."

Of the numerous literary quarrels which disfigured the greater part of the career of Bentley it would not be profitable here to speak. But his unfortunate attempt to "edit" *Paradise Lost* deserves a few words. He starts with the assumption that, owing to the blindness of Milton, the poem was not printed as Milton had dictated it to his amanuenses, and that it was possible for critical sagacity to restore the purity of the text. He therefore emended numerous passages to suit his own views. Some of these emendations are curiosities of literature. One of Milton's lines reads

> "No light, but rather darkness visible,"

for which Bentley substitutes —

> "No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom."

Again in Milton we read:

> "As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole,"

which Bentley changes to —

> "Distance which to express all measure fails.

And again: In Milton Satan is made to say:

> "Our torments, also, may in length of time
> Become our elements,"

for which Bentley, for some inscrutable reason, proposes to substitute —

"Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements."

As a preacher Bentley deservedly holds no mean place. The eight discourses which he delivered as the first course of the Boyle Lectures are probably his best. The following passage is a good example of his manner:

THE PROVINCE OF REASON IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

We confess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as the Deists themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any one. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals; revelation truly divine from imposture and enthusiasm. So that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it; and, indeed, cannot continue, in the apostle's description, "pure and undefiled," without it. . . . Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. . . . So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province, for the Deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason — their only guide — does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary — as Moses was shown by Divine power a true sight of the Promised Land, though himself could not pass over to it — so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries, and new prospects of things, and be fully

convinced of the reality of them, though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach. — *The Boyle Lectures.*

BENTON, THOMAS HART, an American statesman; born at Hillsborough, N. C., March 14, 1782; died at Washington, D. C., April 10, 1858. While quite young he removed with his father's family to Tennessee, where he studied law, and was elected to the Legislature of the State. Early in the war of 1812 he raised a regiment of volunteers, and was an aide to General Jackson, with whom, however, in 1813, Benton became engaged in a personal quarrel which resulted in a street fight in Nashville, in which both Jackson and Benton were severely injured. Benton subsequently became reconciled with Jackson, and was one of his warmest supporters throughout his Presidency, and his earnest defender ever after. In 1815 Mr. Benton took up his residence at St. Louis, in what was then the Territory of Missouri. Here he established a newspaper, the *Missouri Inquirer,* his conduct of which involved him in several duels, in one of which his opponent was killed. Mr. Benton was an earnest advocate for the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave-holding State. This was done in 1820 by the "Compromise" of that year, and Benton was chosen as one of the Senators in Congress from the new State. He was re-elected to that position at each successive term for thirty years,

and during the whole period he took a prominent part in all the political questions of the time. In 1850 he failed of re-election as Senator, but was chosen as a member of the House of Representatives. Two years later he was an unsuccessful candidate for the House. In 1856 he was also an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Missouri. At the Presidential election of that year he advocated the election of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Buchanan, although Mr. Frémont, the opposing Republican candidate, was his own son-in-law.

It was not until after his practical retirement from political life that Mr. Benton began his career of authorship, which lasted hardly five years. Few men during a period of this length have written so much. His latest work was entitled *An Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856.* The work, however, of which fifteen volumes appeared, was cut short by the death of the author. It was completed down to the conclusion of the great Compromise debate of 1850 upon his very death-bed, where he dictated and revised the final portions in whispers, after he had lost the ability to speak aloud. Mr. Benton's greatest work, however, is his *Thirty Years' View; or, a History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years, from 1820 to 1850.* Volume I. of this work appeared in 1854, and the succeeding portion two years later. Of this work Bryant has written: "The literary execution of this work, the simplicity of its style, and the unexceptionable taste which tempers all its allusions to his contemporaries, have been the subject of universal admiration." Mr. Benton in the Preface to this work sets forth the purposes which had guided him in its preparation:

PURPOSE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' VIEW.

Justice to the men with whom I acted, and to the cause in which we were engaged, is my chief motive for engaging in this work. A secondary motive is the hope of being useful to our republican form of government in after ages, by showing its working through a long and eventful period; working well all the time, and thereby justifying the hope of its permanent good operation in all time to come, if maintained in its purity and integrity. Justice to the wise and patriotic men who established our independence, and founded this government, is another motive with me. . . .

Another motive has weight with me, and belongs to the rights of "self-defence." I have made a great many speeches, and I have an apprehension that they may be published after I am gone: published in the gross, without due discrimination — and so preserve or perpetuate things said, both of men and measures, which I no longer approve, and would wish to leave to oblivion. By making selections of suitable parts of these speeches, and weaving them into this work, I may hope to prevent a general publication, or to render it harmless if made. But I do not condemn all that I leave out. . . .

I do not propose a regular history, but a political work, to show the practical working of our government. Our duplicate form of government — State and Federal — is a novelty which has no precedent, I believe, in its excellence, and I wish to contribute to its permanency, and believe that I can do so by giving a faithful account of what I have seen of its working and of the trials to which I have seen it subjected. I write in the spirit of truth, but not of unnecessary or irrelevant truth; only giving that which is essential to the object of the work, and the omission of what would be an imperfection and a subtraction from what ought to be known. I have no animosities, and shall find far greater pleasure in bringing out the good and the great acts of those with whom I have differed, than in noticing the points on which I have deemed them wrong. My ambition is to make a veracious

work, reliable in its statements, candid in its conclusions, just in its views, and which contemporaries and posterity may read without fear of being misled.

BEOWULF, THE LAY OF, an Old-Saxon poem, which critics believe to be the oldest existing poem having an epic form produced in modern Europe. Its date is supposed to be somewhere about 500 A.D., though the scene of the poem apparently belongs to a period considerably earlier. It purports to describe an expedition made by Beowulf to deliver a Danish king from a demon or monster called Grendel. The Lay consists of about six thousand lines, of which the following may stand as a specimen of the Anglo-Saxon speech and versification of the time, some two or three centuries before Alfred the Great.

Thâ com of môre	*Then came from the moor,*
Unter mist-bleodhun,	*Under mist-hills,*
Grendel gongan;	*Grendel to go;*
Goddes yrre bär.	*God's ire he bare.*

The poem, which is clearly legendary in its character, has been edited by several scholars. One of the best editions is that of J. M. Kemble (1837), which is accompanied by a prose translation into English. From this we give a single episode, which reminds one of a scene in Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur.*

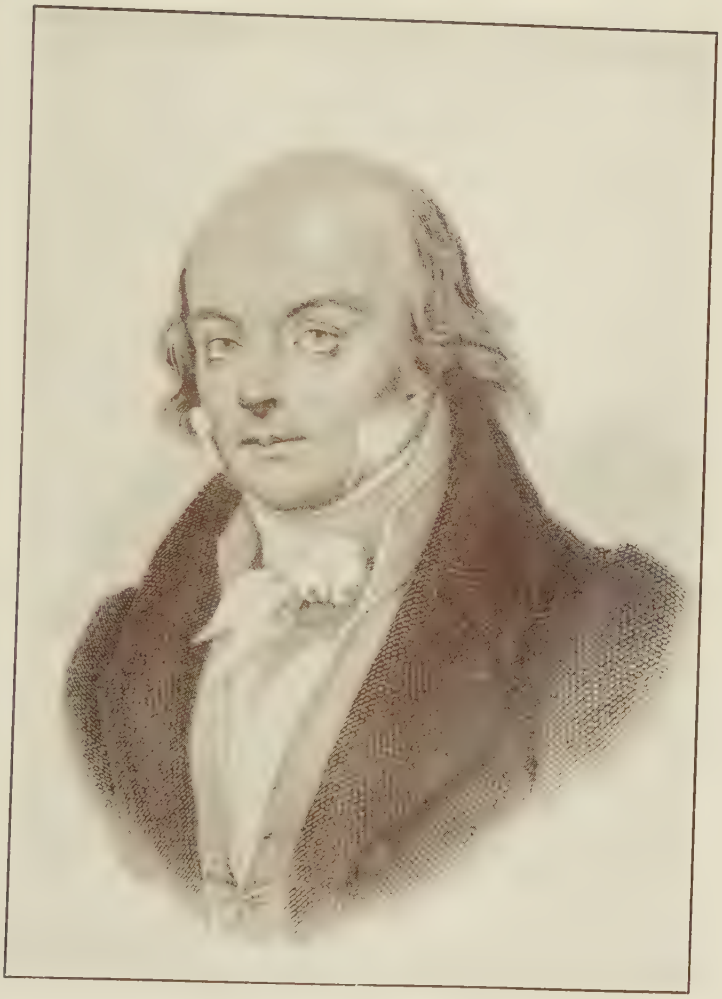
THE DEPARTURE OF SCYLD.

At his appointed time then Scyld departed, very decrepit, to go unto the peace of the Lord. They then,

his dear comrades, bore him out to the shore of the sea, as he himself requested, the while that he, the friend of the Scyldings, the beloved chieftain, had power with his words; long he owned it. There upon the beach stood the ring-prowed ship, the vehicle of the noble, shining like ice, and ready to set out. They then laid down the dear prince, the distributer of rings, in the bosom of the ship, the mighty one beside the mast. There was much of treasures, of ornaments, brought from afar. Never heard I of a comelier ship having been adorned with battle-weapons, and with war-weeds, with bills and mailed coats.

Upon his bosom lay a multitude of treasures, which were to depart with him into the possession of the flood. They furnished him not less with offerings, with mighty wealth, than those had done who in the beginning sent him forth in his wretchedness, alone over the waves. Moreover they set up for him a golden ensign, high overhead. They let the deep sea bear him; they gave him to the ocean. Sad was their spirit, mournful their mood. Men knew not, in sooth to say (men wise of counsel, or any men under the heavens) who received the freight. — *Prose Translation of* KEMBLE.

BÉRANGER, PIERRE JEAN DE, a French poet; born at Paris, August 19, 1780; died there July 16, 1857. His father, though of an old family, was in humble circumstances, and being unable to pay for the schooling of his son, sent him to an aunt who kept a little inn in Picardy. When he was old enough he was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller, and began to write verses. His father had by this time entered into some speculations, and for a short time was thought to be a wealthy man. But he soon failed, and the son found himself in great



BERANGER.

pecuniary straits. He sent a letter to Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, then First Consul, enclosing a couple of short poems. Lucien presented to the young poet his own pension of 1,000 francs as member of the French Institute. Béranger, moreover, earned something by his pen; and at the age of twenty-nine he was appointed to an office with a salary of 1,000 francs, which was before long increased to 2,000 francs. Béranger became the popular poet of his country. His first volume of poems appeared in 1815. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons he fell under the suspicion of the new government, on account of the democratic tendency of his poems. Having resigned the government position which he held, he put out a new volume in 1821. For this he was prosecuted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 500 francs. This proceeding gave immense popularity to the poems of Béranger, who brought out a third volume in 1825, and a fourth in 1828. For this last volume he was again prosecuted, and fined 10,000 francs and imprisoned for nine months. The poems which he now wrote were sung everywhere, and did no little to bring about the revolution of 1830. Under the Government of Louis Philippe important public positions were offered to Béranger, and resolutely declined by him. His last volume, *Chansons nouvelles et dernières,* was published in 1833. But though he ceased to publish anything new the popularity of his verses remained unabated. When the revolution of 1848 broke out Béranger was returned triumphantly to the Constituent Assembly. He recognized the honor by formally taking his seat, but immediately after resigned it. He left behind nearly a hundred songs written from 1834 to 1851, and an *Autobiog-*

raphy, all of which were published soon after his death. The poems of Béranger are distinguished for their genuine national spirit, and for a grace and delicacy of expression to which full justice cannot be given by any translation.

IN THE ATTIC

Oh, it was here that Love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age.
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage!
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell;
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all,
Here was Love's shrine:
Here read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
The unfinished line.
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend.
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch, to feast a friend
In attic cell!

Oh, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl,
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learned but too well?
Still, in those days I envied not a prince,
In attic cell.

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
'Mid the bright bowls.
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!

Bronze cannon roared; France, with redoubled might,
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell.

Dreams of my youthful days! I'd freely give
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell.

MEMORIES OF NAPOLEON.

Amid the lowly straw-built shed,
Long will the peasant seek *his* glory;
And when some fifty years have fled
The thatch will hear no other story.
Around some old and hoary dame
The village crowd will oft exclaim, —
"Mother," now till midnight chimes,
"Tell us tales of other times. —
He wronged us! Say it if they will:
The people love his memory still.
Mother, now the day is dim,
Mother tell us now of *him!*"

"My children, in our village here
I saw him once by kings attended;
That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh
To where I watched him passing by:
Small his hat upon that day,
And he wore a coat of gray;
And when he saw me shake with dread,
'Good day to you, my dear!' he said."—
"Oh, and, mother, is it true,
Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this a year had passed away,
Again in Paris streets I found him:
To Notre Dame he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him.
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear a smile:
'See how brightly shine the skies!
'Tis for him!' the people cries:
And then his face was soft with joy,
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother, Oh how glad to see
Days that must so happy be!"

"But when o'er our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear;
Entered, when I oped the door,
He and guards perhaps a score;
And seated, where I sit, he said,
'To what a war have I been led!'"
"Mother, and was that the chair?
Mother, was he seated there?"

"'Dame, I am hungry,' then he cried.
I set on bread and wine before him;—
There at the fire his clothes he dried,
And slept, while watched his followers o'er him.
When with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep,
And said, 'Nay, our France is strong,
Soon will I avenge her wrong.'
It is the dearest thing of mine,
The glass in which he drank his wine."—
"And through change of good and ill,
Mother, you may have kept it still."

— *Translation in Fraser's Magazine.*

THE OLD VAGABOND.

Here in the ditch my bones I'll lay;
  Weak, wearied, old, the world I'll leave.
"He's drunk," the passing crowd will say:
  'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
  Some fling an alms in passing by;
  Haste — 'tis the village holiday,
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
  I die; for hunger slays me not at all.
I hoped my misery's closing page
  To fold within some hospital;
But crowded thick is each retreat,
  Such numbers now in misery lie;
  Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen o'er and o'er,
  I've asked, "Instruct me in your trade."
"Begone! our business is not more
  Than keeps ourselves; go beg," they said. —
Ye rich, who made me toil for bread,
  Of bones your tables gave me store,
  Your straw has often made my bed: —
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;
  No, — better still for alms to pray!
At most, I've plucked some apples left
  To ripen near the public way.
Yet weeks and weeks in dungeons laid,
  In the King's name, they let me pine;
  They stole the only wealth I had:
Though poor and old, the sun at least was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?
  What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
  The Senate where your speakers shine?
Once when your homes, by war o'erswept,
  Saw strangers battling on your land,
  Like any paltry fool I wept,
The aged fool was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you now the worm,
  The noxious thing beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
  Due labor for the common weal!
Then sheltered from the adverse wind,
  The worm and ant had time to grow;
  Aye, then I might have loved my kind:
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe."

— *Translation in Tait's Magazine.*

BERKELEY, GEORGE, a British prelate and philosopher; born at Dysert Castle, County Kilkenny, Ireland, March 12, 1685; died at Oxford, England, January 14, 1753. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he showed a special aptitude for mathematical studies; and in 1707 was made a Fellow of that College. In that year he published an ingenious essay entitled *Arithmetica absque Algebrâ aut Euclide demonstrata.* This was followed two years later by *An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision,* which is characterized by Dr. Reid as "the first attempt that ever was made to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the conclusions we have

GEORGE BERKELEY.

been accustomed from infancy to draw from them — a distinction from which the nature of vision hath received a great light, and by which many phenomena in Optics, before looked upon as unaccountable, have been clearly and distinctly resolved." In 1710 — the author being only twenty-six years of age — he published his famous *Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge;* which was followed three years after by a sequel entitled *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous;* the aim of the entire work being to prove that "the commonly received notion of the existence of matter is false; that sensible material objects, as they are called, are not external to the mind, but exist in it, and are nothing more than impressions made upon it by the *immediate* act of God, according to certain rules, termed Laws of Nature, from which, in the ordinary course of his government, he never deviates; and that the steady adherence of the Supreme Spirit to these rules is what constitutes the reality of things to his creatures." Berkeley himself reduced his theory to the following syllogism:

"Whatever is immediately perceived by sense is an idea: sensible things are immediately perceived by sense: therefore sensible things are ideas, and consequently only exist in the mind."

Berkeley had in the meantime entered into holy orders and took up his residence in London, where he became intimate with Addison, Pope, Swift, Steele and other famous wits. About 1717 he set out on a tour upon the Continent as tutor to the son of the Bishop of Clogher, returning to England after an absence of four years. The "South Sea Bubble" had just burst, and in reference to it Berkeley wrote *An*

Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain, from which we present an extract:

INDUSTRY AND WEALTH.

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public as it promoteth industry; and credit, having the same effect, is of the same value with money. But money circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labor and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming. It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes as may draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own — whether he understands the game or not — that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another. The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in the state. This is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner that some men from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates without the least desert, while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity — what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other hand but extreme madness and despair? In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods — as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by honest industry — must be ruinous to the public; and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin.

Berkeley had for some time meditated a vast philanthropic project, which he entitled "A scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." The plan found immense favor, and abundant promises of pecuniary support. Sir Robert Walpole, the British Premier, promised £10,000 from the Government in aid of the scheme. It was at this time — probably in 1726 — that Berkeley wrote the little poem, one stanza of which, more than anything else, will hand his name down to future ages:

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In August, 1728, Berkeley married the daughter of the Right Honorable John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons; and in the following January sailed for Newport, R. I., a seaport which it was then thought would become the commercial metropolis of the colonies. He was most enthusiastically welcomed at Newport. He soon purchased a farm of about one hundred acres not far from the town, upon which he built a commodious house, and set himself at work to perfect the scheme for the Bermuda College. He bought an estate in the Islands, relying upon the promised Government aid for the means of payment. The money never came, and at last the Bishop of London, whose vast diocese included all the British New World, waited upon the Prime Minister in order to learn whether the money would be paid over. The reply of Sir Robert Walpole was characteristic: "If you put this question to me as a Minister," he said, "I must and can assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £10,000, I advise him by all means to return to Europe, and to give up his present expectations." Berkeley returned to England after a

residence of about two years in Rhode Island. Before leaving he divided his valuable library between Yale and Harvard Colleges, to which institutions he also gave his land to form an endowment for three scholarships in Latin and Greek. These Berkeley Scholarships still exist.

Not long after his return, Dean Berkeley published *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher.* This work, written at Newport, is in the form of a dialogue, after the manner of Plato, and is a defence of religion against the systems of scepticism, atheism, and fatalism. It was brought to the notice of Queen Anne, who in 1734 conferred upon Berkeley the Bishopric of Cloyne in Ireland.

After his accession to the see of Cloyne, Bishop Berkeley wrote several books, among which are *The Analyst, a Discourse addressed to an Infidel Mathematician* (Dr. Halley), in which he undertook to show "that Mysteries in Faith were unjustly objected to by mathematicians, who admitted much greater mysteries, and even falsehoods in Science." One of his most noted publications is *Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries respecting the Virtues of Tar-Water in the Plague.* One of his latest works is a pamphlet entitled *Maxims concerning Patriotism;* a few extracts from which are here given:

MAXIMS CONCERNING PATRIOTISM.

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why a guardian to the state? . . . A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot. . . . He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave. . . . The patriot aims at his private good in the public; the knave makes the public sub-

servient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole; the latter considers himself as the whole. . . . Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good. . . . When the heart is right, there is true patriotism. . . . The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing — each his own interest. . . . Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

Berkeley, now verging upon three-score and ten, wished to retire from active life, by exchanging his bishopric for a canonry at Oxford, where he might at the same time superintend the education of his son — a young man of nineteen, who subsequently became a dignitary of the Church. Not effecting this, he wished to resign his bishopric; but the King, George II., declared that "Berkeley should die a bishop in spite of himself." He, however, received license to reside out of his diocese. He took up his residence at Oxford, where he soon after died suddenly, on Sunday evening, while sitting in his chair in the midst of his family, and discoursing upon the "Burial Service" of the Episcopal Church. Several editions, more or less complete, of the Works of Bishop Berkeley have been published. The latest, and probably the best, is that of Fraser (1871). Sir James Macintosh, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* thus sums up the character of Berkeley:

"Ancient learning, exact science, polished society, modern literature, and the fine arts contributed to adorn and enrich the mind of this accomplished man. All his contemporaries agreed with the satirist in ascribing to Berkeley 'every virtue under heaven.' Adverse factions and hostile wits concurred only in loving, admiring, and contributing to advance him. The severe sense of Swift

endured his visions; the modest Addison endeavored to reconcile Clarke to his ambitious speculations. His character converted the satire of Pope into fervid praise. Even the discerning, fastidious, and turbulent Atterbury said, after an interview with him, 'so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman.' . . . Of the exquisite grace and beauty of his diction no man accustomed to English composition can need to be informed. His works are, beyond dispute, the finest models of philosophical style since Cicero. Perhaps they surpass those of the orator in the wonderful art by which the fullest light is thrown on the most minute and evanescent parts of the most subtle of human conceptions. Perhaps he also surpassed Cicero in the charm of simplicity."

BERNARD, SAINT, of Clairvaux, a French ecclesiastic; born at Fontaines, Burgundy, in 1091; died at Clairvaux, August 20, 1153. When twenty-two years of age (1113) he joined the little monastery of Citeaux, and such were the effects of his devotion and eloquent enthusiasm in commending a religious life that he drew after him four brothers, the elder of whom was married and had children. Mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends, lest they should be drawn away by his persuasive earnestness. No amount of self-mortification could exceed Bernard's ambition. He strove to overcome his bodily senses altogether and to live entirely absorbed in religious meditation. Sleep he counted a loss, and food was only taken to keep him from fainting. He took delight in showing his

humility by performing the most menial offices. In 1115 he was chosen to head a band of devotees who issued from Citeaux in search of a new home. They travelled northward until they arrived in a wild and gloomy valley, thickly grown with wood and having a beautiful clear stream running through it. Here they settled and founded the Abbey of Clairvaux, with which St. Bernard's name is associated in history.

The influence of Bernard was notably shown on the death of Pope Honorius II. in 1130. Two rival popes assumed the purple, each appealing to his election by a section of the cardinals. The Christian world was divided between the claims of Anacletus II. and Innocent II. The former, backed by a strong Italian party, drove Innocent from Rome, and he went to France and sought the aid of the King, Louis the Fat, who espoused his cause and called a council of bishops and archbishops over whom Bernard was asked to preside. He did so with reluctance, and when the question had been presented to him decided in favor of Innocent II. England, France, and Germany were won over to the side of Innocent, who, though banished from Rome, was, in the language of St. Bernard, "accepted by the world." Pope Innocent travelled from place to place with the powerful Abbot of Clairvaux by his side. A great triumph had been gained without a struggle, and St. Bernard was master of the ecclesiastical situation. The two notable events of Bernard's subsequent life were his controversy with the heretic Abelard, whom he worsted on all points of doctrine, and who was silenced by the Pope, and his preaching of the Second Crusade.

The capture of Edessa by the Turks in 1147 sent a thrill of alarm through the Christian world. The

French King was besought to send forth an army to reclaim the Holy Land from the triumphant infidels. The Pope encouraged the good work and delegated St. Bernard to preach the new crusade. Through the marvellous eloquence of the Abbot, the French King, Louis VII., and the German Emperor, Conrad III., placed themselves in command of a vast army and moved against the Turk. The expedition was disastrous and the armies were either dispersed or destroyed. Utter ruin followed closely upon the wildest enthusiasm. Bernard was loudly blamed for the rout of the armies and the disastrous termination of the Second Crusade. This and other anxieties bore heavily upon his sanguine spirit and he died at Clairvaux at the age of sixty-two. His character appears to have been that of a noble enthusiast, selfish in nothing save zeal for the Church. The best edition of his works is that by Mabillon, Paris, 1667.

The letter, from which the following is an extract, was written by Saint Bernard to his young relative Robert, who had left Clairvaux to enter the wealthier monastery of Clugni. Doctor Storrs, the translator, says that the whole letter is "tumultuous with emotion," and mentions a report among the monks that during the writing of it — on parchment and in the open air — a shower fell upon everything around, and that the fervor of love on these ardent pages kept them dry; and that it was on account of this miracle that in the collection of Bernard's epistles this one was placed first:

BERNARD'S APPEAL.

I am no longer able to veil my grief, to suppress my anxiety, to dissemble my sorrow. Therefore, contrary to

the order of justice, I who have been wounded am constrained to recall him who hath wounded me; I, the despised, must seek after him who hath despised me; after suffering injury, I must offer satisfaction to him from whom the injury has come; I must, in a word, entreat him who ought rather to entreat me. But grief does not deliberate, it knows no shame, it does not consult reason, it does not fear any lowering of dignity, does not conform itself to rule, does not submit itself to sound judgment; it ignores method and rule; the mind is wholly and only occupied with this: to seek to be rid of what it pains it to have, or to gain what it grieves it to want. I am wretched because I miss thee, because I do not see thee, because I live without thee, for whom to die would be to me life, to live without whom is to die! Only come back, and all will be peace. Return, and I shall be at rest. Return, I say: return! and I shall joyfully sing, "He that was dead is alive again; he was lost, and is found." No doubt it may have been my fault that you departed. I must have appeared severe to so delicate a youth, and in my own hardness have treated thy tenderness too harshly. What I say, my son, I do not say to confound thee, but to admonish my most dear boy; for though thou mayest have many teachers in Christ, thou hast not many fathers. If thou wilt permit me to say so, I myself have brought thee forth into the life of religion, by instruction and example. How can it please thee that another should glory in thee who has in no way labored for thee? — *From* R. S. Storr's *Lectures on Bernard.* (Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ST. BERNARD'S HYMN.

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.
No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? Ah this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His lov'd ones know.
Jesu our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

— *Translation of* E. CASWALL.

MY ENEMIES.

The world lays close siege, and my five senses are the avenues by which it enters and attacks me. They give free passage to the fatal darts, and here death makes its approaches to my heart. My eye gazes about, and by admitting variety of engaging subjects, draws off my attention from the one thing necessary. The ear is open to pleasing sounds, and these disturb the mind in its meditations. The smell amuses, and obstructs serious thinking. The tongue is lavish in speech, and lets itself loose in flattery and falsehood. The touch kindles impure fires, takes every slight occasion to defile itself with lust, and unless the first motions be carefully guarded, and resolutely rejected, it seizes, vanquishes, and inflames the whole body: the steps by which it advances in this conquest are, first to tickle the imagination with unclean thoughts, then to pollute the mind with unlawful delight, and at last to subdue the reason by consenting to wicked inclinations. Lastly, the devil bends his bow, and makes ready his arrows within the quiver.— *Meditations of Saint Bernard;* STANHOPE'S *translation.*

BERNARD OF CLUNY, a Benedictine monk; born at Morlaix, France, of English parents, about 1100; died about 1156. He entered the Abbey of Cluny in 1122, and there, so far as is known, he spent his after-life. Cluny was then at the zenith of its wealth and fame. Its buildings, especially its church, unequalled by any other in France; its elaborate ritualistic service; its numerous community, gave it a position and an influence such as no other monastery ever reached. Amid these splendid and luxurious surroundings Bernard composed that wondrous satire against vice and folly which has supplied some of the most widely known and admired of modern hymns. This poem, *De Contemptu Mundi,* in which he eddies round and round his subject, recurring again and again to that which he seems to have already exhausted and dismissed, remains to us as an imperishable monument of an author of whom we know but little except his name. It consists of about 3,000 lines in a most difficult metre, as will be best seen by the following example:

> "Tunc nova glor*ia,* pectora sobr*ia,* clarificabit;
> Solvit enig*mata,* veraque sab*bata,* continuabit,
> Patria lum*inis,* inscia, turb*inis,* inscia litis
> Cive reple*bitur,* amplifica*bitur* Israelitis."

Bernard himself attributed the accomplishment of the difficult task of writing a poem of such length in a metre of this description to the direct inspiration of the Spirit of God. A number of well-known modern hymns, including *Jerusalem, the Golden; Brief Life*

is Here Our Portion; The World is Very Evil, and *For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country,* are translations of parts of this famous poem.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

Jerusalem, the golden! with milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not what joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David; and there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast.

And they, who with their Leader, have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever are clad in robes of white.

— *Translation of* J. M. NEALE.

BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there!
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below

No human verse can utter,
  No human heart can know.
And after fleshy weakness
  And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
  Are calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown;
And He whom now we trust in,
  Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
  Shall have Him for their own.

— *Translation of* J. M. Neale.

BERNERS, John Bourchier, Lord, an English statesman, diplomat and scholar; born in 1467; died in 1533. His active life lay mainly within the first half of the reign of King Henry VIII. Lord Berners is known in literature as a translator into English of several notable books. We copy the title-pages of some of these translations as they originally appeared: *The Chronicles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretayne, Flaunders, and other Places adionynge, translated out of Frenche into our maternall Englysshe Tonge, by Johan Bourchier Knight, Lorde Berners; The Hystory of the moost noble and valyaunt Knyght Arthur of lytel brytayne translated out of frensshe in to englisshe by the noble Johan bourgcher knyght lorde Barners; The Famous Exploits of Huon de Bordeaux, trans. by Sir John Bourchier, Lord Berners; The*

golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and Oratour, translated out of Frenche into Englishe by John Bourchier, Knyghte, Lord Berners; The Castle of Loue, translated out of Spanyshe into Englyshe by John Bourchier Knyght Lord Berners. This last work is thus inscribed to the estimable wife of Sir Nicholas Carew:

THE DEDICATION OF THE CASTLE OF LOVE.

To the good and vertuous lady, the lady Carewe, gretynge. The affecciant desyre and obligation that I am bounde in towardes you, ryghte vertuous and good lady, as wele for the goodness that it hath pleased you to shewe me, as for the nyreness of consanguinite, hath encoraged me to accomplish your desyre, in translating this present booke. And though my so doynge can not be correspondent any thing to recompense your goodness, yot not being ignoraunt of your good-wil and desyre, the which in this cause I take for the hole effecte; thinking thereby to do you some smale rememoracion, and also bycause the matter is very pleasant for yonge ladies and gentlewomen: therefore I have enterpreysed to reduce the same from Spanishe into the Englyshe tonge, not adorned with so freshe eloquence that it should merite to be presented to your goodnes.

Lord Berners's chief claim to the remembrance of after times rests upon his spirited translation of Froissart's *Chroniques de France, d' Angleterre, d' Ecosse, d' Espagne, etc.* This translation was made by order of King Henry VIII., and is of special value as exhibiting the very best type of the English language as written by gentlemen of that day — not by mere pedants. We present an extract, preserving the spelling of the original, as printed, about 1525. The battle of Otterbourne, popularly known as "Chevy Chase,"

was fought in August, 1388, between the Scots under Earl Douglas, and the English under Lord Percy. Froissart characterizes it as "the bravest and most chivalrous action" which had been fought in his day. It gave rise to several of the most spirited of the old English ballads. Douglas was slain in this battle.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Knightes and squyers were of good courage on bothe parties to fight valyauntly; cowardes there had no place, but hardynesse rayned with goodly feates of armes, for knyghtes and squires were so joined togyder at hande strokes, that archers had no place of nether party. There the Scottes shewed great hardynesse and fought meryly, with great desyre of honour; the Englysshmen were three to one. Howbeit I say nat but Englysshmen did nobly acquyte themselfe, for ever the Englysshmen had rather ben slayne or taken in the place than flye. Thus as I have sayd the baners of Douglas and Percy and their men were met eache against other, envyous who shulde wynne the honour of that journey. At the begynnynge the Englysshmen were so stronge, that they reculed backe their enemyes. Than the erle Duglass, who was of great harte and hygh enterprise, seeyinge his men recule backe, than to recover the place and shewe knyghtly valure, he toke his axe in both his handes and entered so into the prease that he made hymselfe waye in such wyse that none durste aproche nere hym, and he was so well armed that he bare well of such strokes as he recyued. Thus he wente ever forwarde lyk a hardy Hector, wyllynge alone to conquere the field, and to discomfyte his enemyes. But at laste he was encountred with thre speares all at ones; the one strake hym on the shoulder, the other on the breste, and the stroke glended downe to his bely, and the thyrd strake him in the thye, and sore hurt with all three strokes so that he was borne perforce to the erthe, and after that he culde nat again be releved. Some of his knyghtes and squyres followed hym, but not all, for it was nyght, and no light but by the shynynge of the mone. The Englyssh-

men knew well they had borne one down to the erth, but they wyst nat who it was, for if they had knowen that it had bene the erle of Duglass, they had bene thereof so joyful and so prowde that the vyctorye had beene theirs. Nor also the Scottes knew nat of that adventure tyll the ende of the batayle, for if they had knowen it they should have bene so sore dyspayred and dyscoraged that they wolde have fledde awaye. Thus as the erle Duglass was felled to the erthe, he was stricken into the heed with an axe, and another stroke throughe the thye. The Englysshmen passed forth and tooke no hede of hym; they thoughte none otherwise but that they hadde slayne a man-at-arms. — *Chronicles, Vol. III., Chap. 127.*

Saving in the mere matter of the spelling of some words, there are few writers of our day who write as good English as was written by Lord Berners nearly four centuries ago. Perhaps in some coming century our present cumbrous orthography will be generally replaced by a purely phonetic one. Should this come to pass, the pages of Macaulay, as now printed, will look quite as uncouth as those of Lord Berners now do to us. In the following extract the exact words of Berners are given, but the spelling is modernized. The battle of Crécy was fought in August, 1346, between the French and their allies, 100,000 strong, under King Philip VI., and the English, 40,000 strong, under King Edward III. The French were routed with a loss of 30,000 men. In this battle Edward, Prince of Wales, the "Black Prince," then sixteen years of age, won his spurs, slaying with his own hand, it is said, the blind King of Bohemia, and afterward assuming his crest of three ostrich-feathers, with the motto *Ich dien,* "I serve," which has ever since been borne by the successive English Princes of Wales.

THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY.

When the French king saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and he said to his marshals, "Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoese cross-bows about 15,000, but they were so weary of going afoot that day, a six leagues, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a set of rascals — to be faint and fail now at most need."

Also the same season there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes, and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly, again, they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so hotly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason."

Then you should have seen the men-of-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot where as they saw the thickest press. The sharp arrows ran into the men-of-arms, and into their horses; and many fell, horse and men, among

the Genoese, and when they were down, they could not reline again: the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men-of-arms, and slew and murdered as many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.— *Chronicles, Vol. I., Chap. 128.*

BERNI, Berna, or Bernia, Francesco, an Italian poet; born at Lamporecchio, Tuscany, about 1498; died at Florence, May 26, 1536. His boyhood was spent at Florence; at the age of nineteen he went to Rome, where he entered the service of his distant kinsman, Cardinal Bibbiena; and not long afterward became secretary to the Bishop of Verona, the Datary of the Papal Curia, with whom he remained seven years, having assumed the ecclesiastical habit. Subsequently he was made Canon of Florence. Here he became intimate not only with the Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, but with his bitter enemy, Duke Alesandro. Report, which rests upon doubtful authority, says that one of these rivals proposed to Berni to poison the other; that Berni refused to aid in this crime, and was himself poisoned by the proposer. Berni was the great perfecter of the humorous poetry of Italy, and his manner has been often imitated in other languages, notably by Byron in *Beppo* and *Don Juan.* His principal poems are the *Rime Burlesche* and the *Orlando Innamorato.* In this latter poem Berni tells in a mocking way something of

his own early history, and gives a perhaps fanciful description of himself.

BERNI'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

At Lamporecchio he of whom I write
  Was born, for dumb Masetto famed of yore;
Thence roamed to Florence; and in piteous plight
  There sojourned till nineteen, like pilgrim poor;
And shifted thence to Rome, with second flight,
  Hoping some succor from a kinsman's store;
A Cardinal allied to him by blood,
And one that neither did him harm nor good.

He to the nephew passed — this patron dead —
  Who the same measure as his uncle meted;
And then again in search of better bread,
  With empty bowels from his house retreated;
And hearing — for his name and fame were spread —
  The praise of one who served the Pope reported,
And in the Roman Court *Datario* night,
He hired himself to him to read and write.

This trade the unhappy man believed he knew;
  But his belief was, like the rest, a bubble;
Since he could never please the patron who
  Fed him, nor ever once was out of trouble.
The more he did the more he had to do,
  And only made his pain and penance double:
And thus, with sleeves and bosom stuffed with papers,
Wasted his wits, and lived oppressed with vapors.

Add, for his mischief (whether 'twas his little
  Merit, misfortune, or his want of skill),
Some cures he farmed produced him not a tittle,
  And only were a source of plague and ill:
Fire, water, storm or devil, sacked vines and victual,
  Whether the luckless wretch would tithe or till.
Some pensions, too, which he possessed were naught,
And like the rest, produced him not a groat.

This, notwithstanding, he his miseries slighted,
  Like happy man who not too deeply feels;
And all, but most the Roman lords, delighted,
  Content in spite of tempests, writs, or seals,
And oftentimes, to make them mirth, recited
  Strange chapters upon urinals and eels;
And other mad vagaries would rehearse,
That he had hitched, Heaven help him! into verse.

His mood was choleric, and his tongue was vicious;
  But he was praised for singleness of heart,
Nor taxed as avaricious or ambitious;
  Affectionate and frank and void of art,
A lover of his friends, and unsuspicious;
  But where he hated, knew no middle part;
And men his malice by his love might rate:
But then he was more prone to love than hate.

To paint his person:— this was thin and dry;
  Well sorting it, his legs were spare and lean;
Broad was his visage, and his nose was high;
  While narrow was the space that was between
His eyebrows sharp; and blue his hollow eye,
  Which for his bushy beard had not been seen,
But that the master kept this thicket cleared
At mortal war with mustache and with beard.

No one did ever servitude detest
  Like him: though servitude was still his dole:
Since Fortune or the Devil did their best
  To keep him evermore beneath control.
While whatsoever was his patron's hest,
  To execute it went against his soul;
His service would he freely yield unasked,
But lost all heart and hope if he were tasked.

Nor music, hunting match, nor mirthful measure,
  Nor play, nor other pastime moved him aught;
And if 'twas true that horses gave him pleasure,
  The simple sight of them was all he sought,

Too poor to purchase; and his only treasure
His naked bed; his pastime to do naught
But tumble there, and stretch his weary length,
And so recruit his spirits and his strength.

Worn with the trade he long was used to slave in,
So heartless and so broken down was he,
He deemed he could not find a better haven,
Or safer port from that tempestuous sea,
Nor better cordial, to remit his craven
And jaded spirit, when he once was free,
Than to betake himself to bed, and do
Nothing, and mind and matter so renew.

Above all other curses, pen and ink
Were by this Tuscan held in hate and scorn,
Who worse than any loathsome sight or stink,
Detested pen and paper, ink and horn:
So deeply did a deadly venom sink,
So festered in his flesh a rankling thorn,
While, night and day, with heart and garments rent,
Seven weary years, the wretch in writing spent.

— *Translation of* Rose

BESANT, Annie, an English philosopher and theosophist; born at London, October 1, 1847. In 1867 she was married to Rev. Frank Besant, brother of Sir Walter Besant, but was legally separated from him in 1873. She early became interested in social and political reforms, and in 1874 joined the National Secular Society. In 1883 she became a Socialist, and for three years was a member of the London School Board. In 1899 she joined the International Theosophical Society, and upon the death of

ANNIE BESANT.

Madame Blavatsky, became a leader in the cult. During 1891 and 1892 she lectured in the United States on theosophy and occult subjects. From 1900 to 1905 she resided in India, where she lived among the Buddhists and studied higher occultism. She has written a large number of books and pamphlets on theosophical subjects. These include: *Avatâras; Bhagavad Gîtâ,* or the Lord's Song; *Esoteric Christianity,* or the Lesser Mysteries; *Thought Power, Its Control and Culture; Ancient Ideals in Modern Life; The Doctrine of the Heart; Morning Thoughts for all the Year; The Religious Problem of India; Occultism, Semi-Occultism, and Pseudo-Occultism; Emotion, Intellect and Spirituality; Individuality; Theosophy and the Society of Jesus; A Rough Outline of Theosophy; Theosophy in Questions and Answers; The Meaning and Use of Pain; Theosophy and Its Evidences; In Defence of Theosophy; The Place of Peace; Building of the Kosmos, and Other Lectures; The Self and Its Sheaths; Man and His Bodies; The Path of Discipleship; The Ancient Wisdom,* an Outline of Theosophical Teaching; *The Seven Principles of Man; Reïncarnation; Death and After; In the Outer Court; The Birth and Evolution of the Soul; Karma; Four Great Religions; Three Paths to Union With God;* and *Dharma,* or the Meaning of Right and Wrong; *The Evolution of Light and Form; Vegetarianism in the Light of Theosophy; Some Difficulties of the Inner Life; The Masters as Facts and Ideals; Why You Should be a Theosophist,* and other works.

THEOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION.

The type of religion that precedes the founding of a new civilization presages the nature of that civilization.

Theosophy teaches us to see that great religious movements have heralded great Empires, but that each religion, being separative, has heralded an Empire that has held its own against the world instead of leading a united world to progress. And it shows us that as we have now no new religion, but a religious movement that asserts the common basis of all religions, the spiritual unity of man, so we shall have a peace civilization in which all nations shall find a place. Religious peace will precede international peace; the stilling of the rivalries of religions will precede the stilling of the rivalries of nations. This essential service to the coming Empire, Theosophy, and only Theosophy, can render. For it alone quarrels with no religion, asserts the value and the truth of each, seeks no converts, makes no proselytes. This Empire must be composed of peoples of many faiths, and these faiths must be reverenced and protected, not assailed. The missionary spirit is ever a menace to the Empire, stirring up religious animosities and setting one people against another. It must be replaced by the theosophical spirit, if the Empire is to be cemented together, and religion is to cease to be a disruptive force. For an Empire like the British Theosophy is a necessity, even more than it is a necessity for separate peoples. And it alone can prevent the Empire from being a menace to religions other than the Christian. Thus the spread of Theosophy throughout the world heralds the shaping of a World Empire whose watchword shall be Brotherhood, Righteousness and Service. That Empire shall be the cradle of a more spiritual Race, of a Race inspired by Wisdom and by Love.

Does the claim seem too great for a movement so small too grandiose for beginnings so feeble? Yet the promise of the golden corn is in the hidden grains below the earthly clods, and every religious movement at the beginning has been as the "little leaven," scarce visible yet destined to permeate and change the whole. No contempt poured on the Theosophical movement is as bitter, as disdainful, as the proud Roman citizen poured on the despised Christianity of his time, yet his Rome perished

and Christianity has grown into a world-wide faith. Now it is Theosophy which is the Stone rejected by the builders, and it shall in turn become the "head of the corner." For the wise Master-Builders see not greatness and smallness as they are seen by the eyes of men; they judge by the strength of the indwelling life, and not by the outer magnificence of the form.

We have read of Empires in the past where the sense of public duty moved all who took share of rule, from the King down to the lowest hand that wielded power, and the one object of one of those mighty civilizations of the past was to make the people happy, for that, it was written, is the duty of kings. Governments exist for the sake of the people and not for the sake of governments. Governments exist not that some men may be highly placed and highly paid, but that the masses of the people, more ignorant than they, may be guided to a better happiness than unguided they could reach. Governments only exist so that nations may live in peace and in prosperity, and the test of the goodness of the government lies in the happiness of the people. And what is needed for this is not that we should look only at external methods of ruling, but that each one in our own individual life should make duty and not pleasure the rule of life, the discharge of duty and not the gaining of enjoyment that which is the impelling motive of conduct. In forgetfulness of this lies the great danger of Britain. Before the late war she was growing too luxurious, she was growing too pleasure-loving. If she is to be truly imperial, she must think of duty, of industry, of diligence in the discharge of duty, in every rank of life; and the ideal of life must cease to be to earn money, anyhow, and then to live in luxurious idleness. Idleness is only justifiable as it is the holiday which prepares for better exercise of duty; and duty, diligence and industry must be the watchword of everyone among us. From the King on his throne to the poorest labourer in the street, the ideal should be an ideal of duty and of service, and not of gaining the means to live idly and luxuriously. And the fault that that ideal has spread amongst the

people which makes them constantly desire, if they can, to reach idleness, that which spreads among the people the habit of drink and the spirit of gambling, is the example of luxurious living which has been set them in high places, and the sight of that grasping of pleasure instead of discharging of duty, which is the mark of a people who are decaying and not of an Empire that is forming. If then those signs that a few years ago were marked, of growing luxury, of growing idleness, of growing desire for personal pleasure and physical enjoyment, if those are not changed by the setting of a noble example by the educated and the thoughtful of a life that should be more dignified, more self-controlled, more devoted to national ends and less eager after personal gain, unless that is done throughout the nation as a whole, but chiefly among those classes that because they have so much more have the heavier duty of setting example upon them, unless that is done the dream of Empire will vanish, and the opportunity offered to Britain will pass on to some other nation.

Shall it be so? Shall it be that this great offer of being the greatest Servant of Humanity that the world has known should slip from your fingers because you are not strong enough to grasp it, and because you are still so childish that you care only for the glitter of rule and not for the doing of service? On the answer to that question depends the future of Imperialism here. If it be an Imperialism of greed of power, of the desire to take more and more land away from other nations, of thinking more of growing big than of growing worthy, and of grasping more instead of ruling well, then I do not believe the Divine Justice will give the next world Empire to such a nation, or assign to those who show themselves as children the man's burden of rule and of heavy responsibility. But if, as I hope and pray, this great people arises to a sense of their power and responsibilities, if they take the striking lesson given them within the last few days, when the central figure of the whole pageantry and glitter of Empire was struck down, and the people were reminded how near a Crown might be to Death,

if they take that lesson, and if, as we see hinted in the papers, the coronation that is to follow will have the religious side more emphasized and the show side less emphasized, if when England's greatest gather again in Westminster Abbey, as may God grant, to crown the King, if then they think more of the duty that lies upon the Monarch than the greatness of his station, if they see in the Imperial Crown a sign of divine power for the helping of the peoples and not for the mere glorification of the wearer, if they realize that this World Empire is a mighty and a serious thing, not a thing of flags and illuminations but a thing of human duty and responsibility, if, as of old, the night before the coronation is not spent in feasting but in fasting, not in shouting and in hurrahing, but in hoping and in praying, then the check which has come in the nation's way in the very moment of its highest joy may be a check that will make the Empire far more possible than it was before. It is a good thing that through the length and breadth of the nation one feeling should make its way; it is a good thing that the nation should think of its wider self rather than of narrow individual aims; it is a good thing that the hearts of the people should be stirred to interest in wider uses and should be ready to rejoice over the greatness of a people and not only over individual gain. But what we have to do, the duty that it seems to me lies upon us, is to try to check in the people everything that merely sees the joy of the power and does not see the weight of the responsibility. And I urge on you who are parts of this Empire-making people, you who have influence in the future and have a share in the guiding of the State, I ask you whether in public speech and in private conversation it may not be well in the years that lie before us to strike continually this note of public duty, to make patriotism less a pride and love in the size of the Empire, than a pride and love in the Empire's usefulness, in her serviceableness, in her helpfulness to the world. Do not let the Eastern peoples think, as they think too often, that England cares for nothing but trade, and that she uses her mighty military power for the mere opening up of new markets which she desires for the enrichment of

her home. Let them know that Britain is too great to desire to steal from those who do not wish to give; let them hear her voice as one that speaks for justice to the weak, and see her hands outstretched to defend. All over the world there are nations that would welcome the protectorate of England if they knew that it meant for them protection against tyranny, against oppression and against wrong; but in order that it may be so, they must see that in the Empire you have you are doing justice and loving mercy, and that you do not try to use your power to trample on the helpless and the weak.

That, then, it seems to me, friends, is the duty that lies in front. Let us have an Imperialism, but let it be one of righteousness, of justice, of love and of truth. Let it not be a matter of pride, save the pride of doing duty well and wielding great power nobly. Let your ambition be to be known as the helper of the weak, the protector of the helpless, the one who is ready to stand between the feeble and those who desire to oppress. Let that be your pride, that you hold a shield high, under which the nations of the world may gather, sure of protection, sure of help, sure of justice, sure of sympathy. Train your boys, your girls, those who are to be the makers, the upholders, the inspirers of the Empire in the future, train them to a sense of responsibility, train them to frugal living, to control over their passions and emotions, to rule over their bodies and their minds, to hatred of all that is mean, that is cruel, that is oppressive, that is unfair. Make them what they should be, honourable citizens of a mighty Empire. Then the Imperialism of the future shall be a blessing and not a curse, a light to the Empire and to the world that I hope it will serve; an Imperialism under which the younger nations shall grow up; an Imperialism under which the subject peoples shall be as proud of the British Islands as those who are born upon their soil; an Imperialism in which, as was once written, the King shall regard every man as his son and guard and love him as his own; an Imperialism which shall be the first of the Empires of the world to exist for the good of all those whom it rules, world-wide

WALTER BESANT.

because world-loved, and powerful because the Throne is based on the Brotherhood that nothing can destroy.—*Theosophy and Imperialism.*

BESANT, Sir Walter, an English novelist; born at Portsmouth, August 14, 1836; died at London, June 9, 1901. He was educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, and was intended for the Church. After obtaining several theological prizes he abandoned this career, and was appointed Senior Professor in the Royal College of Mauritius. This position he resigned on account of ill-health, and returned to England. His first work, *Studies in Early French Poetry,* was produced in 1868. In 1873 he brought out *The French Humorists,* and in 1877 *Rabelais,* for the *Ancient and Foreign Classics.* He was one of the editors of the *New Plutarch Series,* for which in 1879, he published *Coligny,* and in 1881 *Whittington.* For many years he was the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. In 1871 he wrote, in conjunction with Professor Palmer, a *History of Jerusalem.* He edited *The Survey of Ancient Palestine.* He was also a frequent contributor to periodical literature. In 1871 he and the late James Rice entered into a literary partnership and produced a series of novels bearing their joint name. They also put upon the stage two plays, *Ready Money Mortiboy* (1872); and *Such a Good Man* (1873). Among the works produced under his own name are: *The Revolt of Man* (1880); *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1882); *Let*

Nothing You Dismay; The Humbling of the Memblings; All in a Garden Fair (1883); *Uncle Jack; Dorothy Forster* (1884); *In Luck at Last; The Captain's Room; The Children of Gibeon; Armorel of Lyonesse; For Faith and Freedom; The Ivory Gate* (1892); *By Celia's Arbor; Golden Butterfly* (1876); *Biography of Captain Cook; Biography of Sir Richard; Fifty Years Ago; The Rebel Queen* (1893); *The Orange Girl* (1899); *The Alabaster Box* (1900); *The Story of King Alfred* (1901). His other works include *The City of Refuge; The Master Craftsman; The Changeling; A Fountain Sealed; The Fourth Generation; Westminster,* and *South London.*

THE FOREST OF HAINAULT.

It is not a very great forest; beside Fontainebleau and the forests of Eu, or Chantilly, or the New Forest, or the Forest of Dean, it is small, but it is real forest, it is wild. An active lad would soon cover the whole ground. But then a forest is not a park, nor is it a field; there are endless things to explore in it; there are creatures — wild creatures — which may be started in the underwood; among them are the tame cats who have grown wild and now pass precarious lives in great discomfort; in the spring and summer the air is musical with birds of which these children knew every note; in the winter there are donkeys who run loose and keep themselves. They will let themselves be ridden in hard times, bare-backed, and never a kick, for a crust of bread; and there are things, yea, tritons, and evets, and wriggling things in the pools, and jack may be caught in the River Roding; there are butterflies and moths to be chased; there are flowers in the spring and blackberries in the autumn.

Besides the creatures and the trees and flowers there is scenery; here and there hill-sides clothed with wood; slopes on which, as you stand upon them and look among the trees, the sun produces strange and wonderful effects;

stretches of elastic turf, places where the forest seems to recede and still to recede as you walk along; great trees, avenues of oaks, gatherings of beeches, with ash and elm and sycamore; everywhere the underwood of hawthorn, honeysuckle, and wild rose; everywhere the freshness and fragrance of the wild wood; always light and color even in January, when the delicate purple bloom lies upon the masses of bush and shrub, and the late leaves linger on the sheltered branches, and always silence and rest from the talk of man. In such a forest the talk of money — that was too much in the ears of these boys — was forgotten; the meanness and poverty of their homes were forgotten; it was a school in which the boys learned those things which cannot be written down.

It is, moreover, a forest so deserted, so forgotten, that Robinson Crusoe might live there and seldom regret his island: no one knows of it; no one goes there; it leads nowhere; it is five miles from any railway station; the children had it altogether to themselves. The rowdy and the rough know it not; there are no tea-gardens; on Sunday or on the week-day it is silent and lonely; you may dream away the live-long day alone under the old trees, as gray as those olives of Provence, which are born a hundred years old. No one ever goes to Hainault except two or three times a year a few school feasts; and then the children do not penetrate far into the wood; they play in the broad meadow that lies stretched out before it; and if you get to the right distance from them you may catch the sweetness of the hymns which they sing; but you must not be too near them, or you will hear the Cockney twang. Why, even the guide-books do not know Hainault Forest. — *All in a Garden Fair.*

FROISSART'S LOVE STORY.

Come with me to a certain quiet corner that I know in a great library; a corner where we shall find no one, except a few specialists, who will glare at us. It is the pretty way of specialists to glare upon intruders. One of these is proving to his own satisfaction that there never were any Courts of Love at all, which is as much

as to prove that there never were any Olympian games at all. Another, a German this, is collecting Old French ballads, which he will publish with *variorum* readings like a Greek chorus. Then he will go about declaring with pride that the Germans alone understand early French literature, just as the Germans alone understand Shakespeare. A third, a sprightly young Frenchman, is collecting anecdotes, which he will make into a volume, and call it a "Research." Let us sit down among them, quietly, without disturbing any one, and read the story of Froissart's single love passage, told by himself, in the poetry of which he was so proud.

I admit that Froissart is better known as a chronicler, but some deference should surely be paid to a man's own opinions, especially about himself. And on the occasions when Froissart had to be entered in account-books as a recipient of princely gifts, he called himself a poet — *dittor*. As for the right to the title, in the first place any one may call himself a poet; and in the second, Froissart wrote an enormous quantity of verse, just as good as that of any rival *dittor*. It is not his fault, nor was it his expectation, that the world should refuse to read him any more. Some day, the world may even find itself too busy to read the "Ring and the Book."

Froissart, in his own estimation, then, was, before all, a great poet, who sometimes wrote chronicles. His verses mostly remain in manuscript. From the selection which has been published in Buchon's edition, I have gathered the history which follows.

I have always thought that the singers who piped during this period of poetic decadence have been harshly treated. Critics display an acerbity towards them, which seems to betray temper. Yet these gentle poets are an unoffending folk; they do not pretend. They are content to follow in the old grooves, and to sing, to the old tunes, songs which are as like unto each other as the individual members in a flock of Chinamen.

Great poetry, indeed, can only be expected in times of great strife, peril, and upheaval, as in the sixteenth and seventeenth, and end of the eighteenth centuries. It does

not always come even then. But in the fourteenth century, though things mediæval were passing swiftly to universal change, every institution seemed fixed and unalterable as the courses of the planets. As was the daily life, so was the song. Listen: you hear the sweet and simple tune, and you are presently tired of it. Listen a little longer: you become accustomed to the monotony, and you find yourself, like your ancestors, expecting the same tune, and anxious only to find out what variation, if any, will be put in words and thoughts.

And there is another thing; it is pleasant to discover in these old poets the same canons of honour, truth, and loyalty, which are the code of the modern gentleman. These *trouvères,* knights or clerks, have nothing at all to learn from us. They show themselves, in their rippling and monotonous verse, as jealous for what we call in our priggish modern cant the "Higher Culture," as any writer or preacher or poet among ourselves. There is nowhere a more perfect gentleman, as disclosed in his own unaffected verse, than Charles of Orleans, or Eustache Deschamps, or Froissart himself.

They are trying to revive once more the old forms of verse. The ballad, the triolet, the virelay, the rondeau, and the rest have appeared again. Just now, though already there are signs that the first freshness of surprise is gone, the movement possesses the charm of novelty. The revival is quaint; in the hands of Swinburne, and of Mr. John Payne, the translator of Villon, the old-fashioned rhymes become delightful; in all other hands, so far as I have seen, they are laboured, self-conscious, and constrained. It can hardly be expected that they will take a permanent place among the naturalized forms of English verse. Even when Swinburne uses them, it is the dexterity of the poet which pleases us, not the beauty of the verse. The paucity of our rhymes and our own rules of rhyme render it very unlikely that the ballad or the villanelle will ever become more than a plaything, or a vehicle for *vers de société.* One can hardly understand Shelley pouring out his thoughts in rondeaux, or Wordsworth preferring a *balade* to a sonnet.

Froissart tells the story of his love in the *Trettie de l' Espinette Amoureuse,* a composition of some four thousand lines, interspersed with *balades,* virelays, and rondeaux. The tale is told after the manner of the time, with prolix preambles, reflections, introductions, and digressions.

. . . . . .

This story shows us Froissart as he was in his early years, long before he used to jog along the bridle-path beside a knight fresh from the wars, asking questions and getting information. He was young, ardent, full of hope, open to the gracious influence of sweetness, spring, and love. He had read the romances of the *trouvères,* and he believed in them. He too would live the life they inculcated, the noblest, he thought, the highest and purest life attainable by man. To enter upon that life there was wanting one thing — love. Needs must that he find a mistress. His cleverness, his courtly manner, his skill and mastery in words, raised him above his social rank and placed him as a fit companion to ladies and noble *damoiselles.* To one of these he dares to lift his eyes — not with an earthly passion, but in that spirit of chivalrous love which he has learned from his romances; what *le petit* Jehan de Saintré was to his lady in the early days of that amour; what Thibault of Champagne was to the stately Blanche; what Petrarch was to Laura, or Guillaume de Machault to Agnes — that would he become, if it might be so, to his *dame souverraine.* To gladden heart and eyes by the contemplation of loveliness, to enrich the soul by meditation on the graces and virtues which dwell, or should dwell, in so fair a mansion, to cultivate the thoughts which make a man worthy of sweet lady's love — these things seemed to the simple young poet the most precious duties, inasmuch as they bring the most precious rewards, of life. They were, he had learned from his reading and education for the young, a continual festival for the old. Not in vain, not for nothing, does ingenuous youth tremble beneath the eyes of maidenhood. They are, or should be, to him an admonition and an exhortation. They preach a sermon which

only the gentle heart can hear and understand. The eyes of *damoiselle* spoke to the *trouvère* of enjoyments which the common herd can never dream of, so that even now there are but few to comprehend how loyal suit and service could be rewarded and satisfied by gracious words and kindly thoughts. Froissart's love was, indeed, cruelly broken off and cut short in its very beginning; but that of others, more fortunate, continued unbroken and undiminished till death. The story of Thibault and Blanche is a model of what such love may be, that of Petit Jehan de Saintré shows how such love may fall off and degenerate, by the unworthiness of one, into contempt and hatred.

It is, of course, acted allegory. By such love, in those days, lords and poets taught themselves and their children that noble knights and gentle *damoiselles* could elevate themselves. Such love required simple faith in honour and virtue, and simple shame that before the sacred shrine of love anything should be brought but strong purpose and pure heart. What a foolish old story! What sentimental unreality!

It was to the majority of mankind unreal and foolish even while the poets sang it and the knights practised it. Side by side with the *trouvères* were the *conteurs* and the poets of the *fabliaux,* who pointed the finger of mockery at things which the others held sacred; tore down the decent veil from what should be hidden; laughed at all for the frailties of some; derided and scorned the poet's *eidolon* of perfect womanhood. This is what always happens. Comes Setebos and troubles everything. In all ages, then as now, the young man sees two paths open before him. One of these, in the time of Froissart, led upwards with toil and peril over rocks and among brambles, but the light of loyal love and gracious favour guided the traveller; the other began with a gentle decline, down which the young man could run, dancing with the *garces,* singing with the *jongleurs,* and drinking with his fellows. Clouds hung over the end of that path, and where it terminated — but here accounts differ.

An old, old fable indeed, that man and woman should

live for each other, believe in each other, and by such belief elevate each other. It strikes in this age of doubt on unheeding ears. Perfect manhood! perfect womanhood! Dreams and drivel! Let us close the book. No doubt, outside the library we shall find a purer and a higher worship.—*From Temple Bar.*

BETHUNE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American clergyman and poet; born at New York, March 18, 1805; died at Florence, Italy, April 27, 1862. His father, a successful merchant, and his mother, the daughter of Isabella Graham, both natives of Scotland, were eminent for their piety and philanthropy. Dr. Bethune was educated at Dickinson College and the Princeton Theological Seminary, and in 1825 was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York. After serving for a year as chaplain in the navy, he became pastor of a Dutch Reformed church at Rhinebeck, N. Y., afterward of one in Utica, and in 1834 of one at Philadelphia, retaining this position till 1849, when he accepted the pastorate of a newly organized church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His health having failed, he resigned this charge in 1859, and made a voyage to Europe. After his return he accepted the associate pastorate of a church in New York; but his health would not enable him long to perform the comparatively light duties of this position, and he set out upon another trip to Europe. He got only as far as Florence, where he died suddenly of congestion of the brain.

For a quarter of a century Dr. Bethune was among the foremost American preachers. He was also eminent as a platform speaker and popular lecturer. He was a finished scholar, and declined several flattering professorial offers, considering the work of the Gospel ministry the one to which he was specially called. He was fond of rural sports, especially of fishing, and put forth an admirably prepared and annotated edition of Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler* (1846). Of this production he said, half-apologetically, "I lost no time by it; for it was the occupation of moments when others would be looking out of the windows." He published a volume of *Sermons,* several smaller religious works, and, from time to time, numerous occasional *Orations.* He wrote a touching *Memoir of Mrs. Bethune,* his mother. The Dutch Reformed Church directs that its ministers shall deliver from time to time a regular series of expositions of the Heidelberg Catechism. This series, delivered by Dr. Bethune, in substance, many times, was published not long after his death, in two volumes, entitled *Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism.* In literature, however, Dr. Bethune will be remembered mainly by a volume entitled *Lays of Love and Faith; with other Poems* (1847). This volume is prefaced by the following sonnet:

PRELUDE TO POEMS.

As one arranges in a simple vase
  A little store of unpretending flowers,
  So gathered I some records of past hours
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace;
  Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace

The brilliant proofs of high poetic powers.
But dear memorials of my happy days,
When heaven and earth shed blessings on my heart like showers;
Clothing with beauty even the desert place;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my look,
Turned me to God, sweet Nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of Art, the rapture Music sends;
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends.

A NIGHT STUDY

I am alone; and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies — heaven meeting earth,
Making it rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye wingèd Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye;
Beckoning me to arise,
And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you, far in the unknown, unseen immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere! What are ye? whence?

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
Now strong, as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit;
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know ye now: I see
With more than natural light. Ye are the good,
The wise departed. Ye
Are come from Heaven to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought
For many a distant age:
Ye love to catch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and to cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He
Trembling saw round him roll
The wrathful portents of Gethsemané,
With courage strong. The promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the eternal throne.

Still keep! Oh, keep me near you;
Compass me round with your immortal wings;
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount and join the song:
An angel, like you, amid the white-robed throng.

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother! — Manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumber blest.

I never call that gentle name,
My Mother! but I am again
E'en as a child — the very same
That prattled at thy knee; and fain
Would I forget, in momentary joy,
That I no more can be thy boy:—

The artless boy to whom thy smile
Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night
(Though rare that frown, and brief the while,
It veiled from me thy loving light);
For well-conned task; ambition's highest bliss;
To win from thine approving lips a kiss. . . .

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
  Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
Perchance, a scholar's name; but sage
  Or bard have never taught thy son
Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
As those his Mother's faith shed o'er his youth.

If by the Saviour's grace made meet,
  My God will own my life and love,
Methinks, when singing at His feet,
  Amid the ransomed throng above,
Thy name upon my glowing lips shall be,
And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee.

I have been blessed with other ties —
  Fond ties and true: yet never deem
That I the less thy fondness prize:
  No, Mother! in my warmest dream
Of answered passion, through this heart of mine
One chord will answer to no name but thine.

Mother! thy name is Widow: Well
  I know no love of mine can fill
The waste place in thy heart, or dwell
  Within one sacred recess. Still
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy Son,
My parent! Thou art mine — mine *only* one!

BEYLE, MARIE-HENRI, a French author; born at Grenoble, January 23, 1783; died March 23, 1842. He was better known by his assumed literary name, "De Stendhal," and for a while prefixed "de" to his name. Though not born of noble parents, he came of a family of good descent, and his father was an *advocat* at the Parlia-

ment of Grenoble. He received his early tuition from priests, whom he ever after held in contempt on account of their misunderstanding his strange disposition. At twelve years he entered the École Centrale, then just established at Grenoble, and remained there for four years, and the diligence with which he pursued his studies and acquired learning placed him in the front rank of his schoolmates. In 1799 his intentions of announcing his candidacy for the École Polytechnique were overthrown by a distant relative, M. Daru, who prevailed upon him to accept a position with the ministry for war. In 1800 he and M. Daru proceeded to Milan, hoping that the existing state of affairs at that place might offer something to the former's advantage. He witnessed the battle of Marengo, and so fascinated was he with military enthusiasm engendered by the brilliant victories of Napoleon that his enlistment was immediately effected and he found himself a quartermaster in a regiment of dragoons. In a few weeks he was promoted to a sublieutenancy and acted as General Michaud's aide-de-camp for eighteen months. His military ardor was dispelled shortly after by his being relieved from the active duties of the field and being placed in a stronghold whose routine duties were onerous to him. After the peace of Amiens, in 1802, he resigned his commission and repaired to Grenoble to take up his residence with his family, from whom he received a sufficiency which enabled him for a time to devote himself to study and literary matters at Paris. In 1805 he became enamored of an actress, and while under this spell he procured a position as clerk in a business house at Marseilles, continuing for about twelve months, or until the woman for whom he had

abandoned his literary work had married a Russian of large property. The next year M. Daru and Beyle journeyed to Germany, where the latter received a position as superintendent of the belongings of the Emperor in Brunswick, taking part in the disastrous invasion of Russia in 1812, ever remaining true to the unfortunate Emperor. He refused appointment under the new power and removed to Milan, residing there until 1821, his first literary labors on painting and music beginning about this time.

The *Lettres écrites des Vienne sur Haydn suivies d'une Vie de Mozart,* etc., were given to the public in 1814, under the *nom de plume* of Alexandre César Bombet, and were chiefly a plagiarism from Carpani. In 1817 the work was slightly revised and republished under several assumed names — *Vies de Haydn, Mozart, et Metastase.* In the same year appeared, each under a different authorship, *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie,* in which is found some good criticism but a lack of system, and *Rome, Naples, et Florence en 1817.* He also wrote lives of *Napoleon; Rossini, Racine; et Shakespeare;* and the novels *Armance; Le rouge et le noir; Le Chartreuse de Parme,* etc.

He was compelled to return to France in 1821, on the suspicion that he was a French spy, and resided at Paris for nine years and slowly became known as an accomplished litterateur and a worldly man. He was a first-class conversationalist, replete with anecdote, which, to his idea, should be the thread of conversation. His powers of analysis were shown to great advantage in the strange work *De l'Amour,* appearing in 1822, but it met with no appreciation from the reading public. In 1830 he was appointed

consul at Trieste, and three years after left for a similar position at Civita Vecchia and stayed there, save numerous absences, including a trip to London, until 1841, at which time his health became impaired and he returned to Paris, where he died.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

When Milan (Bonaparte) wished to reëstablish religion in France, he still paid some attention to the opinion of the enlightened people with whom he wished to fortify his government; he sent for Volney, and said to him that the French people asked him for their religion, that he thought it was necessary to the happiness of the people. "But," said Volney, "if you give a willing ear to the people, they will ask also for a Bourbon;" upon which Milan flew into a great fury, put him out of the room — some people say, kicked him out. The poor Volney, who had very poor health, thereupon fell ill; nevertheless, thinking that this affair would be sent to the Senate, he began a long report on the question. When it was known, people told him to stop, or else he would be assassinated; since then he does not go out much.— *Translation of a Correspondent of The Nation.*

FROM HIS DIARY.

1801.

I was born on the 23d of January, 1783, at Grenoble, rue des Vieux-Jésuites. I left for Paris on the 8th Brumaire, an viii. I arrived there the 19th of the same month. I left it after five months and twenty-eight days. I arrived in Geneva the 28th of the same month, then I left on the 3d Prairial (I keep the old Revolutionary names) for Milan. I was appointed sub-lieutenant on the 1st Vendémiaire, an ix.; and placed in the Sixth Dragoons on the 1st Brumaire. I became aide-de-camp of General Michaud on the 12th Prairial, an ix.; I left him at Brescia to join the corps the first complementary day of

the same year. I arrived at Bra, where was the fourth company, in which I am sub-lieutenant, the 7th Vendémiaire, an ix. — *Translation of a Correspondent of The Nation.*

LOVE.

If she no longer loves me, and I still love her, it is not her fault, but my misfortune. The fact that she tires or can tire of me is the strongest argument against me.

We have no right to force the heart, which should be the sanctuary of freedom.

It is everything to me if I love a woman; if she love me not, I have no pretext for complaint.

Our blood is the egotism of our bodies, it flows only in the direction of its interest.

We love because we get pleasure from loving. When the pleasure palls, love dies a natural death; and the love that survives should not hope for resurrection, but abide in patience a new birth. — *Translation of* JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

BICKERSTETH, EDWARD HENRY, an English clergyman and poet; born at Islington, January 25, 1825. He was educated at Cambridge, where he gained several prizes, and in 1878 was appointed Rural Dean of Highgate. He is the author of numerous volumes of prose and verse. His prose works are all of a religious character. He is best known by his poem *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,* an epic in twelve books (1866). *The Two Brothers, and other Poems,* was published in 1871, and *Thoughts for To-day* (1883). Mr. Bickersteth has also compiled the *Hymnal Companion to the Book*

of Common Prayer, which is now in use in England and the Colonies.

THE SPIRIT'S INVESTITURE.

They err who tell us, that the spirit unclothed,
And from its mortal tabernacle loosed,
Has neither lineament of countenance,
Nor limit of ethereal mould, nor form
Of spiritual substance. The Eternal Word,
Before He hung upon the Virgin's breasts,
Has wont to manifest Himself to men,
In visible similitude defined:
And, when on Calvary He gave up the ghost,
In that emancipated Spirit went forth,
And preached glad tidings to the souls below.
The Angels are but spirits, a flame of fire,
And subtle as the viewless winds of heaven;
Yet are they each to the other visible
And beautiful with those original forms
That crowned the morn of their nativity.
Each has his several beauty. It is true
The changes that diversify their state,
Wrought with the speed of wishes at their will
And pleasure, who are pleased as pleases God,
Are many as are the leaves and bloom and fruit
That shed new lustre on the orange groves
And vineyards of the south: but still remains
Their angel ideality the same,
As we confuse not orange-trees and vines.
And so the spirit inbreathed in human flesh,
By death divested of its mortal robes,
Retains its individual character,
Ay, and the very mould of its sojourn
Within this earthly tabernacle. Face
Answers to face, and limb to limb; nor lacks
The saint immediate investiture
With saintly apparel. Only then the mind
Which struggles here beneath this fleshy veil,
As the pure fire in a half-polished gem —
Ruby or amethyst or diamond —

Imprisoned, when the veil is rent in twain,
Beams as with solar radiance forth, and sheds
Its glow o'er every motion, every look:
That which is born of spirit is spirit and seems
All ear, all eye, all feeling, and all heart; —
A crystal shrine of life.

— *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.*

THE BLESSED DEAD.

So passed we on from saintly band to band
Among those vales resting from all their toil,
In multitudes more countless than the tribes
Of Israel when from Dan to Beersheba
Flocking to Zion's sacred hill they kept
The Feast of Tabernacles — seven days
Of song and gladness. In their midst I saw
Some who appeared more radiant than the rest,
And asked what meant their bright pre-eminence
In glory. Oriel answered, "These are they
Of whom the Church on earth so often sings;
Some of the martyrs' noble army: these
For Christ gave up their bodies to be burned,
Or bowed their necks beneath the murderous sword;
Or, though their names appear not on the scroll
Of martyrologists, laid down their life,
No less a martyrdom in Jesus' eyes,
For his dear brethren's sake — watching the couch
Of loathsome sickness or of slow decay;
Or binding up the ravages which men,
Marring God's image, deal on fellow men;
Or visiting the captive in his cell;
Or struggling with a burden not their own
Until their very life-springs wore away.
These too are martyrs, brother."

As he spake,
The high supremacy of sacrifice,
The majesty of service filled my soul
With thoughts too deep for words.

And not a few
I saw there of the goodly fellowship

Of prophets, the ambassadors who stood
Age after age amid the scoffing world,
And lifted up the standard of the cross,
Unmoved, undaunted. Nor, as some have deemed,
Formed they an order to themselves of saints,
But mingling moved, like shepherds through their flocks,
Amid their fellow-saints, wielding the sway
By them, by all, felt rather than confessed,
Of grateful and predominating love.
There is predominance in heaven, and grades
Of lower and superior sanctities;
All are not equal there; for brotherhood
And freedom both abhor equality,
The very badge of serfdom; only there
It is the true nobility of worth,
The aristocracy of gentleness,
The power of goodness and of doing good.
— *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.*

BIERCE, AMBROSE, an American journalist, poet and satirist; born in Meigs County, Ohio, June 24, 1842. He served in the Civil War as a lieutenant of volunteers and was brevetted major for gallantry in action. He went to London after the war and contributed much in prose and verse to the English press. In 1868 he removed to California, where he was editor of *The Argonaut* and later of *The Wasp*. For many years he was a regular contributor to the *Overland Monthly* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. His publications include *Cobwebs from an Empty Skull* (1874); *Black Beetles in Amber* (1892); *Can Such Things Be* (1893); *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians* (1894); *In the Midst of Life*

(1898); and *Fantastic Fables* (1899). In 1892 he wrote in collaboration with G. A. Danziger, a novel, *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter.* Mr. Bierce's style is like that of no other living writer. His short stories are unique in contemporary literature. His criticisms and his verse are almost invariably in a satirical vein.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

Haroun Al Raschid, clad in rags, ill-shod
Sought the great temple of the living God.
The worshipers arose and drove him forth
And one in power beat him with a rod.

"Allah," he cried, "Thou seest what I got:
Thy servants bar me from the sacred spot."
"Be comforted," the Holy One replied:
"It is the only place where I am not."

—*Black Beetles in Amber.*

THE TAIL OF THE SPHINX.

A Dog of a taciturn disposition said to his Tail:

"Whenever I am angry you rise and bristle; when I am pleased you wag; when I am alarmed you tuck yourself in out of danger. You are too mercurial — you disclose all my emotions. My notion is that tails are given to conceal thought. It is my dearest ambition to be as impassive as the Sphinx."

"My friend, you must recognize the laws and limitations of your being," replied the Tail, with flexions appropriate to the sentiments uttered, "and try to be great some other way. The Sphinx has one hundred and fifty qualifications for impassiveness which you lack."

"What are they?" the Dog asked.

"One hundred and forty-nine tons of sand on her tail."

"And—?"

"A stone tail."

—*Prattle.*

THE OSTRICH.

[*Reported by Little Johnny.*]

A ostrich has got legs like stilts, and if it would try to sit down you wude see jolly good fun, yes, indeed! It looks like a cammomile, only not seech a hi instep to its back, and its eggs is like a man's head, only not any hair, but ole Gaffer Peters aint got any, too, and Missis Doppys is red, like fire. Ostriches eats evry thing up, and one wich was a show dide, and the things wich was found in its belly was sold to oction, and the sho man bot a ephaphant with the money. But it wasent them things kild it, cos it dide of diseypinted love for a horse-shoe wich was nailed fast to a gate-post.

There was a man wich calld hisself the Grate American Ostrich, and he went to fairs, and wude swaller all the ten cent pieces wich was give him, but one time a feller offered him a hanfle of copper cents, but he said: "Go a way, do you think I'me such a dainty little hummin bird as to make ten bites of a dime?" One time in Africa there was a missionary preacher wich had a pet ostrich, and one day wile he was lyin in his tent, the missionary was, there was a trader come, and he said, the trader did, "How much glass beeds and whisky would the missionary take for his canary bird?"

Then the missionary he said he hadent got a canary bird, but the trader said: "Yes, you have, cos I herd it a singing like its heart was broke, rite out there behine the meetin house." So the trader, and the missionary, and the missionary's natif nigger, they went for to look, and there was the ostrich singin a way fit to kill hisself, and sech singin; more like a file in a saw mill! The missionary he harked a wile, and then he said: "Wot a nice dicky bird for to have about. I tel you wot Ile do: "You shall have that singster for jest nothin a pound, and weigh him your self, and Ile throw in a him-book to boot. Brother Sambo, you go into the chapple and fetch the nicest him-book you can find."

But the nativ nigger he grinned like newralgy, and

said: "I speck not, Massy, cos dat sinner, de ostrich, bein stil in de bons of niquity, he done gone got into the house ob de Lawd dis morning, and bress yure sole he gobble up all dem him-books in a minit!" A Arab chief was lyin asleep one day wen he was woke up by feelin something in the pocket of his pants, an he see it was an ostrich, and lay reel still to see wot it would do. First, it took out his kite string, wich was wound onto a stick, and put that with the marbles. Then his top was took out, too, and lade away with the other things. Then some spools, and a piece of chock, an 2 slate pensils, and a brass butten, and some putty, and a tack hammer without no handel, and a hanful of nails, and a oister shel, and a play ball, and a steel pen; and the last thing it found was a jack knife with thirty-two blades, wich was a present from the Sultan.

Wen the ostrich had got evry thing out of the chief's pockits, and laid away, it went and stood over the pile, and et one thing after a other til thay was all et up xcept the jack nife. And then it see the chief a watchin it reddy to kil it soon as it had got done dinner. So the ostrich took the jack nife and turned it over and over, and tasted it, and spit it out and picked it up again, and at last brot it to the chief and lade it down and stood a little way off, lookin' wishfle. Then the chief he said: "O, I see how it is; you don't want to eat sech a nice mossel without you git the flavor to it." So the chief he took the jack nife and opened all the blades and laid it down agin, and the ostrich come up and swallered it down, and licked its bil and smiled, like it said: "Wot a delishus kanife!"—*The Argonaut.*

BIGELOW, JOHN, an American diplomat and author; born at Malden, N. Y., November 25, 1817. He was graduated from Union College in 1835 and entered the law. In 1845 he was inspector of Sing Sing prison. From 1849 to 1861 he was one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post.* In 1861 he was appointed consul-general to Paris, and four years later was made minister to France. Upon his return to America in 1871 he was elected Secretary of State of New York. His literary work has been largely on biographical and historical lines. His books include *Molinos, the Quietist; France and the Confederate Navy; Life of William Cullen Bryant; Life of Samuel J. Tilden; Jamaica in 1850; Wit and Wisdom of the Haytiens; An International Episode; Life of Franklin; The Mystery of Sleep,* and *The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden* (1885). His most important work, *The Complete Works of Benjamin Franklin,* appeared in 1888.

FRANKLIN IN LITERATURE.

Franklin's place in literature as a writer has not been generally appreciated, probably because with him writing was only a means, never an end, and his ends always dwarfed his means, however effective. He wrote to persuade others, never to parade his literary skill. He never wrote a dull line, and was never *nimious.* The longest production of his pen was his autobiography, written during the closing years of his life. Nearly all that he wrote besides was in the form of letters, which would hardly average three octavo pages in length. And yet whatever the subject he touched upon, he never left the impression of incompleteness or of inconclusiveness. Of him may be said, perhaps with as much propriety as any other man,

that he never said a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much.— *Life of Franklin.* (Permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

FRANKLIN AND HIS ENEMIES.

It is also quite remarkable that though Franklin's life was a continuous warfare, he had no personal enemies. His extraordinary and even intimate experience of every phase of human life, from the very lowest to the very highest, had made him so tolerant that he regarded differences of opinion and of habits much as he regarded the changes of the weather, — as good or bad for his purposes, but which, though he might sometimes deplore, he had no right to quarrel with or assume personal responsibility for. Hence he never said or did things personally offensive. The causes that he represented had enemies, for he was all his life a reformer. All men who are good for anything have such enemies. "I have, as you observe," wrote Franklin to John Jay the year that he retired from the French mission, "some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an American; I have also two or three in America who are my enemies as a minister; but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man; for by his grace, through a long life, I have been enabled so to conduct myself that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, 'Ben Franklin has wronged me.' This, my friend, is in old age a comfortable reflection. You too have or may have your enemies; but let not that render you unhappy. If you make a right use of them, they will do you more good than harm. They point out to us our faults; they put us upon our guard and help us to live more correctly."— *Life of Franklin.* (Permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

BILDERDIJK, WILLEM, a Dutch jurist, scholar, and poet; born at Amsterdam, September 7, 1755; died at Haarlem, December 18, 1831. He studied at the University of Leyden, and devoted himself to jurisprudence. When Holland was occupied by the French, he went to Brunswick, and afterward to London, where he delivered lectures on law, literature, and poetry, returning to Holland in 1806. He wrote more than one hundred volumes in prose and verse. Gravenweert, the historian of the Netherlandish literature, says of him: "He is not only the greatest poet that Holland has produced, but he is one of her first grammarians and most distinguished scholars. He excels in every species of poetry, tragedy alone excepted." And even his tragedies, according to this critic, fall below only those of the great masters.

Among his poetical works are: *Het Buitenleven; De Mensch; Holland's Verlossing; De Ondergang der eerste Wereld;* and *De Ziekte der Geleerden.* Among his philological works are: *Taal-en dichtkundige verscheidenheden* and *Nieuwe taal-en dichtk. verscheidenheden.*

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Child of the Unborn! dost thou bend
From Him we in the day-beams see,
Whose music with the breeze doth blend?—
To feel thy presence is to be.
Thou, our soul's brightest effluence — thou
Who in heaven's light to earth dost bow,
A Spirit 'midst unspiritual clods —

Beauty! who bear'st the stamp profound
Of Him with all perfection crowned,
  Thine image — thine alone — is God's. . . .

How shall I catch a single ray
  Thy glowing hand from nature wakes —
Steal from the ether-waves of day
  One of the notes thy world-harp shakes —
Escape that miserable joy,
Which dust and self with darkness cloy,
  Fleeting and false — and, like a bird,
Cleave the air-path, and follow thee
Through thine own vast infinity,
  Where rolls the Almighty's thunder-word?

Perfect thy brightness in heaven's sphere,
  Where thou dost vibrate in the bliss
Of anthems ever echoing there!
  That, that is life — not this — not this:
There in the holy, holy row —
And not on earth, so deep below —
  Thy music unrepressed may speak;
Stay, shrouded, in that holy place:—
Enough that we have seen thy face,
  And kissed the smiles upon thy cheek.

We stretch our eager hands to thee,
  And for thine influence pray in vain;
The burden of mortality
  Hath bent us 'neath its heavy chain;—
And there are fetters forged by art,
And science cold hath chilled the heart,
  And wrapped thy godlike crown in night;
On waxen wings they soar on high,
And when most distant deem thee nigh —
  They quench thy torch, and dream of light.

They dare, in their presumptuous pride —
  They — miserable clods of clay! —
Thy glorious influence to deride,
  And laws to make, thy course to sway;

They — senseless stones and brainless things —
Would point thy course, unplume thy wings,
  And lower thee to their littleness;
They — fools unblushing — vile and vain —
Would God, would Truth, would Thee constrain,
  Their Midas idols to caress.

See *there* the glory of the earth!
  See *there,* how laurel-wreaths are spread!
See the base souls in swinish mirth,
  Worship the gold round Titan's head!
They tyrants will not crush — not they!
The despot gods of heathen sway —
  The imps that out of darkness start:
No! these they raise; but stamp, if thou
To their vile bidding will not bow,
  Their iron foot upon thy heart.

No! proud provokers! No! unhushed
  My song shall flow, my voice shall sound,
And, till the world — till you — are crushed,
  Sing God, Truth, Beauty's hymns around:
I will denounce your false pretense,
For holiness find eloquence
  While genuine beauty sits beside;—
Crawl in the mire, ye mushroom crews!
Lo! I am fed with heavenly dews
  That nourish spirits purified.

Child of the Unborn! joy! for thou
  Shinest in every heavenly flame,
Breathest in all the winds that blow,
  While self-conviction speaks thy name:
O, let one glance of thine illume
The longing soul that bids thee come,
  And make me feel of heaven, like thee!
Shake from thy torch one blazing drop,
And to my soul all heaven shall ope,
  And I — dissolve in melody!

— *Translation in Westminster Review.*

BION OF SMYRNA, a Greek idyllic poet, who flourished about 280 B.C. Of his life little has been recorded except that he was born near Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and took up his abode in the island of Sicily, then a Grecian colony. According to Moschus, his friend and disciple, he died from poison; by whom administered, and for what reason, we are not told. The extant works of Bion consist of nine eclogues and a few fragments preserved through being quoted by various authors.

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

If merit only stamps my former lays
And those alone shall give me deathless praise:
But if even those have lost their bright applause,
Why should I labor thus without a cause?
For if great Jove, or Fate, should stretch our span,
And give of life a double share to man:
One part to pleasures and to joy ordain,
And vex the other with hard toil and pain,
With sweet complacence we might them employ
Our hours; for labor still enhances joy.
But since of life we have but one small share —
A pittance scant, which daily toils impair —
Why should we waste it in pursuit of care?
Why do we labor to enhance our store,
The more we gain, still coveting the more?
Alas! alas! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a span.

— *Eclogue V; translation of* FAWKES.

The most notable poem of Bion's — the one which gives him a place in universal literature — is the lament for Adonis, which may be said to rank first among the productions of the minor Greek poets.

ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

The death of fair Adonis I deplore:—
The lovely youth, Adonis, is no more.
The cruel Fates have cut his vital thread,
And all the Loves lament Adonis dead.
Ah, Venus! never more in purple rest;
For mournful sable change thy flowery vest;
Thy bosom beat; thy loss deplore,
Aloud with sighs: Adonis is no more!
For the loved youth these copious tears I shed,
And all the Cupids mourn Adonis dead.
Methinks I see him on the mountain lie;
The boar's keen tusk has pierced his tender thigh;
Weltering he lies, expiring on the ground;
And near him Venus, all in sorrow drowned;
I see the crimson flood fast trickling flow
Down his white skin, that vies with Winter snow;
I see the lustre of his eyes decay,
And on his lips the roses fade away:
Yet who can Venus from those lips divide,
Though their sweet kisses with Adonis died?
To Venus sweet even now his breath is fled;
Yet all his kisses cannot warm the dead.
The fate of fair Adonis I deplore.
The Loves lament: "Adonis is no more!"
A deep, wide wound is in his thigh imprest;
But Venus bears a deeper in her breast.
His beagles round a mournful howling keep,
And all the Dryads of the mountains weep.
But Venus, quite abandoned to despair;
Her locks dishevelled, and her feet all bare,
Flies through the thorny brake, the briery wood,
And stains the thickets with her sacred blood;
With piercing cries Adonis she bewails —
Her darling youth — along the winding vales;
While the blood, starting from his wounded thigh,
Streams on his breast, and leaves a crimson dye.
Ah me! What tears fair Cytherea shed,
And how the Loves deplored Adonis dead!

The Queen of Love — no longer now a bride —
Has lost her beauty since Adonis died;
Though bright the radiance of her charms before,
Her lover and her beauty are no more!
The mountains mourn, the waving woods bewail,
And rivers roll lamenting through the vale;
The silver springs descend in streams of woe
Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow;
And every flower in drooping grief appears
Depressed, and languishingly drowned in tears;
While Venus o'er the hills and valleys flies
And "Ah! Adonis is no more!" she cries.
Along the hills and vales and vocal shore
Echo repeats, "Adonis is no more!"
Who could unmoved these piteous wailings hear.
Or view the love-lorn Queen without a tear?
Soon as she saw him wounded on the plain,
His thigh discolored with the crimson stain,
Sighing she said, and clasped him as he lay,
"O stay, dear hapless youth! for Venus stay!
Our breasts once more let close embraces join,
And let me press my glowing lips to thine.
Raise, loved Adonis, raise thy drooping head,
And kiss me e'er thy parting breath be fled;
The last fond token of affection give;
Oh! kiss thy Venus, while the kisses live!
Till in my breast I draw thy lingering breath,
And with my lips imbibe my love in death.
This farewell kiss, which sorrowing thus I take,
I'll keep forever for Adonis' sake.
Thee to the shades the Fates untimely bring
Before the dread inexorable king;
Yet still I live, unhappy and forlorn:—
How hard my lot to be a goddess born!
Take, cruel Proserpine, my lovely boy,
Since all that's formed for beauty or for joy
Descends to thee, while I indulge my grief,
By fruitless tears soliciting relief.
Thou diest, Adonis, and thy fate I weep;
Thy love now leaves me, like a dream in sleep;

Leaves me bereaved, no more a blooming bride,
With unavailing Cupids at my side.
With thee my zone, which coldest hearts could warm,
Lost every grace, and all its powers to charm.
Why didst thou urge the chase, and rashly dare
To encounter beasts — thyself so wondrous fair!"
As many drops of blood as from the wound
Of fair Adonis trickled on the ground,
So many tears she shed in copious showers:—
Both tears and drops of blood were turned to flowers;
From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose
Cerulean-bright anemones from those.
The death of fair Adonis I deplore.
The lovely youth, Adonis, is no more.
No longer in lone woods lament the dead,
O Queen of Love! Behold the stately bed
On which Adonis, now deprived of breath,
Seems sunk in slumbers; beauteous ev'n in death.
Dress him, fair goddess, in the softest vest
In which he oft with thee dissolved to rest;
On golden pillows be his head reclined,
And let past joys be imaged in thy mind.
Though Death the beauty of his bloom devours,
Crown him with chaplets of the choicest flowers.
Alas! the flowers have lost their gaudy pride,
With him they flourished, and with him they died.
With odorous myrtle deck his drooping head,
And o'er his limbs the sweetest essence shed.
Ah! rather perish every sweet perfume;—
The sweet Adonis perished in his bloom.
Clad in a purple robe Adonis lies;
Surrounding Cupids heave their breasts with sighs;
Their locks they shear, excess of grief to show,
They spurn the quiver, as they break the bow.
Some loose his sandals with officious care;
Some in capacious golden vessels, bear
The cleansing waters from the crystal springs;
This bathes his wounds; that fans him with his wings.
For Venus's sake the pitying Cupids shed
A shower of tears, and mourn Adonis dead.

Already has the nuptial god, dismayed,
Quenched his bright torch — for all his garlands fade.
No more are joyful hymeneals sung,
But notes of sorrow dwell on every tongue;
While all around the general grief partake,
For loved Adonis, and for Hymen's sake.
With loud laments the Graces all deplore,
And cry, "The fair Adonis is no more!"
The Muses, wailing the wild woods among,
Strive to recall him with harmonious song.
Alas! no sounds of harmony he hears,
For cruel Proserpine has closed his ears.—
Cease, Venus, cease, thy soft complaints forbear;
Reserve thy sorrows for the mournful year.

— *Eclogue V; translation of* FAWKES.

BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, an American dramatist, novelist, and journalist; born at Newcastle, Del., in 1803; died at Philadelphia, Pa., January 22, 1854. He studied medicine, but after a year's practice abandoned it for literature. His tragedies, *The Gladiator; Spartacus; Oralloosa,* and *The Broker of Bogota,* were successful on the stage. Between 1834 and 1839 he published the novels *Calavar, or the Knight of the Conquest, a Romance of Mexico; The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico; The Hawks of Hawk Hollow; Sheppard Lee; Nick of the Woods,* and *The Adventures of Robin Day.* He also published *Peter Pilgrim,* a collection of his magazine articles. For several years before his death he was associate editor and proprietor of *The North American,* a Philadelphia journal.

RESCUED FROM THE INDIANS.

Peeping through the fringe of shrubs that rose, a verdant parapet, on the brink of the gulley, they looked down upon the savage party, now less than forty paces from the muzzles of their guns, and wholly unaware of the fate preparing for them. The scene of diversion and torment was over: the prisoner, a man of powerful frame, but squalid appearance, whose hat — a thing of shreds and patches — adorned the shorn pate of one of the Indians, while his coat, equally rusty and tattered, hung from the shoulders of a second, lay bound under a tree, but so nigh that they could mark the laborious heavings of his chest. Two of the Indians sat near him on the grass keeping watch, their hatchets in their hands, their guns resting within reach against the trunk of a tree overthrown by some hurricane of former years, and now mouldering away. A third was engaged with his tomahawk, lopping away the few dry boughs that remained on the trunk. Squatting at the fire, which the third was thus laboring to supply with fuel, were the two remaining savages; who, holding their rifles in their hands, divided their attention betwixt a shoulder of venison roasting on a stick in the fire, and the captive, whom they seemed to regard as destined to be sooner or later disposed of in a similar manner.

The position of the parties precluded the hope Nathan had ventured to entertain of getting them in a cluster, and so doing double execution with each bullet; but the disappointment neither chilled his ardor nor embarrassed his plans. His scheme of attack had been framed to embrace all contingencies; and he wasted no further time in deliberation. A few whispered words conveyed his last instructions to the soldier; who, reflecting that he was fighting in the cause of humanity, remembering his own heavy wrongs, and marking the fiery eagerness that flamed in Nathan's visage, banished from his mind whatever disinclination he might have felt at beginning the fray in a mode so seemingly treacherous and ignoble. He laid his axe on the brink of the gulley at his side, together with his foraging cap; and then, thrusting his rifle through the

bushes, took aim at one of the savages at the fire, Nathan directing his piece against the other. Both of them presented the fairest marks, as they sat wholly unconscious of their danger, enjoying in imagination the tortures yet to be inflicted on the prisoner. But a noise in the gulley — the falling of a stone loosened by the soldier's foot, or a louder than usual plash of water — suddenly roused them from their dreams: they started up, and turned their eyes towards the hill.

"Now, friend!" whispered Nathan;—"if thee misses, thee loses the maiden and thee life into the bargain.— Is thee ready?"

"Ready," was the reply.

"Right, then, through the dog's brain — fire!"

The crash of the pieces, and the fall of the two victims, both marked by a fatal aim, and both pierced through the brain, were the first announcement of peril to their companions; who, springing up, with yells of fear and astonishment, and snatching at their arms, looked wildly around them for the unseen foe. The prisoner also, astounded out of his despair, raised his head from the grass, and glared around. The wreaths of smoke curling over the bushes on the hill-side, betrayed the lurking-place of the assailants; and savages and prisoner turning together, they all beheld at once the spectacle of two human heads — or, to speak more correctly, two human caps, for the heads were far below them — rising in the smoke, and peering over the bushes, as if to mark the result of the volley.

Loud, furious, and exulting were the screams of the Indians, as with the speed of thought seduced by a stratagem often practiced among the wild heroes of the border, they raised and discharged their pieces against the imaginary foes so incautiously exposed to their vengeance. The caps fell, and with them the rifles that had been employed to raise them; and the voice of Nathan thundered through the glen, as he grasped his tomahawk and sprang from the ditch.

"Now friend! up with thee axe, and do thee duty!"

With these words, the two assailants at once leaped into view, and with a bold hurrah and bolder hearts, rushed

towards the fire, where lay the undischarged rifles of their first victims. The savages yelled also in reply, and two of them bounded forward to dispute the prize. The third, staggered into momentary inaction by the suddenness and amazement of the attack, rushed forward but a step; but a whoop of exultation was on his lips, as he raised his rifle, which he had not yet discharged, full against the breast of Bloody Nathan. But his triumph was short-lived; the blow, so fatal as it must have proved to the life of Nathan, was averted by an unexpected incident. The prisoner, near whom he stood, putting all his vigor into one tremendous effort, burst his bonds, and, with a yell ten times louder and fiercer than had yet been uttered, added himself to the combatants. With a furious cry of encouragement to his rescuers,—"Hurrah for Kentucky! give it to 'em good!" he threw himself upon the savage, beat the gun from his hands, and grasping him in his brawny arms, hurled him to the earth, where, rolling over and over in mortal struggle, growling and whooping, and rending one another like wild beasts, the two, still locked in furious embrace, suddenly tumbled down the banks of the brook, there high and steep, and were immediately lost to sight.

Before this catastrophe occurred, the other Indians and the assailants met at the fire; and each singling out his opponent, and thinking no more of the rifles, they met as men whose only business was to kill or to die. With his axe flourished over his head, Nathan rushed against the tallest and foremost enemy, who as he advanced, swung his tomahawk in the act of throwing it. Their weapons parted from their hands at the same moment, and with perhaps equal accuracy of aim; but meeting with a crash in the air, they fell together to the earth, doing no harm to either. The Indian stooped to recover his weapon; but it was too late: the hand of Nathan was already upon his shoulder: a single effort of his vast strength sufficed to stretch the savage at his feet; and holding him down with knee and hand, Nathan snatched up the nearest axe. "If the life of thee tribe was in thee bosom," he cried with a look of unrelenting fury, of hatred deep and ineffaceable,

"thee should die the dog's death, as thee does!" And with a blow furiously struck, and thrice repeated, he despatched the struggling savage as he lay.

He rose brandishing the bloody hatchet, and looked for his companion. He found him upon the earth, lying upon the breast of his antagonist, whom it had been his good fortune to overmaster. Both had thrown their hatchets and both without effect, Roland because skill was wanting, and the Shawnee because, in the act of throwing, he had stumbled over the body of one of his comrades, so as to disorder his aim, and even to deprive him of his footing. Before he could recover himself, Roland imitated Nathan's example, and threw himself upon the unlucky Indian — a youth, as it appeared, whose strength, perhaps at no moment equal to his own, had been reduced by recent wounds — and found that he had him entirely at his mercy. This circumstance and the knowledge that the other Indians were now overpowered, softened the soldier's wrath; and when Nathan, rushing to assist him, cried aloud to him to move aside, that "he might knock the assassin knave's brains out," Roland replied by begging Nathan to spare his life. "I have disarmed him," he cried — "he resists no more — don't kill him."— "To the last man of his tribe!" cried Nathan, with unexampled ferocity; and without another word, drove the hatchet into the wretch's brain.

The victors, now leaping to their feet, looked around for the fifth savage and the prisoner; and directed by a horrible din under the bank of the stream, which was resounding with curses, groans, heavy blows, and the plashing of water, ran to the spot. The Indian lay on his back suffocating in mire and water; while astride his body sat the late prisoner, covered from head to foot with mud and gore, furiously plying his fists, for he had no other weapons, about the head and face of his foe, his blows falling like sledge-hammers or battering-rams with such strength and fury that it seemed impossible any one of them could fail to crush the skull to atoms.

Roland and Nathan seizing him by the shoulders, dragged him by main force from the Indian. The victor

sprang to his feet, and roared his trumph aloud:—"Ar'n't I lick'd him handsome!—Hurrah for Kentucky and old Salt—Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And with that, turning to his deliverers, he displayed to their astonished eyes, though disfigured by blood and mire, the never-to-be-forgotten features of the captain of horse-thieves, Roaring Ralph Stackpole.—*Nick of the Woods.*

BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE, an English author, lecturer, and critic; born at Wavertree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850. He was educated at a school near Reading, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated with honors in law and history in 1872. He was called to the bar by the Inner Temple in 1875. In 1889 he was returned to Parliament for West Fife. He is the author of *Obiter Dicta* (two series, the first published in 1884, and the second in 1887). He has also written a *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1887). In 1892 he published *Res Judicatæ,* a collection of papers and essays which, with the exception of two, had previously appeared in English and American magazines and reviews; *Essays about Men, Women, and Books* (1895); and *Life of Sir Frank Lockwood* (1898).

MR. BROWNING'S POETRY.

It is plain truth to say that no other English poet living or dead, Shakespeare excepted, has so heaped up human interest for his readers as has Robert Browning.

Fancy stepping into a room and finding it full of Shakespeare's principal characters! What a babel of tongues! What a jostling of wits! How eagerly one's

eye would go in search of Hamlet and Sir John Falstaff, but droop shudderingly at the thought of encountering the distraught gaze of Lady Macbeth! We should have no difficulty in recognizing Beatrice in the central figure of that lively group of laughing courtiers; whilst did we seek Juliet, it would, of course, be by appointment on the balcony. To fancy yourself in such company is pleasant matter for a mid-summer night's dream. No poet has such a gallery as Shakespeare, but of our modern poets Browning comes nearest him.

Against these dramatic pieces the charge of unintelligibility fails as completely as it does against the plays. They are all perfectly intelligible; but — and here is the rub — they are not easy reading, like the estimable writings of the late Mrs. Hemans. They require the same honest attention as it is the fashion to give to a lecture of Professor Huxley's or a sermon of Canon Liddon's; and this is just what too many persons will not give to poetry. They

> Love to hear
> A soft pulsation in their easy ear;
> To turn the page, and let their senses drink
> A lay that shall not trouble them to think.

It is no great wonder it should be so. After dinner, when disposed to sleep, but afraid of spoiling our night's rest, behold the witching hour reserved by the nineteenth century for the study of poetry! This treatment of the muse deserves to be held up to everlasting scorn and infamy in a passage of Miltonic strength and splendour. We, alas! must be content with the observation, that such an opinion of the true place of poetry in the life of a man excites, in the breasts of the right-minded, feelings akin to those which Charles Lamb ascribes to the immortal Sarah Battle, when a young gentleman of a literary turn, on taking a hand in her favorite game of whist, declared that he saw no harm in unbending the mind, now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind. She could not bear, so Elia proceeds, "to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, consid-

ered in that light. It was her business, her duty — the thing she came into the world to do — and she did it; she unbent her mind, afterwards, over a book!" And so faculties over "Comus," or "Paracelsus," over "Julius Cæsar" or "Strafford," may afterwards, if he is so minded, unbend himself over the "Origin of Species," or that the lover of poetry and Browning, after winding up his still more fascinating record which tells us how little curly worms, only give them time enough, will cover with earth even the larger kind of stones. . . .

Taking, then, this first period of Mr. Browning's poetry as a whole, and asking ourselves if we are the richer for it, how can there be any doubt as to the reply? What points of human interest has he left untouched? With what phase of life, character, or study does he fail to sympathize? So far from being the rough-hewn block "dull fools" have supposed him, he is the most dilettante of great poets. Do you dabble in art and perambulate picture-galleries? Browning must be your favorite poet: he is art's historian. Are you devoted to music? So is he: and alone of our poets has sought to fathom in verse the deep mysteries of sound. Do you find it impossible to keep off theology? Browning has more theology than most bishops — could puzzle Gamaliel and delight Aquinas. Are you in love? Read "A last Ride Together," "Youth and Art," "A Portrait," "Christine," "In a Gondola," "By the Fireside," "Love Amongst the Ruins," "Time's Revenges," "The Worst of It," and a host of others, being careful always to end with "A Madhouse Cell;" and we are much mistaken if you do not put Browning at the very head and front of the interpreters of passion. The many moods of sorrow are reflected in his verse, whilst mirth, movement, and a rollicking humour abound everywhere. . . .

It is the method that is difficult. Take the husband in "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Browning remorselessly hunts him down, tracks him to the last recesses of his mind, and there bids him stand and deliver. He describes love, not only broken but breaking; hate in its germ; doubt at its birth. These are difficult things to do either

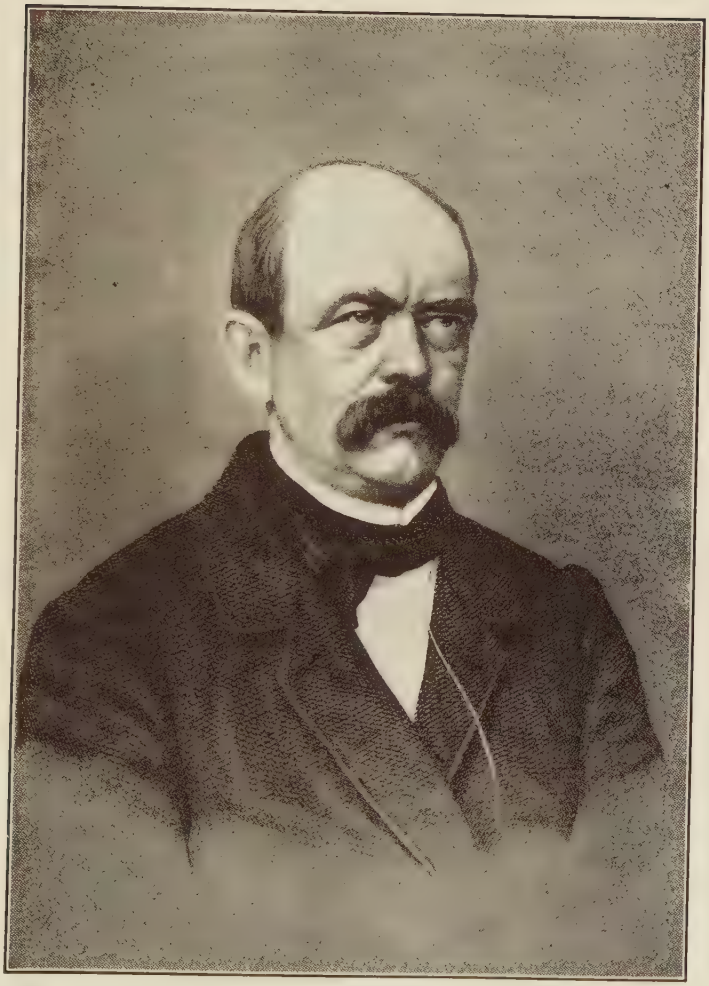
in poetry or prose, and people with easy, flowing Addisonian or Tennysonian styles cannot do them.

I seem to overhear a still, small voice asking, But are they worth doing? or at all events is it the province of art to do them? The question ought not to be asked. It is heretical, being contrary to the whole direction of the latter half of this century. The chains binding us to the rocks of realism are faster riveted every day; and the Perseus who is destined to cut them is, I expect, some mischievous little boy at a Board-school. But, as the question has been asked, I will own that sometimes, even when deepest in works of this, the now orthodox school, I have been harassed by distressing doubts whether, after all, this enormous labor is not in vain; and wearied by the effort, overloaded by the detail, bewildered by the argument, and sickened by the pitiless dissection of character and motive, have been tempted to cry aloud, quoting — or rather, in the agony of the moment, misquoting — Coleridge:

Simplicity —
Thou better name than all the family of Fame.

— *Obiter Dicta, 1st Series.*

BISMARCK, Otto Eduard Leopold, Prince von, a German statesman, the founder of German unity; born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815; died at Friedrichsruh, July 30, 1898. He was educated at the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin; entered the united Landtag of Prussia in 1847; and in 1849–50, being then a member of the second chamber of the Prussian Diet, became conspicuous as an advocate of reactionary measures. He was next chosen Prussian Ambassador to the diet of the German Confederation at Frankfort;



BISMARCK.

Ambassador to Russia in 1859, and three years later was, for a few months only, Ambassador to France.

On October 8, 1862, he was appointed Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and immediately entered upon his extended struggle with the Landtag over the question of the army increase and prerogatives of the crown. At the close of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, in which he enlisted the co-operation of Austria, he was made a count. The Schleswig-Holstein complications were renewed shortly after, however, and Bismarck, securing the alliance of Italy, declared war against Austria in 1866. He was appointed Chancellor of the North German Confederation in 1867, and, by checking Napoleon's plans with regard to Luxemburg, increased the prestige of Prussia considerably. He prepared the way for the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 by his attitude toward the South German States, and in the same year became the first Chancellor of the German Empire. He was a member of the National Liberal Party, and worked in harmony with that party until 1878, being engrossed in an extended struggle with the Ultramontanes, or *Kulturkampf*. After this struggle he inaugurated many economic reforms, including a system of insurance for the laboring classes. He presided at the Berlin Congress of 1878, and concluded in 1883 the Triple Alliance. In the month of March, 1890, he resigned on account of having incurred the displeasure of Emperor William II., and upon his retirement the title of Duke of Lauenburg was conferred upon him.

On the occasion of his eightieth birthday (April 1, 1895) a great celebration was prepared in honor of the "Iron Chancellor," as he was called on account

of his rugged constitution and the force displayed while administering the duties of his high office. He was, without doubt, the greatest man since Napoleon, and in the entire century there was no one to be compared to him save Gladstone. Bismarck was a statesman, a man of war, and an author, and in all these relations all he did was marked with ability, and was typical of his gigantic nature. At his death the universal remark was, "the most splendid oak in the German forest has fallen." His contributions to literature were limited to state papers, treatises on economic questions, and letters, all of which are distinguished by their style, and show the same ease in argument that characterized his whole public life.

A volume of Prince Bismarck's letters was published in 1901, in two volumes. Other letters were published in *Die Gartenlaube* of Berlin in 1902. In 1904 *Bismarck's Letters to His Wife from the Seat of War — 1870–71* appeared in Berlin, and later the volume was translated into English by Armin Harder. Princess Bismarck preserved these tokens from her husband in a casket which was not discovered until a year ago and after her death. Although supplementary, from the point of view of simple epistolary importance, the later collection at the same time possesses independent interest, even importance. We find therein few details of the official career of the writer during his French sojourn; none at all concerning the strategic play of the great war game in which he occupied a civil but tremendously weighty role, but we have revealed an intensely human phase of the great statesman as husband and father. These letters and dispatches are intimate, homely, and at times humorous. There is much good-natured irony over the trials and

tribulations of soldier life, which deprive the writer of many things quite necessary to him in his official capacity, but amusingly depreciated by him in the close intimacy of his writing. At times a mere touch is sufficient, as, for example, the post scriptum to a letter dated Bar-le-Duc: "Birthday of the King of Bavaria, and I without my decorations!"

LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

You are right, my heart; mistrust is the bitterest, most terrible torment. It is nothing else but doubt, the first seed of all evil, applied to the intercourse of men among themselves — the source of almost all bitterness and hostility. Somewhere it is written "He who does not love his neighbor whom he sees, how shall he love God whom he does not see?" I should like to say the same thing in regard to confidence instead of love.

. . . . . .

Trust me unreservedly in the conviction that I accept everything that comes from you with profound love, whether it be glad or patient. Do not keep your gloomy thoughts for yourself while you look on me with cheerful brow and merry eyes, but share with me in word and look what you have in your heart, whether it be blessing or sorrow. Never be faint-hearted with me, and if anything in yourself appears to you indiscreet, sinful, depressing, reflect that everything of that kind is present in me a thousand times more, and that I am saturated with it far too thoroughly and deeply to look on such things with contempt when seen in others, or to become aware of them in you otherwise than with love, even if not always with patience. Look upon us as mutual father-confessors; as more than that, since we, according to the Scriptures, are to be "one flesh."

LETTER TO HIS FIANCÉE.

You I love precisely for the fragrance of your spirit's bloom. . . . I really am capable of a passion for

flowers, but those without perfume, which are the pride of most gardeners — dahlias, peonies, tulips, camellias — have been indifferent to me since I was a child. With regard to people, I have again and again been obliged to disabuse my mind of the naturally implanted error, which, from external beauty, unconsciously infers an interior to correspond. I never have found such an agreement; the nearest approach to it is in Caroline, but her beauty is very far from regularity — and on the other hand, her worldly-wise and world-loving sense lacks precisely that je ne sais quoi, that fragrant breath from the unfathomed, inmost depths of the spirit, which is neither poetry nor love nor religion, but which reinforces and elevates all three; and, where its influence is felt, makes one more receptive to them. Its caricature I call sentimentality, the genuine thing I feel when I am with you. *(February, 1847.)*

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

The trees stood so still and high near me, the air fragrant with linden blossoms . . . and over beyond Arneburg lay the last pink border of the sunset. I was truly filled with gratitude to God and there arose before my soul the quiet happiness of a family life filled with love, a peaceful haven into which a gust of wind perchance forces its way from the storms of the world-ocean and ruffles the surface, but its warm depths remain clear and still so long as the cross of the Lord is reflected in them. *(1849.)*

In another letter we find Prince Bismarck urging the necessity of his wife's mastering French, pleading the probability of his being appointed Ambassador, but assuring her that he asks it as he would beg her to buy a green or blue dress:

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

You are my wife, and not the diplomats', and they can just as well learn German as you can learn French. * *

I married you in order to love you in God and according to the need of my heart, and in order to have in the midst of the strange world a place for my heart, which all the world's bleak winds cannot chill and where I may find the warmth of the home fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is cold and stormy without; but not to have a society woman for others, and I shall cherish and nurse your little fireplace, put wood on it and blow and protect it against all that is evil and strange, for next to God's mercy there is nothing which is dearer and more necessary to me than your love and the homelike hearth, which stands between us everywhere, even in a strange land, when we are together.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

Half an hour ago a courier awakened me with tidings of war and peace. Our politics are sliding more and more into the Austrian groove, and if we fire one shot on the Rhine the Italo-Austrian war is over; and in place of it we shall see a Prusso-French war, in which Austria, after we have taken the load from her shoulders, will assist, or assist so far as her own interests are concerned. That we should play a very victorious part is scarcely to be conceded. Be it as God wills! it is here below always a question of time; nations and men, folly and wisdom, war and peace, they come like waves and so depart, while the ocean remains! On this earth there is nothing but hypocrisy and jugglery, and whether this mask of flesh is to be torn off by fever or a cartridge, it must fall at last, and then the difference between a Prussian and an Austrian, if of the same stature, will be so small that it will be difficult to distinguish between them. Fools and wise men, as skeletons, look very much like one another; specific patriotism we thus lose, but it would be desperate if we carried it into eternity. (*Petersburg,* July 2, 1859.)

BJÖRNSON, Björnstjerne, a Norwegian journalist, poet and novelist; born at Kvikne, Österdalen, December 8, 1832. His father was a clergyman in Österdalen. In 1852 he entered the University of Christiania, and while yet a student there began to write for periodicals. Subsequently he became theatrical director at Bergen; then took up his residence at Copenhagen, and afterward went to Christiania, where he edited a newspaper, the *Aftenbladet,* and still later, an illustrated journal, the *Norske Folkeblad.* In 1860-63 he travelled in Germany, Italy, and France; from 1865 to 1867 was director of the theatre at Christiania, and from 1869 to 1872 was associate editor of *For Idé og Birkelighed,* a periodical published at Copenhagen. In 1875 he returned to Norway, taking up his residence at Gausdal. During all these years he was a voluminous writer, his works including tales, poems, and dramas. His latest works are: *En Fallit; Kongen; Leonarda; Synnöve Solbakken; Arne; Bridal March and Other Stories* (1873); *A Happy Boy* (1860); *Flags are Flying* (1887); *In God's Way* (1889). Many of his works have been translated into German, and several of them into English.

THE NORTH LAND.

My land will I defend,
My land will I befriend,
And my son to help its fortunes and be faithful will I train;
Its weal shall be my prayer,
And its want shall be my care,
From the rugged old snow mountains to the cabins by the main.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

We have sun enough and rain,
We have fields of golden grain;
But love is more than fortune or the best of sunny weather;
We have many a Child of Song,
And Sons of Labor strong,
We have hearts to raise the North Land, if they only beat together.

In many a gallant fight
We have shown the world our might,
And reared the Norseman's banner on a vanquished stranger's shore;
But fresh combats we will brave,
And a nobler flag shall wave,
With more of health and beauty than it ever had before!

New valor shall burst forth;
For the ancient three-cleft North
Shall unite its wealth and power, yielding thanks to God the Giver!
Once more shall kinsmen near
To their brethren's voice give ear,
And the torrents of the mountains wed their forces in the river.

For this North Land is our own,
And we love each rock and stone,
From the rugged old snow mountains to the cabins by the main;
And our love shall be the seed
To bear the fruit we need,
And the country of the Norseman shall be great and *one* again!

— *Translation of* Frederika Richardson.

PETRA AT THE THEATRE.

Petra had not the faintest conception of what she was to see here. She knew, indeed, nothing but what

Odegaard had taught her, and what she had learned from chance acquaintances. About the theatre, however, Odegaard had never told her a word. . . . She was so ignorant that she did not even know what to ask; she sat there in high spirits waiting for the appearance of curiosities, such as camels or monkeys. . . . Thus the orchestra assembled without her noticing it. She started up in alarm, for with abrupt bewildering crash of kettle-drums, drums, bassoons, and horns, the overture began. In her whole life she had never heard more than a couple of violins, and perchance a flute, played at one time. The stormy grandeur of tone that now smote on her ear made her turn pale, so like it was to the cold, black billow that breaks on the sea. . . . Then above the din and roar rose a single strain, as from a bird on a bough wet by the spray from the depths below. Sadly, timidly, the song began, but the atmosphere above was purified thereby, the sun peeped forth, and once more the long blue vistas were filled with those marvelous fluttering, floating visions she had seen before. . . . She involuntarily rose when the music ceased; for now the spell was broken. Ah, how wonderful! At that moment the beautiful painted curtain, right in front of her, went all the way up to the ceiling! She was in a church, a church with arches and pillars, a church filled with the swelling tones of an organ, and solemn grandeur, and people advanced toward her in costumes unknown to her, and they spoke, yes, they were talking in church, and in a language she did not understand. But how was this! They were talking behind her, too.

"Sit down!" said they; but there were no seats in the church, so of course the two people she saw there remained standing as well as she. . . .

"Sit down!" she again heard behind her; "sit down!" exclaimed several voices.

"There is, perhaps, something to be seen back there too," thought Petra, and turned quickly.

A multitude of angry faces, some actually threatening, met hers.

"There must be something amiss here," thought

Petra, and she was about to leave, but an old lady who sat beside her gently pulled her dress.

"Why do you not sit down, then, child?" whispered she. "The people behind us cannot see."

In an instant Petra was in her seat. "Why, of course, it is the theatre in there, and we are looking on — yes, to be sure, it is the theatre!" and she kept repeating the words to impress it fully on her mind. . . .

When the curtain rose once more, Petra could no longer follow what was taking place on the stage; she had eyes for nothing save the bride behind the cloister walls, and the bridegroom watching by day and by night without, both in dire despair. She endured their agony; she prayed their prayers; all that was actually on the stage passed colorless before her. An ominous silence recalled her; the empty church kept growing ever larger, no sound was heard within save the twelve strokes of the midnight hour. Beneath the vaulted roof is heard a rumbling peal, the walls tremble, St. Olaf has arisen from his tomb, his winding-sheet about him. Tall and terrible, he strides onward; guards flee before him; thunder rolls; and the monk falls, pierced by the mighty spear, whereupon darkness closes around, and the apparition sinks away. The monk is left lying there like a heap of ashes struck by lightning.

Petra had unconsciously clung to the old lady, who had been rather alarmed by her convulsive grasp, but now seeing her growing paler hastened to say, —

"Bless you, child! this is merely Knutsen. This is the only part he can act, because his voice is so thick."

"No, no, no, no! I saw the flames about him," said Petra, "and the church trembled beneath his tread!"

"Do be quiet there!" is cried from several quarters. "Out with whoever it is that cannot keep quiet!" . . .

Petra had cowered down as if to shield herself from observation, but immediately forgot what had been going on, for lo! there are the lovers again; the lightning has burst open a way for them; they are seeking escape. They have found each other,— they fall into each other's

arms. God in heaven, protect them now! Then there arises a clamor of shouts, mingled with the sound of trumpets. The bridegroom is torn from his bride's side and is made to join the hosts battling for the fatherland. He is wounded, and with his dying breath sends his last greetings to his bride. Petra does not comprehend what has happened until the bride quietly enters and sees his corpse! Then it seems as if every cloud of sorrow had gathered over this one spot; but a glance disperses them. From the bosom of the dead the bride looks up and prays that she, too, may die. The heavens are opened to that gaze; a wondrous light streams down; the bridal chamber is above; let the bride enter. Ah! she can already look in, for in her eyes there sparkles a peace like that on yonder lofty mountains. Then the eyelids droop, the struggle has ended in victory, the fidelity of the lovers has won an exalted crown.

Petra long sat silent; her heart was uplifted in faith, her whole being filled with the strength and greatness she had witnessed. She rose superior to all that was groveling; she rose above fear and pain; she rose with a smile for every one, and in them all she saw her brothers and sisters. The evil which divides man existed no longer — it lay crushed beneath the thunder. People returned her smile; she was the person who had been half beside herself during the play; but she saw in their smiles only the reflection of the victory she bore within herself. In the belief that their smiles were in harmony with her own, she smiled back so radiantly that they smiled in response to her smile. She passed down the broad stairway, between the two receding columns, from which was reflected joy in response to her joy, and beauty in response to the beauty which radiated from her. There are times when the beams of light in our own souls becomes so brilliant that they make everything about us bright, though we ourselves be unconscious of it. This is earth's grandest triumphal procession — to be announced, borne onward, and followed by one's own glowing thoughts.

When Petra, not knowing how she came there, reached

WILLIAM BLACK.

home, she inquired what it was she had seen. There were several persons present who were able to understand her and give her a helpful answer. And after it had been fully explained to her what a drama was, and what great actors had in their power to do, she started up and said:

"This is the noblest calling on earth; this is what I mean to be."—*The Fisher Maiden; translation of* RASMUS B. ANDERSON.

BLACK, WILLIAM, a British novelist and journalist; born at Glasgow, November 14, 1841; died at Brighton, England, December 10, 1898. He commenced literary life as a journalist in his native city, and at the age of twenty-three took up his residence in London. In the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866 he was a war-correspondent of a London newspaper, and during the next five years wrote several novels, first achieving a decided success by *A Daughter of Heth,* which appeared in 1871. After that he wrote one or more novels a year. The principal of these are: *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* (1872); *A Princess of Thule* (1873); *The Maid of Killena* (1874); *The Monarch of Mincing Lane* (1874); *Three Feathers* (1875); *Madcap Violet* (1876); *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* (1877); *Shandon Bells* (1883); *Macleod of Dare* (1878); *White Wings* (1880); *That Beautiful Wretch* (1881); *Yolande* (1882); *Judith Shakespeare* (1884); *White Heather* (1885); *In Far Lochaber* (1889); *Donald Ross* (1891); *Sabina Zembra* (1887); *The Magic Ink*

(1890); *Wolfenberg* (1892); *Highland Cousins* (1894); *Briséis* (1896); and *Wild Eelin* (1898).

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

Next morning there was a great commotion in Saltcoats. Despite the fierce gusts of wind that were still blowing, accompanied by squally showers of rain, numbers of people were out on the long stretch of brown sand lying south of the town. Mischief had been at work on the sea over night. Fragments of barrels, bits of spars, and other evidences of a wreck were being knocked about on the waves; and two smacks had even put out to see if any larger remains of the lost vessel or vessels were visible. Mr. M'Henry was early abroad; for he had gone into the town to get a messenger, and so he heard the news. At last, amid the gossiping of the neighbors, he learned that a lad had just been summoned by a certain Mrs. Kilbride to go upon an errand to Airlie, and he resolved to secure his services to carry the message. Eventually he met the lad on his way to the moorland village; and then it turned out that the errand was merely to carry a letter to Miss Cassilis, at the Manse.

"But Miss Cassilis is at my house," said Mr. M'Henry; "give me the letter, and gang ye on to the Manse, and ask Mr. Cassilis to come doon here."

So the lad departed, and the letter was taken up and placed on the table where Coquette was to have her breakfast. She came down, looking very pale, but would give no explanation of how she came to be out on such a night. She thanked them for having sent for her uncle, and sat down at the table, but ate nothing. Then she saw the letter, and, with a quick, pained flush of color leaping to her cheeks, she took it up, and opened it with trembling fingers. Then she read these words:

"Dearest — I cannot exact from you the sacrifice of your life. Remorse and misery for all the rest of our years would be the penalty to both of us by your going with me to-night, even though you might put a brave face

on the matter, and conceal your anguish. I cannot let you suffer that, Coquette. I will leave for America by myself; and I will never attempt to see you again. That promise I have broken before; but it will not be broken this time. Good-bye, Coquette. My earnest hope is that you will not come to Saltcoats to-night; and in that case, this letter will be forwarded to you in the morning. Forgive me, if you can, for all the suffering I have caused you. I will never forget you, darling, but I will never see England or you again.— EARLTHORPE."

There was almost a look of joy on her face. "So I did not vex him," she thought, "by keeping him waiting. And he was conquered too; and he will think better of himself, and of me, away over there for many years to come, if he does not forget all about Airlie."

And this reference to Airlie recalled the thought of her uncle, and of his meeting with her. As the time drew near for his approach, she became more and more downcast. When at last the old man came into the room where she was sitting alone, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she dared not raise them. He went over to her, and placed his hand on her head.

"What is all this, Catherine? Did you miss your way last night? What made you go out on such a night, without saying a word to any one?"

She replied in a low voice, which was yet studiously distinct, "Yesterday afternoon I went away from the Manse, not intending to go back."

The Minister made a slight gesture as if some twinge had shot across his heart, and then, looking at her in a sad and grave way, he said:—

"I did not think I had been unkind to you, Catherine."

This was too much for Coquette. It broke down the obduracy with which she had been vainly endeavoring to fortify herself; and she fell at the feet of her uncle, and, with wild tears and sobs, told him all that had happened, and begged him to go away and leave her, for she had become a stranger and an outcast. Stunned as the old man was by these revelations, he forgot to ex-

press his sense of her guilt. He saw only before him the daughter of his own brother — a girl who had scarce a friend in the world but himself, and she was at his feet in tears and shame, bitter distress. He raised her, and put her head on his breast, and tried to still her sobbing.

"Catherine," he said, with his own voice broken, "you shall never be an outcast from my house, so long as you care to accept its shelter."

"But I cannot go back to Airlie — I cannot go back to Airlie!" she said almost wildly. "I will not bring disgrace upon you, uncle; and have the people talk of me, and blame you for taking me back. I am going away — I am not fit to go back to Airlie, uncle. You have been very good to me — far better than I deserve; but I cannot tell you now that I love you for all your kindness to me — for now it is a disgrace for me to speak to any one —"

"Hush, Catherine," he said. "It is penitence, not despair, that must fill your heart. And the penitent has not to look to man for pardon, nor yet to fear what may be said of him in wrath. They that go elsewhere for forgiveness and comfort, have no reason to dread the ill-tongues of their neighbors. 'They looked unto Him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed.' 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' You will go back to Airlie with me, my girl. Perhaps you do not feel at home there yet; three years is not a long time to get accustomed to a new country. I am told ye sometimes cried in thinking about France, just as the Jews in captivity did, when they said, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.' But maybe I have erred in not making the house lichtsome enough for ye. I am an old man, Catherine; and the house is dull, perhaps. But if ye will tell me how we can make it pleasanter to ye —"

"Oh, uncle, you are breaking my heart with your kindness!" she sobbed; "and I deserve none of it — none of it!"

It was with great difficulty that the minister persuaded her to go back with him to the Manse. At length, however, a covered carriage was procured, and Coquette and her uncle were driven up to Airlie. The girl sat now quite silent and impassive, only when she saw any one of the neighbors passing along the road she seemed nervously anxious to avoid scrutiny. When they got up to the gate of the Manse, which was open, she walked quietly and sadly by her uncle's side across the bit of garden into the house, and was then for going upstairs by herself. Her uncle prevented her.

"Ye must come and sit wi' me for a little while, until Leezibeth has got some breakfast ready for ye."

"I do not want anything to eat," said Coquette, and she seemed afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"Nevertheless," said the Minister, "I would inquire further into this matter, Catherine. It is but proper that I should know what measure of guilt falls upon that young man in endeavoring to wean away a respectable girl from her home and her friends."

Coquette drew back with some alarm on her face.

"Uncle, I cannot tell you now. Some other time perhaps; but not now. And you must not think him guilty, uncle; it is I who am guilty of it all. He is much better than any of you think; and now he is away in America, and no one will defend him if he is accused."

At the moment that she spoke, Lord Earlthorpe was beyond the reach of accusation and defense. The Saltcoats people, towards the close of the afternoon discovered the lid of a chest floating about, and on it was painted in white letters the word *Caroline*. Later there came a telegram from Greenock to the effect that during the preceding night the schooner yacht *Caroline* had been run down and sunk in mid-channel by a steamer going to Londonderry, and that of all on board the yacht, the steamer had been able to pick up only the steward. And that same night the news made its way up to Airlie, and circulated through the village, and at length reached the Manse. Other rumors accompanied it. For a moment no one dared to tell Coquette of what

had happened; but none the less was her flight from the manse connected with this terrible judgment; and even Leezibeth, struck dumb with shame and grief, had no word of protest when Andrew finished his warnings and denunciations.

"There is no healing of thy bruise," said Leezibeth to herself sadly, in thinking of Coquette. "Thy wound is grievous: all that hear the bruit thereof shall clap their hands over thee."—*A Daughter of Heth, Chap. XLIX.*

MR. HODSON OF CHICAGO.

On a certain cold evening in January, and just as the Scotch night-mail was about to start for the north, a stranger drove up to Euston station, and alighted, and was glad enough to escape from the chill draughts of the echoing station into the glow and warmth and comfort of a sleeping-car. He was a man of means apparently; for one-half of his carriage, containing four berths, and forming a room apart, as it were, had been reserved for himself alone, while his traveling impedimenta — fur-lined coats and hoods and rugs and what not — were of an elaborate and sumptuous description. On the other hand, there was nothing of ostentation about either his dress or appearance or demeanor. He was a tall, thin, quiet looking man, with an aquiline nose, sallow complexion, and keen but not unkindly gray eyes. His short-cropped hair was grizzled, and there were deep lines on the worn and ascetic face; but this may have been the result of an exhausting climate rather than of any mental care, for there was certainly no touch of melancholy in his expression. His costume was somewhat prim and precise; there was a kind of school-masterish look about the stiff white collar and small black tie; his gloves were new and neat. For the rest he seemed used to travelling. He began to make himself at home at once, and scarcely looked up from his setting of things to rights when the conductor made his appearance.

"Mr. Hodson, sir?" the latter said, with an inquiring tone.

"That's about what they call me," he answered slowly, as he opened a capacious dressing-bag covered with crocodile hide.

"Do you expect any friends to join you further along, sir?"

"Not that I know of," was the answer, and a pair of blue velvet slippers, with initials worked in gold, were fished out and thrown upon the seat beside him.

But when the conductor had got one of the lower sleeping-berths made ready, and the traveller had completed his leisurely arrangements for passing the night in comfort, a somewhat one-sided conversation ensued. The gaunt, slow-speaking, reserved man proved to be quite talkative — in a curious, measured, dry, and staccato fashion; and if his conversation consisted chiefly of questions, those showed that he had a very honest and simple concern in the welfare of this other human being whom chance had thrown in his way, and that he could express his friendly interest without any touch of patronage or condescension.

He asked first about the railway line: how the Company's servants were paid, and what were their hours of duty, whether they had formed any associations for relief in case of sickness; what this particular man got for his work; whether he could look forward to any bettering of his lot — and so forth. And then, fixing his eyes more scrutinizingly on his companion, he began to ask about his family affairs — where he lived, what children he had, how often he saw them, and the like. These questions were so obviously prompted by no idle curiosity, but by an honest sympathy, and by the apparent desire of one human being to get to understand fully and clearly the position and surroundings and prospects of this other fellow-creature, that it was impossible to take offense.

"And how old is your little girl?"

"Eight, sir; she will be nine in May next."

"What do you call her?"

"Caroline, sir."

"Why, you don't say!" he exclaimed, with his eyes — which were usually calm and observant, — lighting up with some surprise. "That's the name of my girl, too, though I can't call her little any more. Well, now," he added, as he took out his purse and selected a sovereign from the mass of coins, "I think this is about what you ought to do. When you get back to Camden-Town, you start an account in the Post-Office Savings-Bank, in your little girl's name, and you put in this sovereign as a first deposit. Then whenever you have an odd sixpence or shilling to give her — a birthday present, or that — you keep adding on and on, and there will be a nice little sum for her in after years. And if ever she asks, you can tell her it was the father of an American Caroline who made her this little present; and if she grows up to be as good a girl as the American Carrie, she'll do very well, I think."

The conductor scarcely knew how to express his thanks; but the American cut him short, saying coolly: "I don't give the sovereign to you at all. It is in trust for your daughter. And you don't look to me to be the kind of a man who would go and drink it."

He took out an evening newspaper, and at the hint the conductor went away to get ready the berths in the other end of the car. When he came back again to see if the gentleman wanted anything further for the night, they had thundered along the line until they were nearing Rugby.

"Why, yes," Mr. Hodson said in answer to the question, "you might get me a bottle of soda-water when we get to the station."

"I have soda-water in the car, sir."

"Bring me a bottle, then, please."

"And shall I get you anything else, sir, at Rugby?"

"No, I thank you."

When the man returned with the soda-water, the traveller had taken from his dressing-bag a bottle labelled *Bromide of Potassium,* and he was just about to mix his customary sleeping-draught, when it occurred

to him that perhaps this conductor could tell him something of the new and far country into which he was about to adventure for the first time. And in making these inquiries he showed that he was just as frank-spoken about his own plans and circumstances as he expected other people to be about theirs. When the conductor confessed that he knew next to nothing about the north of Scotland, never having been further than Perth — and even then his knowledge of the country being confined to railway stations, Mr. Hodson went on to say, in that methodical way of his, with little rising inflections here and there: —

"Well, it's bound to be different from London, anyway. It can't be like London; and that's the main thing for me. Why, that London fog — never moving, same in the morning, same at night — it's just too dismal for anything. 'Pears to me that a London afternoon is just about as melancholy as they make it; if there's anything more melancholy than that anywhere, I don't know it. Well, now, it can't be like that at Cape Wrath."

"I should think not, sir."

"I dare say if I lived in town, and had my club, and knew people, it might be different; and my daughter seems to get through the time well enough; but young folks are easily amused. Say, now, about this salmon-fishing in the north: you don't know when it begins?"

"No, sir."

"You haven't seen anybody going yet with rods?"

"No, sir; not this year yet."

"Hope they haven't been playing it on me. I was told I could begin on the eleventh. But it don't signify much so long's I get out of that infernal cut-throat atmosphere of London."

At this point the train began to slow into Rugby station, and the conductor left to attend to his duties. And by the time they were moving out again, and on their way to the far north, Mr. Hodson had mixed and drank his nightly potion, and, partially undressed, was wrapped up in the thick and warm coverings of the

sleeping-berth, where — whether owing to the Bromide of Potassium or the jog-trot rattle of the wheels — he was soon plunged in a profound slumber. — *White Heather, Chap. I.*

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART, a Scottish philologist and poet; born at Glasgow in July, 1809; died at Edinburgh, March 2, 1895. After studying at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, he spent two years on the Continent. On his return to Scotland he studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but finding the law an uncongenial pursuit, he abandoned it for literature. In 1841 he was called to the chair of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1852, on the publication of his metrical translation of *Æschylus,* to the chair of Greek, in the University of Edinburgh, resigning this position in 1882.

Among his works are: *A Discourse on Beauty; Songs and Legends of Ancient Greece; Poems English and Latin; Homer and the Iliad; Four Phases of Morals; Songs of the Highlands and Islands; Self-Culture; Horæ Hellenicæ; Language and Literature of the Highlands of Scotland; The Wise Men of Greece;* and *The Natural History of Atheism.* His work on *Self-Culture* (1873) has been translated into several languages.

Mr. Blackie was a "Scot of the Scots," known better, probably, as a conversationalist than as a writer. Of his character and work a writer in *The Cornhill Magazine* says: "He was a man who was equally at home with Homer, Plato, Goethe, Dante, and Duncan

Brae of the narrow songs of the glens. He was a man of unrest and progress, typically Scotch, outwardly the most picturesque of his race; inwardly, most youthful and brilliant of his kind."

THE GROWTH OF THE MYTH.

As it has well been said of popular proverbs, that they are the wisdom of many and the wit of one, so theological and moral myths grew up in the popular imagination, and were nursed there till in happy season they received a definite shape from some one representative man, whose inspiration led him to express in a striking form what all felt to be true and all were willing to believe. The first framers of the myth were, no doubt, perfectly aware of the real significance of these imaginative pictures; but they were aware as poets, not as analysts. It is not, therefore, necessary to suppose that in framing their legends they proceeded with the full consciousness which belongs to the framers of fables, allegories, and parables. A myth is always a gradual, half unconscious growth; a parable is the conscious creation of the moment.

During a certain early stage of national life which cannot be accurately defined, but which always precedes the creation of a regular written literature, the popular myth, like a tree or plant, becomes subject to a process of growth and expansion, in the course of which it not only receives a rich embellishment, but may be so transformed by the vivid action of a fertile imagination, and by the ingrafting of new elements, that its original intention may be altogether obscured and forgotten. How far this first significance may in after times be rightly apprehended, depends partly on the degree of its original obviousness, partly on the amount of kindred culture possessed by the persons to whom it is addressed.

As of essentially popular origin and growth the myth cannot, in the proper sense, be said to have been the creation of any poet, however distinguished. Much less could a popular minstrel like Homer, using a highly pol-

ished language, and who manifestly had many predecessors, be said to have either created the characters or invented the legends about the Greek gods, which form what the critics of the last century used to call the "machinery" of his poems. In regard to theological myths, which are most deeply rooted in the popular faith, such a poet as Homer could only turn to the best account the materials already existing, with here and there a little embellishment or expansion, where there was no danger of contradicting any article of the received imaginative creed.

The two most powerful forces which act on the popular mind, when engaged in the process of forming myths, are the physical forces of external nature, and the more hidden, though fundamentally more awful powers of the human will, intellect, and passions. It is to be presumed, therefore, that all popular myths will contain imaginative representations of both these powers; and in their original shape, they are in fact nothing more than the assertion of the existence of these two great classes of forces in a form which speaks to the imagination — that is, in the form of personality; and there will be a natural presumption against the adopting of any system of mythological interpretation which ignores entirely either the one or the other of these elements. — *On Interpretation of Popular Myths.*

NARROWNESS.

If we look around us in the world with a view to discover what is the cause of the sad deficiency of energy often put forth in the best of causes, we shall find that it arises generally from some sort of narrowness. A man will not help you in this or that noble undertaking simply because he has no sympathy with it. Not a few persons are a sort of human lobsters; they live in a hard shell formed out of some professional, ecclesiastical, political, or classical crust, and cautiously creep their way within certain beaten bounds, beyond which they have no desire. The meagre and unexpansive life of such persons teaches us what we want in order to attain a

wider and a richer range of social vitality. The octogenarian poet-philosopher, Goethe, when sinking into the darkness of death, called out with his last breath, "More light!" What every young man should call out daily if he wishes to save himself from the narrowing crust of professional and other limitations is, "*More love!*"

Men are often clever enough, but they do not know what to do with their cleverness; they are good swordsmen, but they have no cause to fight for, or prefer fighting in a bad cause. What these men want is Love. The precept of the great apostle, "Weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice," if it were grandly carried out would make every man's life as rich in universal sympathy as Shakespeare's imagination was in universal imagery.

Every man cannot be a poet; but every man may give himself some trouble to cultivate that kindly and genial sensibility on which the writing and the appreciation of poetry depends. To live poetry, indeed, is always better than to write it; better for the individual, and better for society. Now a poetical life is just a life opposed to all sameness and all selfishness; eagerly seizing upon the good and beautiful from all quarters, as on its proper aliment. Let a young man, therefore, above all things, beware of shutting himself up within a certain narrow pale of sympathy, and fostering unreasonable hatreds and prejudices against others. An honest hater is often a better fellow than a cool friend; but it is better not to hate at all. A good man will as much as possible strive to be shaken out of himself, and learn to study the excellences of persons and parties to whom he is naturally opposed.

Never allow yourself to indulge in sneering condemnations of large classes and sections of your fellow beings; that sort of talk sounds big, but is in fact puerile. Never refuse to entertain a man in your heart because all the world is talking against him, or because he belongs to some sect or party that everybody despises; if he is universally talked against, as has happened to many of the best men in certain circumstances, there is only

so much the more need that he should receive a friendly judgment from you. "Honor all men" is one of the many texts of combined sanctity and sapience with which the New Testament abounds; but this you cannot do unless you try to know all men: and you know no man till you have looked with the eye of a brother into the best that is in him. — *Self-Culture.*

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS, a Scottish poet; born at Annan, November 10, 1721; died at Edinburgh, July 7, 1791. He lost his sight when he was six months old. During his boyhood, his friends amused him by reading aloud the works of Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison. Before his father's death, in 1740, he had written numerous verses, which were handed about among his acquaintances. Some of them were seen by Dr. Stevenson of Edinburgh, who obtained the enrolment of their author as a student in the University of Edinburgh. In 1746 he published a volume of poems, which was reprinted with additions ten years later. In 1762 he was ordained minister of the church of Kirkcudbright; but being opposed by the parishioners of that church, he relinquished the living and accepted a small annuity in its stead. He afterward resided in Edinburgh, where he had a high reputation as a scholar. A notable incident in his life was a letter which he wrote in 1786 to Robert Burns, who was then on the point of emigrating to the West Indies. This letter induced Burns to remain in Scotland. To this letter we are indirectly indebted for the existence of Burns as a poet.

Besides his poems, Blacklock published *Paraclesis*

or Consolations Deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion, and wrote an article *On the Education of the Blind* for the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Blacklock's familiarity with the aspects of nature is remarkable, considering his infirmity. This he acquired from the descriptions given by the poets. Perhaps his chief claim to remembrance arises from the fact that his works were the production of one who had been totally blind from childhood.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain:
Nature's whole charms to him are lost;
No more the woods their music boast,
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume.
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late:
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her cave ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

BLACKMORE, Sir Richard, an English physician and poet; born at Corsham, Wiltshire, about 1650; died at Boxsted, Essex, October 9, 1729. He wrote six long epic poems: *Prince Arthur; King Arthur; Eliza; The Creation; Redemption,* and *Alfred.* He also wrote *The Nature of Man,* paraphrased the *Book of Job* and other parts of the Bible, and wrote numerous essays, theological and medical. He was ridiculed by the wits of his day; but Johnson endeavored to rescue his name from oblivion, by including him in his edition of the poets. Of *The Creation* Johnson says: "This poem would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favorites of the muses." Blackmore's good intentions and piety are everywhere apparent, but his verse is dull and tedious. The subjoined passage shows him at his best:

THE SCHEME OF CREATION.

The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed;
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn.
Rich fruits and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honored all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man, from labor free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.

But while, insulting, you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plow or laborer's hand,
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from the hills unlabored figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
You may the world of more defect upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade:
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughtful care, what labor had been spared!
But then no realm would one great master show,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason, too, you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
Why generous nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide.
You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbor in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonor and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud;
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined!
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land!
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore. — *The Creation.*

BLACKMORE, Richard Doddridge, an English novelist and poet; born at Longworth, Berkshire, June 9, 1825; died at London, January 20, 1900. He was educated at Tiverton and at Oxford, graduating in 1847. He studied law and began practice in 1852; afterward he became a conveyancer. He was well known in London as a very successful market-gardener on a large scale. In 1860 he brought out a poem entitled *The Fate of Franklin,* and two years later he began the publication of a series of translations of the *Georgics* of Virgil. Other poetical works, all among the earliest of his publications, are *Poems by Melanter; Apullia,* and *The Bugle of the Black Sea,* the first of which appeared in 1854. Ten years later he appeared as a novelist, and it is in this connection that he was best known. His works of fiction include *Clara Vaughan* (1864); *Cradock Nowell* (1866); *Lorna Doone* (1869); *Maid of Sker* (1872); *Alice Lorraine* (1875); *Cripps the Carrier* (1876); *Erema* (1877); *Mary Anerley* (1880); *Christowell* (1882); *Tommy Upmore* (1884); *Springhaven* (1887); *Kit and Kitty* (1889); *Perlycross* (1894); *Fringilla* (1895), and *Dariel* (1896). Of these novels, *Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor,* is his best, and is one of the great novels of our time; the plot is good and well developed, the style has the quaint and pleasing flavor of its age, the time of James II., with Sedgemoor for its point of highest interest, and the figures have much more life and movement than in any other of his novels. Recounting the savage deeds of the outlawed Doones in the depths of Bagworthy forest, the author depicts the beauty and charming character

of his heroine, Lorna; he describes the herculean strength and robust honesty of John Ridd, and gives us a treat indeed in Tom Faggus. Lord Russell and the pure, proud Algernon Sydney figure in the story, which is set in a world of natural loveliness and teems with incident and episode. The combat between Carver Doone and the hero is one of the most tremendous things in fiction; and the word-picture of the fatal field of Sedgemoor when "noble countrymen, armed with scythe, pickaxe, blacksmith's hammer or fold-pitchers, stood for hours against blazing musketry and deadly cannon, against men they could not get at by reason of the water-dykes, shouting out 'Cross the rhaine and coom within reache!'" is clear and strong. Blackmore's women are figures of charming tenderness and grace, and in rare insight into and sympathy with inanimate life he stands alone among English novelists.

A GREAT SNOW STORM.

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickle's men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And here it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the watercourses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used. However, we trudged along in a line; I first, and the other men after me; trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning; certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife, and blessings to his children. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large; for

I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March, while sowing peas; but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing, nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering, some laughter, and a little swearing, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was huddled.

But behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them around, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of frost. . . .

Of the sheep upon the mountain, and the sheep upon the western farm, and the cattle on the upper barrows, scarcely one in ten was saved, do what we would for them. And this was not through any neglect, but from the pure impossibility of finding them at all. That great snow never ceased a moment for three days and nights; and then when all the earth was filled, and the topmost hedges were unseen, and the trees broke down with weight (wherever the wind had not lightened them), a brilliant sun broke forth and showed the loss of all our customs.

All our house was quite snowed up, except where we

had purged a way by dint of constant shovellings. The kitchen was as dark, and darker, than the cider-cellar, and long lines of furrowed scallops ran even up to the chimney-stacks. Several windows fell right inward, through the weight of the snow against them; and the few that stood bulged in, and bent like an old bruised lantern. We were obliged to cook by candle-light; we were forced to read by candle-light; as for baking, we could not do it because the oven was too chill; and a load of fagots only brought a little wet down the sides of it.

For when the sun burst forth at last upon that world of white, what he brought was neither warmth, nor cheer, nor hope of softening; only a clearer shaft of cold from the violent depths of sky. Long-drawn alleys of white haze seemed to lead toward him, yet such as he could not come down with any warmth remaining. Broad white curtains of the frost-fog looped around the lower sky, on the verge of hill and valley, and above the laden trees. Only round the sun itself, and the spot of heaven he claimed, clustered a bright purple-blue, clear, and calm, and deep.

That night such a frost ensued as we had never dreamed of, neither read in ancient books, or histories of Frobisher. The kettle by the fire froze, and the crock upon the hearth-cheeks; many men were killed, and cattle rigid in their head-ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound which never I had heard before, neither since have heard (except during that same winter), the sharp yet solemn sound of trees burst open by the frost-blow. Our great walnut lost three branches, and has been dying ever since; though growing meanwhile, as the soul does. And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many score of ash-trees. But why should I tell all this? The people who have not seen it (as I have) will only make faces, and disbelieve, till such another frost comes, which perhaps may never be. — *Lorna Doone.*

BLACKSTONE, Sir William, an English jurist; born at London, July 10, 1723; died there, February 14, 1780. At the age of fifteen he obtained a scholarship at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was a diligent student, especially of classical poetry. Having, however, chosen law as his profession, he entered the Middle Temple in 1741, upon which occasion he wrote a little poem entitled *A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse.* A few lines from the commencement and the close of this poem are worth quoting:

A LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his native home;
Pensive he treads the destined way
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay,
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

He then recounts what he must lose in leaving letters for law, but hopes that he will gain more than he shall have lost. Closing the survey, he thus concludes:

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,

The toil by day, the lamp at night;
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate;
The drowsy Bench, the babbling Hall —
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Yet, when legal work shall have been accomplished, Blackstone looks forward to a serene repose:

Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell
Where sage retirement loves to dwell:
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe;
Uncursèd by the harpy tribe,
No orphan's cry to wound my ear, —
My honor and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

Blackstone was formally called to the bar in 1746. His strictly professional career need not here be narrated. In 1753 he went to Oxford to deliver a course of lectures upon law. These attracted no little notice, and a Professorship of English Law having been established at Oxford, he was appointed to the chair. Professional honors flowed in upon him. He was twice elected to Parliament, and in 1770 he was knighted and made a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Blackstone's reputation, however, rests mainly upon his *Commentaries on the Laws of England,* the first volume of which appeared in 1765. This work has been often re-edited so as to adapt it to existing circumstances, but *Blackstone's Commentaries* are still

recognized as indispensable for the student of law. A single extract is here given by way of evincing the manner of the author:

THE MODE OF COMMENCING THE STUDY OF LAW.

I think it past dispute that those gentlemen who resort to the Inns of Court with a view to pursue the profession, will find it expedient (whenever it is practicable) to lay the previous foundations of this, as well as every other science, in one of our learned universities. We may appeal to the experience of every sensible lawyer, whether anything can be more hazardous or discouraging than the usual entrance on the study of the law. A raw and unexperienced youth, in the most dangerous season of life, is transplanted on a sudden into the midst of allurements to pleasure, without any restraint or check but what his own prudence can suggest; with no public direction in what course to pursue his inquiries; no private assistance to remove the distresses and difficulties which will always embarrass a beginner. In this situation he is expected to sequester himself from the world, and by a tedious, lonely process to extract the theory of law from a mass of undigested learning; or else, by an assiduous attendance on the courts, to pick up theory and practice together, sufficient to qualify him for the ordinary run of business. How little, therefore, is it to be wondered at that we hear of so frequent miscarriages; that so many gentlemen of bright imaginations grow weary of so unpromising a search, and addict themselves wholly to amusements, or other less innocent pursuits; and that so many persons of moderate capacity confuse themselves at first setting out, and continue ever dark and puzzled during the remainder of their lives!

The evident want of some assistance in the rudiments of legal knowledge has given birth to a practice, which, if ever it had grown to be general, must have proved of extremely pernicious consequence. I mean the custom, by some so very warmly recommended, of dropping all liberal education, as of no use to students in the law,

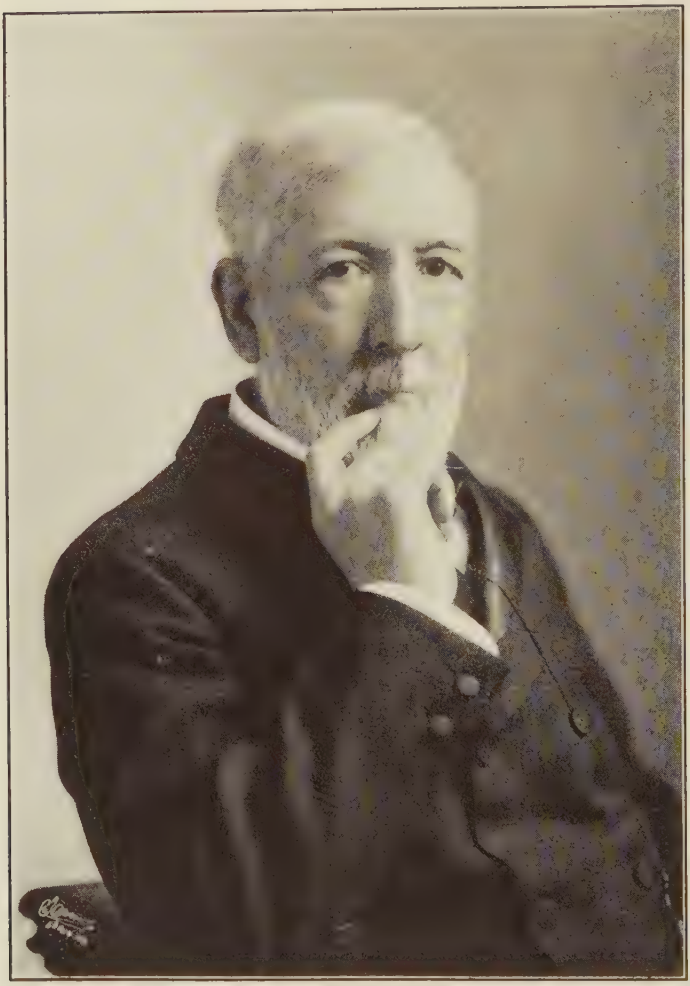
and placing them, in its stead, at the desk of some skilful attorney, in order to initiate them early in all the depths of practice, and render them more dextrous in the mechanical part of business. A few instances of particular persons (men of excellent learning and unblemished integrity), who, in spite of this method of education, have shone in the foremost ranks of the bar, have afforded some kind of sanction to this illiberal path to the profession, and biased many parents of short-sighted judgment in its favor; not considering that there are some geniuses formed to overcome all disadvantages, and that from such particular instances no general rules can be formed; nor observing that those very persons have frequently recommended, by the most forcible of all examples, the disposal of their own offspring, a very different foundation of legal studies, a regular academical education. Perhaps, too, in return, I could now direct their eyes to our principal seats of justice, and suggest a few hints in favor of university learning; but in these all who hear me, I know, have already prevented me.

Making, therefore, due allowance for one or two shining exceptions, experience may teach us to foretell that a lawyer thus educated to the bar, in subservience to attorneys and solicitors, will find he has begun at the wrong end. If practice be the whole he is taught, practice must also be the whole he will ever know; if he be uninstructed in the elements and first principles upon which the rule of practice is founded, the least variation from established precedents will totally distract and bewilder him; *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his knowledge will arrive at; he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect to comprehend any arguments drawn *à priori* from the spirit of the laws, and the natural foundations of justice.

Nor is this all; for (as few persons of birth and fortune, or even scholastic education, will submit to the drudgery of servitude, and the manual labor of copying the trash of an office), should this infatuation prevail to any considerable degree, we must rarely expect to see a gentleman of distinction or bearing at the bar. And

what the consequences may be, to have the interpretation and enforcement of the laws (which include the entire disposal of our properties, liberties, and lives) fall wholly into the hands of obscure and illiterate men, is matter of very public concern.

The inconveniences here pointed out can never be effectually prevented but by making academical education a previous step to the profession of the common law, and at the same time making the rudiments of the law a part of academical education; for sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other: nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistances drawn from other arts. If, therefore, the student in our laws hath formed both his sentiments and style by perusal and imitation of the purest classical writers, among whom the historians and orators will best deserve his regard; if he can reason with precision, and separate argument from fallacy, by the clear, simple rules of pure unsophisticated logic; if he can fix his attention, and steadily pursue truth through any the most intricate deduction, by the use of mathematical demonstrations; if he has enlarged his conceptions of nature and art by a view of the several branches of genuine experimental philosophy; if he has impressed on his mind the sound maxims of the law of nature, the best and most authentic foundation of human laws; if, lastly, he has contemplated those maxims reduced to a practical system in the laws of Imperial Rome; if he has done this or any part of it (though all may be easily done under as able instructors as ever graced any seats of learning), a student thus qualified may enter upon the study of the law with incredible advantage and reputation. And if, at the conclusion, or during the acquisition of these accomplishments, he will afford himself here a year or two's further leisure to lay the foundation of his future labors in a solid scientific method, without thirsting too early to attend the practice which it was impossible he should rightly comprehend, he will afterward proceed with the greatest ease, and will unfold the most intricate points



JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

with an intuitive rapidity and clearness. — ***Introduction to the Commentaries.***

BLAINE, James Gillespie, an American statesman, orator, and author; born at West Brownsville, Pa., January 31, 1830; died at Washington, D. C., January 27, 1893. He came of patriotic blood, being descended from Colonel Ephraim Blaine, a Commissary-General of the American army during four years of the struggle for independence. His parents gave special care to the education of their children. In 1842 they removed to Washington, Pa., the seat of Washington College, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen. After graduation he spent several years in teaching, and studied law, though he never applied for admission to the bar. In 1853 he removed to Augusta, Me., his wife's native State, and became editor and part proprietor of the *Kennebec Journal,* a Whig weekly paper of considerable influence. In 1857 he sold his interest in this paper and took editorial charge of the Portland *Daily Advertiser.* He was a delegate to the first Republican National Convention, and on his return to Augusta made his first appearance as a public speaker in a report of its proceedings. On his election to the Maine Legislature, in 1858, he quitted journalism, which had been an efficient instructor in political knowledge. In the same year he became Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, a position which he occupied for twenty years.

The succeeding events of Mr. Blaine's life and his conspicuous public services belong to the records of statesmanship rather than to those of literature. They may be briefly summed up thus: He served four years in the Maine Legislature, two of them being Speaker of the House; from 1862 to 1876 he was a member of Congress in the House of Representatives, serving as Speaker for six years. He was then transferred to the Senate, and was subsequently elected for the term expiring in March, 1883. Twice he had been a candidate for nomination to the Presidency, falling short in the first instance by only twenty-seven votes. On the election of Mr. Garfield he was appointed Secretary of State, but he resigned the office soon after the President's death in 1882. In 1884 Mr. Blaine published the first volume of his work, *Twenty Years of Congress,* in which he reveiws the events leading to the war for the Union, relates the story of the American people, and discusses the great problems presented to them for solution.

In 1884 he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency. After his defeat he set about the completion of his book, and published the second volume in 1885. He also arranged and published a collection of his speeches, entitled *Political Discussions, Legislative, Diplomatic, and Popular* (1887). He spent a part of the later years of his life in European travel.

In President Harrison's administration he was again Secretary of State, until his resignation in 1892. The foreign policy interrupted by the death of Mr. Garfield was resumed, and his project of a Pan-American Congress for the cultivation of friendly relations between the States of the Western Hemisphere was carried out. He effected the ratification of reciprocity treaties

with Brazil, with Spain for Cuba, with Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, San Domingo, the republics of Central America, British Guiana, and the British West Indies with the exception of the Bahamas. An extradition treaty was made with Canada, and questions in relation to Italy and Samoa were satisfactorily settled.

In 1892, notwithstanding his express statement that he was not a candidate for nomination, his name was presented to the Republican Convention by Senator Wolcott of Colorado. The first ballot gave the nomination to President Harrison. In the ensuing campaign Mr. Blaine took little active part, though he urged all Republicans to support their candidate. His failing health and domestic sorrows kept him out of public life. Death came peacefully just before the completion of his sixty-third year.

OUR RESOURCES.

To those who may be disposed to doubt the future progress of our country according to the ratio assumed, a few familiar considerations in respect to our resources may be recalled with advantage. We occupy a territory at least three million square miles in extent, within a fraction as large as the whole of Europe. Our habitable and cultivable area is, indeed, larger than that of all Europe, to say nothing of the superior fertility and general productiveness of our soil. So vast is our extent, that, though we may glibly repeat its numerical measure, we find it most difficult to form any just conception of it. The State of Texas alone is equal in area to the Empire of France and the Kingdom of Portugal united; and yet these two monarchies support a population of 40,000,000, while Texas has but 600,000 inhabitants. Or, if we wish for a comparative measure nearer home, let me state that the area of Texas is greater than that of the

six New England States, together with New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Indiana combined. California, the second State in size, is equal in extent to the Kingdom of Spain and the Kingdom of Belgium together. The land that is still in the hands of Government, not sold or even pre-empted, amounts to a thousand millions of acres — an extent of territory thirteen times as large as Great Britain, and equal in area to all the Kingdoms of Europe, Russia and Turkey alone excepted. Mere territorial extent does not of course imply future greatness, though it is one requisite to it. In our case it is so vast an element that we may be pardoned for dwelling on it with emphasis and iteration.

Combined with this great expanse of territory we have facilities for the acquisition and consolidation of wealth — varied, magnificent, and immeasurable. Our agricultural resources, bounteous beyond estimate, are, by the application of mechanical skill and labor-saving machinery, receiving a development each decade, which a century in the past would have failed to secure, and which a century in the future will place beyond all present power of computation — giving us so far the lead in the production of those staple articles essential to life and civilization that we become the arbiter of the world's destiny without aiming at the world's empire. The single State of Illinois, cultivated to its capacity, can produce as large a crop of cereals as has ever been grown within the limits of the United States; while Texas, if peopled but half as densely as Maryland even, could give an annual return of cotton larger than the largest that has ever been grown in all the Southern States combined. Our facilities for commerce and exchange, both domestic and foreign — who shall measure them? Our oceans, our vast inland seas, our marvelous flow of navigable streams, our canals, our network of railroads more than thirty thousand miles in extent,— *these* give us avenues of trade and channels of communication both natural and artificial, such as no other nation has ever enjoyed and which tend to the production of wealth with a rapidity not to be measured by any standard of the past. The

enormous field for manufacturing industry in all its complex and endless variety — with our raw material, our wonderful motive-power both by water and steam, our healthful climate, our cheap carriage, our home consumption, our foreign demand — foreshadows a traffic whose magnitude and whose profit cannot now be estimated! Our mines of gold and silver and iron and copper and lead and coal, with their untold and unimaginable wealth, spread over millions of acres of territory in the valley, on the mountain side, along rivers, yielding already a rich harvest, are destined yet to increase a thousand-fold, until their every-day treasures,

> familiar grown,
> Shall realize Orient's fabled wealth.

These are the great elements of material progress; and they comprehend the entire circle of human enterprise — Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Mining. They assure to us an increase in property and population that will surpass the most sanguine deductions of our census tables, framed as those tables are upon the ratios and relations of our progress in the past. They give into our hands, under the blessing of Almighty God, the power to command our fate as a nation. They hold out to us the grandest future reserved for any people; and with this promise they teach us the lesson of patience, and render confidence and fortitude a duty. With such amplitude and affluence of resources, and with such a vast stake at issue, we should be unworthy of our lineage and our inheritance if we for one moment distrusted our ability to maintain ourselves a united people, with "one Country, one Constitution, one Destiny."— *Political Discussions, Speech of April 21, 1864.*

BLAIR, Hugh, a Scottish divine, critic, and lecturer, born at Edinburgh, April 7, 1718; died there, December 27, 1800. He became successively minister in several churches, lastly of the High Church, Edinburgh. In 1759 he began at the College of Edinburgh a course of *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres,* which were so favorably received that three years afterward, by order of George III., a professorship was founded there, and Blair was appointed to the chair. In 1763 he published a *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian,* the genuineness of which he warmly maintained. In 1777 he published a volume of *Sermons,* which was followed at intervals by four other volumes, the last being published after his death. The publication of these sermons not only brought considerable money to the author, but the first volume procured for him a government pension of £200. In the preface he says: "The author gives them to the world neither as a work wholly original, nor as a compilation from the writings of others. On every subject contained in them he has thought for himself." Professor Spalding thus characterizes these once celebrated lectures: "Their merit lies in their good taste and the elaborate elegance of the language." His *Lectures* have been frequently reprinted.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TASTE AND GENIUS.

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it.

Taste consists in the power of judging; Genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable de-

gree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived; but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator. It is proper also to observe that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry; of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excellence in some one particular is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved; but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts — such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence — all together; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare; or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of Universal Genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any: although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds good that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive, in a manner, of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely. — *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres.*

BLAIR, Robert, a Scottish clergyman and poet; born in Edinburgh in 1699; died at Athelstaneford, February 4, 1746. He entered the ministry of the Scottish Church, and in 1731 was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, where he died; and in 1857 an obelisk was erected to his memory, over his grave. Apart from his professional income, he had a moderate private fortune, and was esteemed for his fine culture and for his scientific knowledge, especially in botany and floriculture. He was a frequent correspondent of Isaac Watts and Philip Doddridge, to whose judgment he submitted the manuscript of his poem *The Grave,* which was composed previous to his ordination. This poem — about all we have of Robert Blair — was not published until 1743. It at first received little recognition; but a few competent critics praised it, and in time it came into general notice. In 1808 a sumptuous edition was put forth, at the price of five guineas, with illustrations designed by William Blake. Thomas Campbell, in his essay on *English Poetry* (1820), speaks thus of Blair's poem: "The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so familiar and simple a character as that of *The Grave.* It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque." It is worthy of note that Blair was succeeded in the living of Athelstaneford by John Home, author of the tragedy of *Douglas.*

OBLIVION OF THE GRAVE.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work? —
Alas! how slim — dishonorably slim;
And crammed into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave –
Of being unmolested and alone!

CATHEDRAL SEPULCHRES.

See yonder hallowed fane, the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot
And buried midst the wreck of things that were:
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rocked in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black-plastered, and hung round with threads of 'scutcheons,
And tattered coats-of-arms, send back the sound,

Laden with heavier airs from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks — ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more: it makes one's blood run cold.
— *The Grave.*

In Blair's poem the following lines occur:

Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

Campbell, in *The Pleasures of Hope,* appropriates the last line bodily, with a single change — by no means for the better:

What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel visits, few and far between.

The same thought had been even better expressed half a century earlier by John Norris, in his poem *The Parting:*

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like angel's visits short and bright:
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.

BLAKE, WILLIAM, an English poet, engraver and painter; born at London, November 28, 1757; died there, August 12, 1827. He was the son of a hosier, but, manifesting an invincible tendency toward art, he was apprenticed to an engraver, and devoted all his spare, hours to drawing, receiving occasional instruction from Flaxman and Fuseli. He invented — by direct divine inspiration, as he believed — a new method of reproducing sketches, the essential feature of which was making the drawing upon a metallic plate with a kind of oily ink or varnish, then biting down the surface of the plate by an acid, leaving the lines of the drawing in relief. These plates were prepared by himself, printed off, and often tinted in colors by him and by his wife. The sale of these works was his main source of livelihood, and they sufficed for all his modest requirements. The current statement, which has found its way into most biographical dictionaries, that "he died in poverty and obscurity," is quite erroneous. He lived in comfort, and left something for his widow — the dark-eyed "Kate," as he was wont lovingly to call her. Of Blake as an artist, this is not the place to speak in detail. Those are not wanting who regard him as the one original English artist of his day. Some have gone so far as to style him the greatest English poet of his time. Thus, Charles Lamb designates him as "one of the most extraordinary persons of the age"; and Algernon Charles Swinburne avers that "he was the single Englishman of supreme and poetic genius of his time." The *Life* of Blake has been written by Allan Cunningham (1829), and by Alexander Gilchrist

(1863). The *Poetical Works* of Blake, collected and edited by W. M. Rossetti (1874), leave little wanting to enable us to fairly assign to him his place as a poet.

TO THE MUSES.

Whether on Ida's shady brow
Or in the chamber of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Where the melodious winds have birth;
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have ye left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

—*Poetical Sketches.*

THE PIPER AND THE CHILD.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read."—
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.
—*Introduction of Songs of Innocence.*

TO A LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek, and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!
—*Songs of Innocence.*

TO THE TIGER.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the Stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—*Songs of Experience.*

In his middle and later years Blake lived an almost ideal life; made numerous weird drawings and wrote not a few weird poems, among which are *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,* and *Jerusalem: the Emanation of the Giant Albion.* The beings who presented

themselves to his imagination were to him hardly less real than those whom he was wont to encounter day by day. It seemed to him that he had lived in other lives; had known Moses and Homer, Virgil and Pindar, Dante and Milton, and that they often visited him. When asked what aspect they bore, he said: "They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." No wonder that people who heard him talk in this strain set him down as at least half insane. But he always made a clear distinction between these realities of the imagination and the other realities of this earthly life of man. The sights and voices which came to him from other worlds were as real — neither more so nor less — than those of which Wordsworth speaks in his sublime ode on the *Intimations of Immortality.* The closing scene of Blake's life is thus told: "Three days before his death he was working upon one of his pictures, 'The Ancient of Days.' He sat up, bolstered in his bed, and tinted it with his choicest colors, and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it, held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, 'There, that will do; I cannot mend it!' He saw his wife in tears — she felt that this was to be the last of his works. 'Stay, Kate,' cried Blake; 'keep just as you are; I will draw your portrait, for you have ever been an angel to me.' She obeyed, and the dying artist — three-score and ten years old — made it a fine likeness."

BLANC, Auguste Charles, a French art-critic; born at Castres, November 15, 1813; died at Paris, January 17, 1882. He was educated with a view to his becoming an engraver; but he early devoted himself to literature, and began to write art-criticisms for journals with which his brother was connected. Except when drawn into attempts at political journalism with Louis, his life was given up to the critical discussion of art. His *Histoire de Peintres* procured his appointment as Director of Fine Arts after the revolution of 1848. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1876, and two years later he became Professor of Æsthetics and Art-History in the College de France. Blanc's *Grammaire des Arts au Dessin,* published in 1867, is considered the foundation of the scientific method of art-criticism. He wrote several books on domestic decoration and on architecture, all of which are acknowledged as classics of art-literature.

PERSPECTIVE AND SENTIMENT.

Strange and beneficent illusion, which testifies at the same time to our littleness and our grandeur! Only the eye of God can see the universe geometrically; man, in his infirmity, sees only foreshortenings. Yet as if all nature were subject to him he runs his intelligent eye over it, and each of his movements changing his point of sight, the lines come of themselves to converge there and form for him a spectacle always changing, always new. Perspective is, so to say, the ideal of visible things, and it is not surprising that the old Italian masters vaunted its charms. But this ideal, like the other, ceaselessly flies and escapes us. Always within reach of the eye, we can never seize it. As man advances toward his

horizon, his horizon retreats from him, and the lines that seem to unite in the remote distance, remain eternally separate in their eternal convergence. Man bears within himself, as it were, a mobile poetry that obeys the will of his movements, and that seems to have been given him to veil the nakedness of the true, to correct the rigor of the absolute, and to soften in his eyes the inexorable laws of the divine geometry. — *Grammar of Painting; translation of* KATE NEWELL DOGGETT.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AN ART.

There is room for sentiment on the part of the wood-engraver even when everything has been indicated, fixed for him. With more reason may he become an artist when the designer has left him a choice, for it sometimes happens that the drawing given to the engraver is made by a painter, who, not knowing how to trace line by line the forms of his thoughts, or not wishing to take the trouble, has only expressed it in mass. The work is then abandoned to the engraver. He must render the chiaro oscuro by a cutting that seems to him more expressive than another; must calculate the width of his strokes; make them simple or crossed; follow the evolutions indicative of the object represented; attenuate the strokes; interrupt them by points lighter and lighter as he recedes from the foreground, or draws near the light. In such cases the wood-engraver becomes an artist.— *Grammar of Engraving; translation of* KATE NEWELL DOGGETT.

BLUE.

The expression of blue is one of purity. It is impossible to attach to this color the idea of boldness, license, or voluptuousness. Blue is an unobtrusive and imaginative color, which, recalling the impalpable ether and the clearness of the calm sea, necessarily pleases the poet by its immaterial and celestial character. It does not yet suit, or it no longer suits, like golden and flame color, the time of love. It is, moreover, of all colors, that which ascends the highest and descends the lowest in the

scale of chiaro oscuro. Nothing so much resembles white as light blue, so linen is bleached with blue, and nothing so much resembles black as dark blue — the *bleu d' Enfer* as dyers call it. The result is that this color is more susceptible than others of approaching extremes, and thereby changing its character. It may be suitable in its light shade for the dress of an innocent maiden, and in its dark for romantic affection and evening thoughts. It seems in this latter case to indicate a mind which is beginning to withdraw itself from the realities of life, and to incline to solitude, mystery, and silence. — *Art in Ornament and Dress.*

BLAND, EDITH NESBIT ("E. NESBIT"), an English novelist and poet; born at London, August 15, 1858. She was married to Hubert Bland in 1879. Her works include poems, novels and a series of books for children. In 1886 she published *Lays and Legends* and in 1888 *Leaves of my Life.* These were followed by *A Pomander of Verse* (1893); *Something Wrong* (1893); *Grim Tales* (1894); *The Warden Mystery* (1896); *Songs of Love and Empire* (1897); *The Secret of Kyrids* (1898); *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* (1899); *Pussy and Doggie Tales* (1899); *The Book of Dragons* (1900); *The Would-Be Goods* (1900); *Nine Unlucky Tales* (1901); *Thirteen Ways Home* (1901); *Five Children and It* (1902). She also published with Barron *The Prophet's Mantle* (1889); *The Butler in Bohemia* (1894), and *The Red House* (1902), with Hubert Bland, and *The Literary Sense* (1903).

THE LEAVES OF LIFE.

The leaves of life are falling one by one —
The woods once thick and green are brown and sere;
And youth with all her bounteous hours is done,
And age is here.

The leaves of life are falling one by one —
And one by one the heavy hours fall past,
And the glad hours we prayed might ne'er be gone,
Are gone at last.

The leaves of life are falling one by one —
Old dreams, old friends, we watch them fall away;
And all our music takes a minor tone,
Our skies grow gray.

The leaves of life are falling one by one —
Best, worst, loved, hated, happy days and sad,
Each the inevitable course has run,
The present had.

The leaves of life are falling one by one —
Till, after all the gladness and the strife,
We see the redness of the setting sun
Light up our life.

And good seems not so good — ill not so ill;
And things look other than they used to seem;
Ourselves more vague, questions of fate and will
Less like a dream.

And then why leaves should fall we think we know,
Because the Autumn comes before the Spring —
The Eternal Spring, where flowers will always blow,
Birds always sing.

THE PRINCESS PANDORA.

Of course, there was a grand party when Princess Pandora came of age. The palace was hung with garlands of white roses, all the carpets were taken up, and

the floor of every room was covered close with green turf with daisies in it, for in that country the cruel practice of rooting daisies out of lawns with a spud was a crime.

The Queen-mother had died when Pandora was a little baby, so now the Princess had to be hostess, and to receive all the guests, and talk to each one a little, and see that everyone had enough to eat and the right sort of person to talk to.

She did it all very nicely indeed, for she was a properly brought up Princess and had been to a school for the daughters of monarchs only, where, every Wednesday evening, she and her schoolfellows were taught "deportment, manners, and how to behave at Court."

All the guests went away very pleased with her and with themselves, which is how people ought always to feel after a party.

When they had all gone she went and curled up at the feet of her father, who had sunk back on his throne exhausted by his hospitable exertions. The two were quite alone.

"Well, daddy, dear," said the Princess, "did it go off all right? Did I behave prettily?"

"Ah!" said the King, "you're a born Princess, my pet. Pretty face, pretty manners, good heart, good head. You're your dear mother over again. And that reminds me——"

"Yes?" said the Princess.

"When your mother died," said the King — and he sighed, though it was twenty-one years to a day since he had lost his Queen-love —"I promised her to lock up her apartments, and only to give the keys of them to you when you should be twenty-one. And now you *are;* so here are the keys, my precious. You've always wanted to explore the rooms in the south wing. Well, now you can."

"How lovely!" cried the Princess, jumping up; "won't you come too, daddy?"

"I'd rather not, dear," said the King, so sadly that Pandora at once said: —

"Well, then *I* won't either. I'll stay with you."

But the King said "No," and she had better take a housemaid or two with brooms and dusters. "The dust grows thick in twenty-one years," said he.

But the Princess didn't want any of the palace housemaids to help her to explore her mother's rooms. She went alone, holding up her cloth-of-silver train because of the dust.

And the rooms that she unlocked with the six gold keys with pearls in their handles were very dusty indeed. The windows were yellow with dust, so the Princess threw them all open. And then, even through the dust, she could see how beautiful the rooms were — far more beautiful even than her own — and everyone had always said that hers were the most beautiful rooms in the seven kingdoms. She dusted the tops of a few of the tables and cabinets with her lace handkerchief, so that she could just see how everything was inlaid with ivory and jade and ebony and precious stones.

Six of the keys — the pearly ones — opened six beautiful rooms, but the seventh had rubies in its handle, and it was a little, little key, not at all like a door-key; so Pandora looked about for a little keyhole that the key would fit, and at last she found a cabinet of ebony inlaid with gold and red tortoiseshell, and the little seventh key just fitted through the opening of the gold lock-plate and into the keyhole. Pandora turned the key and opened the cabinet. Inside the cabinet were seven little drawers with gold handles set with rubies, like the key.

Pandora pulled the drawers out one after the other. Five of the drawers contained jewels. The first was full of necklaces, the second held rings and brooches, the third had tiaras and chaplets, the fourth girdles, and the fifth bracelets, and they were all of the most beautiful jewels in the world — rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls and diamonds, and opals and many other stones that the Princess did not even know the names of.

In the sixth drawer was a dry brown wreath that fell to pieces as Pandora lifted it. It had been jasmine once, and the Queen had worn it at her wedding.

And in the seventh drawer was just one jewelled ring. It lay on a written page.

The Princess read the writing: —

"This ring is for my son's wife, or for my daughter, if I have no son. It is the magic ring given thousands of years ago to a Queen of this country. It has the power of changing the wearer into whatever shape he chooses. But it has never been used, because the Kings of this country have always been so good and kind, and clever and beloved, that their wives could never think of any change that would not be a change for the worse. There is only one thing in the world that this jewel cannot touch or change. And this is of all things in the world the most important thing."

Pandora kissed the written words and slipped the ring on to her finger. It was a wonderful stone, like a sapphire that had tried to change into an opal, and stopped halfway.

There was not a happier Princess living than Pandora.—*Muscadel,*

BLAVATSKY, Helene Petrovna, a Russian philosopher and mystic; born at Yekaterinoslay in 1831; died at London, May 8, 1891. After travelling in various parts of the world, she removed to the United States, and in 1873, founded the Theosophical Society in New York, and established *The Theosophist.* She studied the Buddhist philosophy and the esoteric doctrines of India, and by her writings and lectures made a popular cult out of the then little known religion of Theosophy. Her greatest book is *Isis Unveiled,* published in two volumes. Her other books are the *Secret Doctrine* (3 vols.); *A Modern Panarian; The Voice of the Silence; A Key*

MADAME BLAVATSKY

to Theosophy; Gems from the East, a theosophical birthday book, and *Nightmare Tales,* a volume of weird and thrilling stories of magic.

COSMO GENESIS.

Stanza I.

1. The Eternal Parent, wrapped in her ever-invisible robes, has slumbered once again for seven eternities.

2. Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom to contain it.

3. Universal Mind was not, for there were no Ah-hi of duration.

4. The seven ways to bliss were not. The great causes of misery were not, for there was no one to produce and get ensnared by them.

5. Darkness alone filled the Boundless All, for Father, Mother, and Son were once more one, and the Son had not yet awakened for the new wheel and his pilgrimage thereon.

6. The seven sublime Lords and the seven Truths had ceased to be, and the Universe, the son of Necessity, was immersed in Paranishpanna, to be outbreathed by that which is and yet is not. Naught was.

7. The causes of existence had been done away with; the visible that was, and the invisible that is, rested in eternal non-being — the One Being.

8. Alone, the one form of existence stretched boundless, infinite, causeless, in dreamless sleep; and life pulsated unconscious in universal space, throughout that all-presence, which is sensed by the opened eye of the Dangma.

9. But where was the Dangma when the Alaya of the universe was in Paramartha, and the great wheel was Anupadaka?

Stanza II.

1. . . . Where were the Builders, the luminous sons of manvantaric dawn? . . . In the unknown darkness in their Ah-hi Paranishpanna. The producers of form

from no form— the root of the world — the Devamatri and Svabhavat rested in the bliss of non-being.

2. . . . Where was silence? Where the ears to sense it? No, there was neither silence nor sound; naught save ceaseless eternal breath, which knows itself not.

3. The hour had not yet struck; the ray had not yet flashed into the germ; the Matripadma had not yet swollen.

4. Her heart had not yet opened for the one ray to enter, thence to fall, as three into four, into the lap of Maya.

5. The seven sons were not yet born from the web of light. Darkness alone was Father-Mother, Svabhavat; and Svabhavat was in darkness.

6. These two are the Germ, and the Germ is one. The Universe was still concealed in the divine thought and the divine bosom.

Stanza III.

1. . . . The last vibration of the seventh eternity thrills through infinitude. The mother swells, expanding from within without, like the bud of the lotus.

2. The vibration sweeps along, touching with its swift wings the whole universe and the germ that dwelleth in darkness, the darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of life.

3. Darkness radiates light, and light drops one solitary ray into the mother-deep. The ray shoots through the virgin egg, the ray causes the eternal egg to thrill, and drop the non-eternal germ, which condenses into the world-egg.

4. Then the three fall into the four. The radiant essence becomes seven inside, seven outside. The luminous egg, which in itself is three, curdles and spreads in milk-white curds throughout the depths of mother, the root that grows in the depths of the ocean of life.

5. The root remains, the light remains, the curds remain, and still Oeaohoo is one.

6. The root of life was in every drop of the ocean

of immortality, and the ocean was radiant light, which was fire, and heat, and motion. Darkness vanished and was no more; it disappeared in its own essence, the body of fire and water, or Father and Mother.

7. Behold, O Lanoo, the radiant child of the two, the unparalleled refulgent glory — Bright Space, son of Dark Space, which emerges from the depths of the great dark waters. It is Oeaohoo, the younger, the . . . He shines forth as the son; he is the blazing divine Dragon of Wisdom; the one is four, and four takes to itself three, and the union produces the Sapta, in whom are the seven, which become the Tridasha, the Hosts and the Multitudes. Behold him lifting the veil, and unfurling it from east to west. He shuts out the above, and leaves the below to be seen as the great illusion. He marks the places for the shining ones, and turns the upper into a shoreless sea of fire, and the one manifested into the great waters.

8. Where was the germ, and where was now darkness? Where is the spirit of the flame that burns in thy lamp, O Lanoo? The germ is that, and that is light, the white brilliant son of the dark hidden father.

9. Light is cold flame, and flame is fire, and fire produces heat, which yields water — the water of life in the great mother.

10. Father-Mother spin a web, whose upper end is fastened to spirit, the light of the one darkness, and the lower one to its shadowy end, matter; and this web is the universe, spun out of the two substances made in one, which is Svabhavat.

11. It expands when the breath of fire is upon it: it contracts when the breath of the mother touches it. Then the sons dissociate and scatter, to return into their mother's bosom at the end of the great day, and re-become one with her. When it is cooling it becomes radiant, and the sons expand and contract through their own selves and hearts; they embrace infinitude.

12. Then Svabhavat sends Fohat to harden the atoms. Each is a part of the web. Reflecting the "self-existent Lord" like a Mirror, each becomes in turn a world.

Stanza IV.

1. . . . Listen, ye sons of the Earth, to your instructors — the sons of the Fire. Learn, there is neither first nor last, for all is One: number issued from no-number.

2. Learn what we who descend from the primordial Seven, we who are born from the primordial Flame, have learnt from our fathers. . . .

3. From the effulgency of light — the ray of the ever-darkness — sprang in space the reäwakened energies; the one from the egg, the six, and the five. Then the three, the one, the four, the one, the five — the twice seven, the sum total. And these are the essences, the flames, the elements, the builders, the numbers, the arupa, the rupa, and the force of divine man, the sum total. And from the divine man emanated the forms, the sparks, the sacred animals, and the messengers of the sacred fathers within the holy four.

4. This was the army of the voice, the divine mother of the Seven. The sparks of the Seven are subject to, and the servants of, the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh of the Seven. These sparks are called spheres, triangles, cubes, lines, and modellers; for thus stands the eternal Nidana — the Oeaohoo, which is:

5. Darkness, the boundless, or the no-number, Adi-Nidana Svabhavat.

I. The Adi-Sanat, the number, for he is one.

II. The voice of the Lord Svabhavat, the numbers, for he is one and nine.

III. The "formless square."

And these three enclosed within the O are the sacred four; and the ten are the arupa universe. Then come the sons, the seven fighters, the one, the eighth left out, and his breath which is the light-maker.

6. . . . Then the second seven, who are the Lipika, produced by the three. The rejected son is one. The "son-suns" are countless.

Stanza V.

1. The primordial Seven, the first seven breaths of the Dragon of Wisdom, produce in their turn from their holy circumgyrating breaths the fiery whirlwind.

2. They make of him the messenger of their will. The Dzyu becomes Fohat: the swift son of the divine sons, whose sons are the Lipika, runs circular errands. Fohat is the steed, and the thought is the rider. He passes like lightning through the fiery clouds; takes three, and five, and seven strides through the seven regions above and the seven below. He lifts his voice, and calls the innumerable sparks, and joins them together.

3. He is their guiding spirit and leader. When he commences work, he separates the sparks of the lower kingdom, that float and thrill with joy in their radiant dwellings, and forms therewith the germs of wheels. He places them in the six directions of space, and one in the middle — the central wheel.

4. Fohat traces spiral lines to unite the sixth to the seventh — the Crown. An army of the sons of light stands at each angle; the Lipika, in the middle wheel. They say: This is good, the first divine world is ready. the first is now the second. Then the "divine Arupa" reflects itself in Chhaya Loka, the first garment of the Anupadaka.

5. Fohat takes five strides, and builds a winged wheel at each corner of the square for the four holy ones and their armies.

6. The Lipika circumscribe the triangle, the first one, the cube, the second one, and the pentacle within the egg. It is the ring called "Pass Not" for those who descend and ascend. Also for those who during the Kalpa are progressing towards the great day "Be with us". Thus were formed the Arupa and the Rupa: from one light, seven lights; from each of the seven, seven times seven lights. The wheels watch the ring. . . .

Stanza VI.

1. By the power of the mother of mercy and knowledge, Kwan-Yin — the triple of Kwan-Shai-Yin, residing

in Kwan-Yin-Tien — Fohat, the breath of their progency, the son of the sons, having called forth, from the lower abyss, the illusive form of Sien-Tchan and the seven elements.

2. The swift and the raidant one produces the seven Laya Centres, against which none will prevail to the great day "Be with us," and seats the universe on these eternal foundations, surrounding Sien-Tchan with the elementary germs.

3. Of the seven — first one manifested, six concealed; two manifested, five concealed; three manifested, four concealed; four produced, three hidden; four and one Tsan revealed, two and one-half concealed; six to be manifested, one laid aside. Lastly, seven small wheels revolving; one giving birth to the other.

4. He builds them in the likeness of older wheels, placing them on the imperishable centres.

How does Fohat build them? He collects the fiery dust. He makes balls of fire, runs through them and round them, infusing life thereinto, then sets them into motion; some one way, some the other way. They are cold, he makes them hot. They are dry, he makes them moist. They shine, he fans and cools them. Thus acts Fohat from one twilight to the other, during seven eternities.

5. At the fourth, the sons are told to create their images. One-third refuses — two obey.

The curse is pronounced. They will be born on the Fourth, suffer and cause suffering. This is the first war.

6. The older wheels rotated downward and upward. . . . The mother's spawn filled the whole. There were battles fought between the Creators and the Destroyers, and battles fought for space; the seed appearing and reäppearing continuously.

7. Make thy calculations, Lanoo, if thou wouldst learn the correct age of thy small wheel. Its fourth spoke is our Mother. Reach the fourth fruit of the fourth path of knowledge that leads to Nirvana, and thou shalt comprehend, for thou shalt see. . . .

Stanza VII.

1. Behold the beginning of sentient formless life.

First, the divine, the one from the Mother-Spirit; then, the spiritual; the three from the one, the four from the one, and the five, from which the three, the five, and the seven. These are the three-fold, the four-fold downward; the mind-born sons of the first Lord; the shining Seven. It is they who are thou, I, he, O Lanoo; they who watch over thee and thy mother earth.

2. The one ray multiplies the smaller rays. Life precedes form, and life survives the last atom of form. Through the countless rays proceeds the life-ray, the One, like a thread through many jewels.

3. When the one becomes two, the three-fold appears, and the three are one; and it is our thread, O Lanoo, the heart of the manplant called Saptaparna.

4. It is the root that never dies; the three-tongued flame of the four wicks. The wicks are the sparks that draw from the three-tongued flame shot out by the Seven — their flame, the beams and sparks of one moon reflected in the running waves of all the rivers of Earth.

5. The spark hangs from the flame by the finest thread of Fohat. It journeys through the seven worlds of Maya. It stops in the first, and is a metal and a stone; it passes into the second, and behold — a plant; the plant whirls through seven changes and becomes a sacred animal. From the combined attributes of these, Manu, the thinker, is formed. Who forms him? The seven lives and the one life. Who completes him? The five-fold Lha. And who perfects the last body? Fish, Sin and Soma. . . .

6. From the first-born the thread between the silent Watcher and his Shadow becomes more strong and radiant with every change. The morning sunlight has changed into noon-day glory. . . .

7. "This is thy present wheel," said the Flame to the Spark. "Thou art myself, my image and my shadow. I have clothed myself in thee, and thou art my Vahan to the day 'Be with us,' when thou shalt re-become myself and others, thyself and me." Then the Builders, having

donned their first clothing, descend on radiant Earth and reign over Men — who are themselves. . . .

— *The Secret Doctrine.*

BLESSINGTON, MARGARET, COUNTESS OF; born near Clonmel, Ireland, September 1, 1789; died at Paris, June 4, 1849. Her father, Edward Power, was a small landed proprietor. At the age of fifteen Margaret married a Captain Farmer, of the British army, but they soon separated. He was accidentally killed, and in 1817, shortly after his death, she was married to the rich and elderly Earl of Blessington. The beauty and cleverness of the Countess gained for her a place in London society. In 1822 the Blessingtons set out upon a continental tour, in the course of which she met with Lord Byron, who was then residing at Genoa. She wrote a work, *Conversations with Lord Byron* (1832); which excited no little notice at the time. The Earl died in 1829, leaving a jointure of £2,000 a year to his widow. She set up a splendid establishment at Gore House, Kensington, London, which became a noted resort for literary men and artists. Among the members of her household was Count Alfred D'Orsay, of French descent, and one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time. At the age of twenty-nine he had been married to a girl of fifteen, the daughter of the Earl of Blessington by a former wife. This marriage was dissolved in two years. The cost of keeping up the Gore House establishment exceeded the ample means of Lady Blessington, and she endeavored

to add to her income by literary labor. For some years every page written by her, and every one to which she attached her name, had a money value. She wrote numerous works — novels and sketches of travel — some of which were highly lauded by contemporary critics. Thus *The Court Journal* says of her books in the mass:

"As an acute and brilliant delineator of the traits and foibles of fashionable life, Lady Blessington is unequalled. She draws with a steady yet delicate hand the denizens of *le beau monde,* justly discriminating the various shades of character she has to deal with; and presents, at last, a lively picture, replete with striking contrast, yet exquisitely natural, of which we admire the execution, whilst we acknowledge the truth."

But the end of her resources came at last. The Gore House establishment was sold at auction, and the Countess and D'Orsay repaired to Paris. They were of about the same age — fifty years. Louis Napoleon had during his residence in London been one of the frequenters of Gore House. He was now President of France, and it was thought that he would do something for his old friends. But nothing came of this during the few weeks in which the Countess lived, and she died in very straitened circumstances. D'Orsay tried to earn a livelihood by painting portraits. He survived the Countess only three years, dying in 1852. Of all that Lady Blessington wrote there is nothing worth reading now except her *Conversations with Byron,* and these derive their only interest from what little light they throw upon the character of Byron. The life of Lady Blessington has been several times written, perhaps best in *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Bless-*

ington, by R. R. Madden (1855). The best which can be said of her is the epitaph for her tomb, written by B. W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall"):

"In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science, in distant lands sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits and painters of her own country, found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need — help, sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest."

BLICHER, STEEN STEENSEN, a Danish poet and novelist; born at Vium, Jutland, October 11, 1782; died at Spentrup, March 26, 1848. He went, about the commencement of the century, to Copenhagen, where he began the study of theology; but his sympathies were altogether toward the profession of letters, and in 1809 he began the issue of an excellent translation of Macpherson's *Poems of Ossian.* He obtained a position as pastor of a church in Jutland, and here he brought out, in 1814, his first poems. Ten years later he began to publish a series of tales which became very popular, and which procured for him for the time the name of "the Walter Scott of Denmark." These deal mainly with the manners and customs of the people of Jutland; they are remarkably true to life, and have exerted a great influence on the literature of Denmark. As a poet,

Blicher was thoughtful tender. and eminently national.

THE GIPSY'S DEATH.

At the time when we were to have our second boy christened, as I was going to the parson's to arrange the matter, passing by the marshy place where I had first seen the Gipsy, I saw someone lying in the heather at the side of the bog, with his legs hanging over into the ditch. "Why," said I — for it was the Gipsy — "are you here thus alone? and what ails you?" "Ah," he gasped, incoherently, "I am dying!" "But where," said I, "are the women? Have they left you thus to perish by the roadside?" "Aye," said he by an inclination of the head, endeavoring to articulate the word "Water!" With my hat I lifted some rain-water from the ditch to his mouth. It was in vain; the mouth opened, but he was past drinking; and drawing up his legs, he gave up the ghost. I passed on sorrowfully to the parson's; and of him I asked that what was left of the Gipsy might have the shelter of the church-yard. Then I took the poor Gipsy in my own wagon; and I nailed together a few boards; and I laid him in the northwest corner of the churchyard; and there he now lies.

MOORLAND MEDITATION.

I lay on my heathery hills alone;
The storm-winds rushed o'er me in turbulence loud;
My head rested lone on the gray moorland stone;
My eyes wandered skyward from cloud unto cloud.

There wandered my eyes, but my thoughts onward passed,
Far beyond cloud-track or tempest's career;
At times I hummed songs, and the desolate waste
Was the first the sad chimes of my spirit to hear.

Gloomy and gray are the moorlands where rest
My fathers, yet there doth the wild heather bloom;
And amid the old cairns the lark buildeth her nest,
And sings in the desert, o'er hill-top and tomb.

— HOWITT'S *translation.*

THE PARSONAGE.

As yet I saw nothing; a few seconds later, and the parsonage lay as if just under our feet. While the coachman halted to lock the wheel, as is customary in driving down steep hills, I stood up in the carriage, that I might properly enjoy this delicious and unexpected view. Beneath my feet lay that humble priest's dwelling, thatched with ling, and with walls of bluish gray; behind it extended a pretty little garden, fenced in with storm-defying elder and lilac, and well planted with cherry and apple trees; and beyond that a verdant but narrow stretch of pasture-land which extended three or four miles down to the river, the water of which glittered in the midday's sun. In the garden — for so lofty were the heights on which we stood, that I could overlook the half of it, and the greatest part of the court — in the garden I remarked that a somewhat numerous and gay company was assembled, who lately must have left a plentifully spread table, for they were talking more loudly, laughing and singing more merrily, than is usual before dinner; and almost immediately afterward came a young girl from the house with a coffee-pot, another followed with cream, a third with cups, a fourth and fifth with a table, in the carrying of which many young gentlemen were emulous to take part. After these came children running with chairs, pipes, and all other necessaries for smoking; others again carried out musical instruments — a pair of violins, a flute, and a venerable violoncello. In the neighborhood of Copenhagen such a scene would have been passed over without observation; the eye merely passes over the groups to see if an acquaintance or two may be among them, and then goes onward, without pausing on its way. But here, far away among the moorlands of Jutland — here it was an electrifying sight. — HOWITT'S *Literature of Northern Europe.*

BLIND HARRY, a Scottish minstrel, who flourished about 1460. Of him little is told except that he was born blind; that he composed his poem *The Wallace* about 1460, and made a living by reciting it about the country — much as blind Homer is said to have done with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The poem contains about 12,000 rhymed decasyllabic lines — a little more than *Paradise Lost*. In a historical point of view, *The Wallace* is of little value. The national hero of Scotland lived some two centuries earlier than Blind Harry, who professes to have founded his poem upon a work written in Latin by Arnold Blair, a chaplain of William Wallace. The only known manuscript of Blind Harry's poem is dated in 1488, and was transcribed by a clever scribe named John Ramsay. It is plausibly conjectured that he wrote it from the dictation of the blind poet. A few of the opening lines of this manuscript will show the orthography of the language at the time when it was written.

OPENING LINES OF "THE WALLACE."

Our antecessouris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mynde thar nobille worthi deide,
We lat ourslide throw werray sleuthfulnes;
And castis ws euir till vthir besynes.
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,
It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent,
Our ald ennymys, cummyn of Saxonys blud,
That neuyr yeit to Scotland wald do gud,
Bot euir on fors, and contrar haile thair will
Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth tham till.

In the following extract the orthography has been changed so as to correspond to more modern Scottish usage. As the story goes, Fawdon, one of the followers of Wallace, was suspected of being in league with the English, who, led by a bloodhound, were in hot pursuit. Wallace killed Fawdon, and with a small party took shelter in Gask Hall, where an apparition appeared to them:

FAWDON'S GHOST.

In the Gask Hall their lodging have they ta'en;
Fire gat they soon, but meat then had they nane.
Twa sheep they took beside them aff a fauld,
Ordained to sup into that seemly hauld,
Graithed in haste some food for them to dicht.
So heard they blaw rude hornis upon heicht.
Twa sent he forth to look which it micht be;
They bade richt lang, and no tidings heard he,
But bousteous noise so brimly blew and fast
So other twa into the wood furth passed,
Nane came again, but bouteously gan blaw;
Into great ire he sent them furth on raw.
When he alane Wallace was leaved there,
The awful blast abounded meikle mair.
Then trowed he weel they had his lodging seen;
His sword he drew, of noble metal keen;
Syne furth he went whereat he heard the horn;
Without the door Fawdon was him beforn,
As till his sight, his awn head in his hand;
A cross he made, when he saw him so stand.
At Wallace in the head he swaket there;
And he in haste soon hint [it] by the hair.
Syne out again at him he could it cast;
Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.
Right weel he trowed that was no sprite of man!
It was some devil, at sic malice began.
He wist no weel there langer for to bide,
Up through the hall thus wight Wallace gan glide

Till a close stair; the boardis rave in twine,
Fifteen feet large he lap out of that in;
Up the water suddenly he could fare.
Again he blent what 'pearance he saw there;
Him thocht he saw Fawdoun that ugly squire;
That hail Hall he had sent in a fire;
A great rafter he had intill his hand.
Wallace as then no longer would he stand.
Of his gude men full great marvel had he,
How they were through his feil fantasy!
Traists richt weel all this was sooth indeed,
Suppose that it no point be of the creed,
Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
The time when he parted frae heaven to hell
By sic mischief gif his men might be lost,
Drownit or slain amang the English host;
Or what it was in likeness of Fawdoun,
Whilk brocht his men to sudden confusion;
Or if the man ended in evil intent,
Some wicked spreit again for him present,
I can not speak of sic divinity;
To clerks I will let all sic matters be.

BLIND, KARL, a German writer on mythology and Germanic literature; born at Mannheim, September 4, 1826. He was educated at Heidelberg and Bonn. From his student days until he removed to England in 1852 he was engaged in the cause of German freedom and union, and was frequently imprisoned. His books include *Fire-burial Among Our German Forefathers; Teutonic Cremation; Yggdrasil, or the Teutonic Tree of Existence;* biographies of Freiligrath, Ledru Rollin and Francis

Deák, and other historical, biographical and political works.

THE GOD OF LIGHT.

When the real meaning of a myth is lost, popular fancy always tries to construct some new explanation. Even at a seat of English learning, the old Germanic Yule-tide custom of the Boar's Head Dinner — originally a holy supper of the heathen Teutons — is interpreted now as a festive commemoration of the miraculous escape of an Oxford student from the tusks of a bristly quadruped. Nothing can be made out more clearly than that the banquet in question is the remnant of a sacrificial ceremony once held in honor of Fro, or Freyr, the God of Light, whose symbol and sacred animal was the sun-boar, and who was pre-eminently worshipped at winter solstice. But how few there are, even among the most learned, who know this simple fact, or who have ever been startled by the palpable impossibility of the modernizing explanation of the Boar's Head Dinner.— *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE WANDERING JEW.

If the science of comparative mythology had no other use, it would still be valuable as a means of overthrowing prejudice and dispersing the dark clouds of an antiquated bigotry. In this sense it may, even in our so-called enlightened age, not be out of place to show how the tale of the "Wandering Jew," with whose image so many ideas of religious odiousness are connected, has, after all, mainly arisen from the gradual transfiguration of a heathen divine form, not lacking in grandeur of conception, which originally and properly belongs to the creed of our own Germanic forefathers.

Of similar curious transfigurations for the worse, more than one can be proved. I need only refer to the popular custom, still prevailing in several parts of Germany and the Scandinavian North, of the so-called "Burning of Judas" about Easter-time. It is instructive to trace

out the upgrowth of this much-relished ceremony, which seems to have naturally originated from Christianity, while in truth it can be clearly fathered back to a perversion of an early heathen idea, in which undoubtedly some crude philosophical views of cosmogony had once been embodied. A few indications will render this apparent.

Among the pagan Teutonic tribes, as among most ancient nations, the universe was thought to have been slowly and gradually evolved from an aboriginal state of chaos, out of which there came first a race of giants, called *Jötun* in the Germanic North; and then only a race of Gods. The gods had to wage war against the giants, and finally vanquished them. In all likelihood the Titans represented torpid, barren nature; the gods, the powers of life which struggle into shapely form. It is an idea of evolution, only in anthropomorphic symbolism, such as mankind everywhere has been fond of in its attempts at guessing the great riddle of the world.

Now a custom once existed, without doubt, in accordance with the semi-dramatic, bent of all early religions, of celebrating this divine victory over the uncouth *Jötun* by a festival, when a giant doll was carried round in Guy Fawkes manner, to be finally burned. To this day there are traces of this heathen rite, but unfortunately mixed up now with a great deal of religious acrimony, owing to that misunderstanding of obsolete words which plays so large a part in the metamorphosis of myths. The rite is still performed, as it unquestionably was of yore, in Spring — about Easter, which is named after the German goddess of Spring, Eostre, or Ostara — that is to say, at a time of the year when torpid nature awakes into shapely forms. The doll is still burned; only, it is called "Judas." These "*Judas*-fires" evidently have their origin in the *Jötun* — or giant-burning. The transition from one word to the other was an easy one. In some places the people, misled by a further transmogrification of ideas and words, run about, wildly shouting: "Burn the old Jew! Burn the old Jew!"

The *Jötun,* in fact, has been converted into a Judas,

and then into a Jew. And so a pagan superstition serves, in what is called a Christian age of the religion of love, for the maintenance of an unjust prejudice against an inoffensive class of fellow-citizens.— *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

BLIND, MATHILDE, a German-English poet, literary critic, lecturer, and reformer; born at Mannheim, March 21, 1847; died at London, November 26, 1896. She was educated at private schools in London and Brussels, and afterward studied Latin, Mediæval German, and literature with Professor Schweitzer, in Zurich. While in Zurich she tried to persuade the professors of the university to admit women to their lectures. She did not succeed in obtaining this privilege for them, but later Zurich was one of the first universities which admitted women as students. After her return to London she made the acquaintance of Mazzini, and it is through this acquaintance that is largely due her later development and progressive views. In 1870 she published, in *The Westminster Review,* a critical essay on Shelley's poetical works. This was followed in 1872 by a sketch of the *Life and Writings of Shelley,* which was an introduction to the Tauchnitz edition of a selection of his poems. She completed her study of Shelley with a lecture on *Shelly's View of Nature Contrasted with Darwin's.* These criticisms of Shelley's writings were the first articles from her pen to attract attention. In 1873 she published a translation of Strauss's *The Old Faith and the New,* with a brief biography of

Strauss, the first published in England after his death. This work passed through many editions.

The Prophecy of St. Oran and other Poems appeared in 1881. In 1883 she opened the Eminent Women Series with her *Life of George Eliot,* and in 1886 *Madame Roland* was written for the same series. In 1885 she published *Tarantilla,* a novel in two volumes, and the following year a poem, *The Heather on Fire,* which was a protest against the forcible expulsion of the crofters from their homes and native soil in the interests of sheep-farming and deer-stalking. *The Ascent of Man,* a poem treating of the evolution of man, and by some considered her most important work, was published in 1889; *Dramas in Miniature,* showing the injustice to women of a one-sided morality (1892); *Songs and Sonnets* (1893); *Birds of Passage* (1895). She edited a selection of Lord Byron's Letters with an introductory notice for the Camelot Classics, and a selection of his poems with a Memoir for the Canterbury Series, wrote *Personal Recollections of Mazzini,* and published the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff* with an introduction. Miss Blind strongly advocated the higher education of women and the improvement of their economical and political condition, and was one of the originators of women's clubs.

MADAME ROLAND IN PRISON.

A sense of unwonted lull came to her behind the iron bars. The reins had been roughly snatched from her hands, and there was nothing for her to do but let the fatality of events carry her whither they would. With her habitual promptitude and love of order, she began arranging her cell, placing a rickety little table near the window ready for writing, and, to avoid disarranging it,

having her meals set out on the mantelpiece. These she tried to limit to what was strictly necessary, although she was free to spend what she liked on herself. The allowance of prisoners had been reduced by Roland from 4s. 2d. to 1s. 8d. a day, but the rise in the price of provisions, tripled within a few months, made this sum inadequate, after the deduction of expenses for bed, etc. Retrenching her wants as far as her health permitted, she took bread and water for breakfast, a plain dish of meat and vegetables for dinner, and a few greens for supper; the sum thus economized she spent on the wretches who were lying upon straw, "that while eating her dry bread in the morning she might feel the satisfaction that the poor reprobates would, owing to her, be able to add something to their dinner."

Books and flowers, whose soothing uncomplaining companionship had been dear to her from childhood, became the solace of her captivity. Thomson's "Seasons," a favorite book, had been in her pocket on the night of her imprisonment. She sent for Plutarch, who had made her a republican at eight years of age, and whose "Lives" might help her to bear with fortitude the reverses of her own; for Hume's "History of England," and for Tacitus. To her regret she could not procure Mrs. Macaulay's "History of the English Revolution," a work at that time greatly admired by French Republicans, and which she would fain have matched by a rival production in her mother tongue.— *From Madam Roland.* (Copyright by ROBERTS BROTHERS.)

BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT, an English poet; born in Suffolk, December 3, 1766; died in Bedfordshire, August 19, 1823. His father, a poor tailor, died when the son was a child, and the boy at the age of eleven was placed with a farmer. Two years later he went to London, where an elder

brother was living, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker. His principal poem, *The Farmer's Boy,* was composed while he was working in a garret. After repeated failures to get the poem printed, the manuscript was shown to Capel Loft, a kindly patron of letters, who, in 1798, secured its publication. Its success was great, not less than 26,000 copies being sold in three years. It was soon translated into German, French, Italian, and Latin. The Duke of Grafton settled a small annuity upon the poet, and procured for him a place in the Seal-Office. Bloomfield afterward produced a collection of *Rural Tales* and several other works, the latest being *May-Day with the Muses.* Ill-health forced him to give up his laborious place in the Seal Office, and he engaged unsuccessfully in the book-selling business. In his later years, which were passed in extreme poverty, he supported himself mainly by making Æolian harps, which he sold to his friends. Unavailing efforts were made by such men as Rogers and Southey to secure a Government pension for him. His nervous system had become so severely shattered that fears were entertained that he was on the verge of insanity. But his *May-day with the Muses,* published in the last year of his life, is nowise inferior to his earlier poems.

The versification of Bloomfield is smooth and melodious, and from it no one would imagine that the author was any other than a well-educated man. The *Farmer's Boy,* although composed while the author was sitting upon a shoemaker's bench in a crowded London garret, is redolent of the green fields which he had not seen since boyhood. The poem opens thus:

LOWLY TOPICS.

O come, blest Spirit, whatso'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hoverest round my heart;
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy:
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me
Retrace the steps of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse:
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still.
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point those raptures! bid my bosom glow,
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to truth's fair form what Memory tells.
Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned as his cares and woes;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own:
Quick-springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles — trifles ever new.
'Twas thus with Giles, meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labor his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny, his steps pursued;
His life was constant, cheerful servitude.
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look;
The fields his study, Nature was his book.
And as revolving seasons change the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Though every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

— *The Farmer's Boy.*

HARVEST TIME.

A glorious sight — if glory dwells below —
Where heaven's munificence makes all things show
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday-morning's round
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling products of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide: —
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns, may astonish more,
Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration joined.
  Here midst the boldest triumphs of her worth
Nature herself invites her reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelve-months' rest,
And gives that ardor which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what heaven to all bestows: —
Children of want! for you the bounty flows;
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries,
Prostrates the waving treasures at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
  Come Health! come Jollity! light-footed come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home;
Each heart awaits, and hails you as its own;
Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown.
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;

E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down,
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
While unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits, with more than rustic grace,
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

— *The Farmer's Boy.*

In the summer of 1800, when Bloomfield's condition in life had taken a favorable turn, he paid a visit to Whittlebury Forest, in Northamptonshire, in commemoration of which he wrote some of his most pleasing verses, addressed to his children.

WHITTLEBURY FOREST.

Genius of the forest shades!
  Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
  Amidst thy dark and bounding deer. —
Inquiring childhood claims the verse;
  O let them not inquire in vain;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
  The glories of thy sylvan reign;

Thy dells by wintry torrents worn,
  Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but Nature's converse torn —
  No ear to hear, no eye to see.

Their honored leaves the green oaks reared,
And crowned the upland's graceful swell;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades! that, stretching far,
Defy e'en Summer's noontide power,
When August, in his burning car,
Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower,
The deep-toned low from either hill,
Down hazel-aisles and arches green,
The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill,
Roared echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charmed heart the numbers sprung;
Though birds had ceased the choral lay,
I poured wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where human foot had never strayed,
I read aloud to every hill
Sweet Emma's love — "The Nut-Brown Maid."

Shaking his matted mane on high,
The grazing colt would raise his head,
Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed;
Where, as the azure sky appeared
Through boughs of ever-varying form,
'Mid the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous bough
Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves!
How would the prone-descending shower
From the green canopy rebound!
How would the lowland torrents pour!
How would the pealing thunder sound!

But peace was there. No lightnings blazed·
No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
Down each green opening while I gazed,
My thoughts to home and you were given.
O tender minds! in life's gay morn
Some clouds must dim your coming day;
Yet, bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleased I met the sun again.
Here fleeting Fancy travelled wide.
My seat was destined to the main;
For many an oak lay stretched at length,
Whose trunks, with bark no longer sheathed,
Had reached their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breathed.

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go then, proud oaks! we meet no more.
Go, grace the scenes to me denied—
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

—*Rural Tales and Songs.*

BLOUET, PAUL ("MAX O'RELL"), a French humorist, critic and lecturer; born in Brittany, March 2, 1848; died at Paris, May 24, 1903. He was educated at a military school in Paris, and received a commission as sub-lieutenant in the French army in 1869. He was in active service during the Franco-Prussian war, and was in the famous

PAUL BLOUET.
(Max O'Reill.)

battle at Wörth. He was taken prisoner at Sedan, but was liberated after a few months' captivity. He fought against the Commune, and in an engagement outside Paris received a severe wound in his right arm, which unfitted him for service, and he was pensioned. In 1873 he went to England as a newspaper correspondent, but in a few months after he had been made a member of its staff, the paper for which he wrote was suppressed for political reasons, and he became a teacher in private schools. In 1876 he was appointed Head French Master of St. Paul's School, which position he resigned in 1884. His first book, *John Bull and His Island,* written while he was in St. Paul's School, immediately became popular, and was translated into a number of different languages. He also wrote *John Bull's Daughters* (1884); *The Dear Neighbors* (1885); *Drat The Boys* (1886); *Friend Macdonald* (1887); *Jonathan and His Continent* (1888); *A Frenchman in America* (1891), and *English Pharisees and French Crocodiles* (1892); and *A Divorce* (1902). He also wrote a number of educational works, among them *French Oratory,* published in 1883. M. Blouet visited America a number of times. In 1890 he lectured in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, as he had previously done throughout Great Britain. He married an Englishwoman, and made his home in London. Madame Blouet translated most of her husband's books into English.

THE AMERICAN REPORTER.

On the 11th of November, 1887, at 9 A.M., the Germanic, after a terribly rough passage of nine days, entered the magnificent harbor of New York. The sun

had risen resplendent in a cloudless blue sky. We had just passed Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and it seemed as if France were not far off. It was a sweet sensation, and instinctively I had raised my hat. All at once the Germanic stopped. A little steam-tug drew up alongside, and there stepped on board a few custom-house officers, followed by several other persons.

"Look out!" cried one of my fellow-passengers, seeing that I appeared to be unconscious of danger.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The interviewers!"

"Nonsense! Not here surely," I exclaimed.

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than two young men handed me their cards, with the announcement that they were journalists.

"We have come to present our respects to you," they said, "and to wish you a pleasant time in our country."

While they uttered these words they scanned me from head to foot, jotting a few strokes on their note-books. They were taking my portrait, which appeared next morning at the head of the articles that the press of New York thought fit to devote to me. The portrait was a flattering one. One paper, however, gave the following description of your humble servant:

"Max O'Rell is a rather globular Frenchman of about forty." Then followed a description of my travelling suit and other effects.

"Globular!" The idea!

"Forty!" No, gentlemen; hardly. Thirty-nine, if you please.

But to return to our reporters. . . .

With the exception of a phrase or two, occasionally jotted down, they took no notes of my answers to their questions, and I wondered how it was possible that, with so few notes, they would manage to make an article of a hundred or two hundred lines that would be acceptable in an important paper, out of an interview so insignificant and so devoid of interest, according to my idea, as this one.

After having spent nearly two hours with me, the

reporters shook hands, expressed themselves as much obliged to me, and went their way.

How childish these Americans must be! thought I. Is it possible that a conversation such as I have just had with those reporters can interest them?

Next day, I procured all the New York morning papers, more from curiosity, I must say in justice to myself, than from vanity, for I was not at all proud of my utterances of the day before.

Judge of my surprise, on opening the first paper, to find nearly two columns full of amusing details, picturesque descriptions, well-told anecdotes, witty remarks, the whole cleverly mingled and arranged by men, who, I had always supposed, were mere stenographers.— *Jonathan and His Continent.*

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI, an Italian novelist and poet; born at Certaldo, in 1313; died there December 21, 1375. He was the illegitimate son of a merchant who did business at Paris, and it is not certain whether he was born in France or Italy. At the age of twenty we find him at Naples, where he led a gay life. It happened that on Easter eve, 1341, when he was twenty-eight years of age, he saw, in church, Maria, an illegitimate daughter of King Robert of Naples, already a wife. This, however, did not stand in the way of an illicit connection between the two. Boccaccio has, after a fashion, immortalized this mistress of his under the name of Fiammetta. Few men have had so much to do with the "revival of Greek letters" in his century, and he was among the first to perceive that the Italian language, which Dante had shown to be adequate in

verse, was also adequate for prose. It is as the "father of Italian prose" that Boccaccio should be chiefly remembered, although some of his poems are not without merit.

The work by which Boccaccio is most distinctively known is the *Decameron,* a collection, as its name imports, of a hundred stories. The general plot is this: There was at Florence a great plague; and to avoid this, several clever people, of both sexes, fled to a country villa, where they amused themselves by narrating stories of all sorts. This collection of stories seems to have been first printed in 1470. To the stories themselves was prefixed an account of the plague at Florence, which exhibits Boccaccio at his very best and is hardly inferior to the story of the plague at Athens, as described by Thucydides.

THE PLAGUE AT FLORENCE.

In the year of our Lord 1348 there happened in Florence, the finest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague; which, whether owing to the influence of the planets, or that it was sent from God as a just punishment for our sins, had broken out some years before in the Levant, and after passing from place to place, and making incredible havoc all the way, had now reached the West. There in spite of all the means that art and human foresight could suggest — such as keeping the city clear from filth, the exclusion of all suspected persons, and the publication of copious instructions for the preservation of health — and notwithstanding manifold humble supplications offered to God in processions and otherwise, it began to show itself in the Spring of the aforesaid year, in a sad and wonderful manner. Unlike what had been seen in the East, where bleeding from the nose is the fatal prognostic, here there appeared certain tumors in the groin or under the arm-pits, some as big as a small apple,

others as an egg, and afterward purple spots on most parts of the body, in some cases large and but few in number, in others smaller and more numerous — both sorts the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs was of any effect; whether because the disease was in its own nature mortal, or that the physicians (the number of whom, taking quacks and women pretenders into the account, was grown very great) could form no just idea of the cause, nor consequently devise a new method of cure; whichever was the reason, few escaped; but nearly all died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, some sooner, some later, without any fever or accessory symptoms. What gave the more virulence to the plague, was that by being communicated from the sick to the hale, it spread daily like fire when it comes in contact with large masses of combustibles. Nor was it caught only by conversing with or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes or anything they had before touched.

It is wonderful what I am going to mention; and had I not seen it with my own eyes, and were there not many witnesses to attest it besides myself, I should never venture to relate it, however worthy it were of belief. Such, I say, was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, it has been often known that anything belonging to the infected if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time. . . . These facts and others of the like sort, occasioned various fears and devices among those who survived, all tending to the same uncharitable and cruel end; which was to avoid the sick and everything that had been near them, expecting by that means to save themselves. . . . I pass over the little regard that citizens and relations showed to each other; for their terror was such that a brother even fled from his brother, a wife from her husband, and what is more uncommon, a parent from his own child. Hence numbers that fell sick could have no help but what the charity of friends,

who were very few, or the avarice of servants supplied; and even these were scarce and at extravagant wages, and so little used to the business that they were fit only to reach what was called for, and observe when their employer died, and this desire of getting money often cost them their lives.

It had been usual as it now is, for the women who were friends and neighbors to the deceased to meet together at his house and lament with his relations; at the same time the men would get together at the door with a number of the clergy, according to the person's circumstances; and the corpse was carried by people of his own rank, with the solemnity of tapers and singing to the church where the deceased had desired to be buried. This custom was now laid aside, and so far from having a crowd of women to lament over them, great numbers passed out of the world without a witness. Few were those who had the tears of their friends at their departure; those friends were laughing and making themselves merry the while; for even the women had learned to postpone every other concern to that of their own lives. Nor was a corpse attended by more than ten or a dozen, nor these citizens of credit, but fellows hired for the purpose; who would put themselves under the bier and carry it with all possible haste to the nearest church; and the corpse was interred without any great ceremony where they could find room. With regard to the lower sort and many of a middling rank, the scene was still more affecting; for they, staying at home, either through poverty or hopes of succor in distress, fell sick daily by thousands, and having nobody to attend them, generally died. Some breathed their last in the streets, and others shut up in their own houses, where the stench that came from them made the first discovery of their deaths to the neighborhood. And indeed every place was filled with the dead.

Hence it became a general practice — as well out of regard to the living as pity for the dead — for the neighbors, assisted by what porters they could meet with, to clear all the houses and lay the bodies at the door; and

every morning great numbers might be seen brought out in this manner to be carried away on biers and tables, two or three at a time; and sometimes it has happened that a wife and her husband, two or three brothers, and a father and son, have been laid on together. It has been observed also, whilst two or three priests have walked before a corpse with their crucifix, that two or three sets of porters have fallen in with them; and when they knew of but one dead body, they have buried six, eight, or more; nor was there any to follow and shed a few tears over them; for things were come to that pass that men's lives were no more regarded than the lives of so many beasts. . . . The consecrated ground no longer containing the numbers which were continually brought thither, especially as they were desirous of laying every one in the parts allotted to their families, they were forçed to dig trenches, and to put them in by hundreds, piling them up in rows, as goods were stored in a ship, and throwing in a little earth till they were filled to the top.

Not to dwell upon every particular of our misery, I shall observe that it fared no better with the adjacent country; for to omit the different boroughs about us, which presented the same view in miniature with the city, you might see the poor distressed laborers, with their families, without either the aid of physicians or help of servants, languishing on the highways, in the fields, and in their own houses, and dying rather like cattle than human creatures. The consequence was that growing dissolute in their manners, like the citizens, and careless of everything — as supposing every day to be their last — the thoughts were not so much employed how to improve, as how to use their substance for their present support. The oxen, asses, sheep, goats, swine, and the dogs themselves were faithful to their masters, being driven from their own homes, were left to roam at will about the fields and among the standing corn, which no one cared to gather, even to reap, and many times, after they had filled themselves in the day, the animals would return of their own accord like rational creatures at night.

What can I say more if I return to the city? unless that such was the cruelty of Heaven and perhaps of men, that between March and July following, according to authentic reckonings, upward of a hundred thousand souls perished in the city only; whereas before that calamity it was not supposed to have contained so many inhabitants. What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were then depopulated to the last inhabitant! what families became extinct! what riches and vast possessions were left, and no known heir to inherit them! what numbers of both sexes in the prime and vigor of youth, whom in the morning neither Galen, Hippocrates, nor Æsculapius himself would have denied to be in perfect health, breakfasted in the morning with their living friends, and supped at night with their departed friends in the other world! — *Translation of* KELLY.

It was to escape from this Florentine plague that several persons went to a country villa, where they beguiled the time by relating the hundred stories which constitute the *Decameron.* A few of the hundred stories in the *Decameron* are at least tolerably decent. One of these is *The Story of Isabella,* which has been put into English verse by Keats, under the title of *The Pot of Basil.* The story is told by Filomena, who prefaces it by saying, "My story will not be concerning people of such high rank as those of whom we have just heard; but perhaps it will be equally moving; and I am led to it by the mention of Messina, where the thing happened."

THE STORY OF ISABELLA.

There lived at Messina, three young merchants, who were brothers and left very rich by their father; they had an only sister named Isabella, a lady of worth and beauty, who, whatever was the reason, was yet unmarried. Now they had in their employ a young man of

Pisa, called Lorenzo, who managed all their affairs. He was a young man of very agreeable person and manners, and being often in Isabella's company she loved him, and he forsook all others for her sake. . . . This affair was carried on between them for a considerable time without the least suspicion; till one night it happened, as Isabella was going to Lorenzo's chamber, that the eldest brother saw her without her knowing it. This afflicted him greatly; yet being a prudent man, he made no discovery, but lay considering with himself till morning what course was best to take. He then related to his brothers what he had seen, with regard to their sister and Lorenzo, and, after a long debate, it was resolved to seem to take no notice of it for the present, but to make away with him privately, the first opportunity, that they might remove all cause of reproach both to their sister and themselves. Continuing in this resolution, they behaved with the same freedom and civility to Lorenzo as ever, till at length, under a pretence of going out of the city upon a party of pleasure, they carried him along with them, and arriving at a lonesome place fit for their purpose, they slew him, unprepared as he was to make any defence, and buried him on the spot. Then, returning to Messina, they gave it out that they had sent him on a journey of business, which was easily believed, because they frequently did so.

After some time, Isabella, thinking that Lorenzo made a long stay, began to inquire earnestly of her brothers concerning him, and this she did so often that at last one of them said to her, "What have you to do with Lorenzo, that you are continually teasing us about him? If you inquire any more, you shall receive such an answer as you will by no means like."

This grieved her exceedingly, and fearing — she knew not why — she remained without asking any more questions; yet all the night would she lament and complain of his long stay; and thus she spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return; till one night it happened that, having wept herself to sleep, he appeared to her in a dream, all pale and ghastly, with his clothes rent

in pieces, and she thought that he spake to her thus: "My dearest Isabel, thou grievest incessantly for my absence, and art continually calling upon me; but know that I can return no more to thee, for the last day that thou sawest me, thy brothers put me to death." And describing the place where they had buried him, he bade her to call no more upon him, nor ever expect to see him again, and disappeared.

Isabella woke up, implicitly believing the vision, and wept bitterly. In the morning, not daring to say anything to her brothers, she resolved to go to the place mentioned in the dream, to be convinced of the reality.

Accordingly, having leave to go a little way into the country along with a companion of hers who was acquainted with all her affairs, she went thither, and clearing the ground of the dried leaves with which it was covered, she observed where the earth seemed to be lightest, and dug there.

She had not searched far before she came to her lover's body, which she found in no degree wasted. This informed her of the truth of her vision, and she was in the utmost concern on that account; but as that was not a fit place for lamentation, she would willingly have taken the corpse away with her, to give it a more decent interment; but finding herself unable to do that, she cut off the head, which she put into a handkerchief, and, covering the trunk again with mould, she gave the head to her maid to carry, and returned home without being perceived.

She then shut herself up in her chamber, and lamented over her lover's head till she had washed it with her tears; and then she put it into a flower-pot, having folded it in a fine napkin, and covering it with earth, she planted sweet herbs therein, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears, accustoming herself to sit always before it, and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo. The sweet herbs, what with her continual bathing and the moisture arising from the putrefied head, flourished exceedingly, and sent forth a most agreeable odor.

Continuing this manner of life, she was observed by some of the neighbors, and they related her conduct to her brothers, who had before remarked with surprise the decay of her beauty. Accordingly they both reprimanded her for it, and finding that ineffectual, stole the pot from her. She, perceiving that it was taken away, begged earnestly of them to return it, which they refusing, she fell sick. The young men wondered much why she should have so great a fancy for it, and were resolved to see what it contained; turning out the earth, therefore, they saw the napkin, and in it the head, not so much consumed, but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's, which threw them into the utmost astonishment, and fearing lest it should be known, they buried it privately, and withdrew themselves thence to Naples. The young lady never ceased weeping and calling for her pot of flowers till she died; and thus terminated her unfortunate love.

But in some time afterward, the thing became public, which gave rise to the song —

> "Most cruel and unkind was he
> That of my flowers deprived me," etc.

The ladies were all pleased with Filomena's story, because they had often heard the song, but were unacquainted with the reason of its being made.— *Decameron; translation of* KELLY.

BOCCAGE, MANOEL DE BARBOSA DU, a Portuguese poet; born at Setubal, September 15, 1765; died at Lisbon, December 21, 1805. He was of a good family; entered the naval service at the age of seventeen, and a few years later was ordered to

the Portuguese possessions in the East Indies. Several satirical poems which he wrote here brought him into trouble, and after five years he returned to Portugal. Here he fell into loose habits, and was at last thrown into the prison of the Inquisition. Having been liberated through the influence of men high in station, he fell again into evil courses. Most of his poems are of an amatory character; but some of his sonnets are vigorously expressed; as this, upon the fall of Goa, some generations before his time:

THE FALL OF GOA.

Fallen is the emporium of the Orient,
That stern Alfonzo's arms in dread array,
First from the Tartar despot tore away,
Shaming in war the god armipotent,
Goa lies low, that fortress eminent
Dread of the haughty Nayre, the false Malay,
Of many a barbarous tribe. What faint dismay
In Lucian breasts the martial fire has spent?
O bygone age of heroes! days of glory!
Exalted men! ye who despite your death
Still in tradition live — still live in story:
Terrible Albuquerque, and Castro great.
And you, their peers! your deeds in Memory's breath
Preserved; avenge the wrongs we bear from Fate.
—*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The following verses exhibit Boccage in a lighter vein:

THE WOLF AND THE EWE.

Once upon a time great friendship
'Twixt a Wolf and Ewe there reigned;
What Saint's influence wrought such marvel
Has not rightly been explained.

She forgot the guardian shepherd;
Fold, flock, dog, she all forsook,
And her way, with her new comrade,
Through the tangled thicket took. . . .

But one day that, almost famished,
Master Wolf pursued the chase,
Of the victims he was seeking
He discovered not a trace.

Mountain, valley, plain and forest,
Up and down, and through and through
Vainly he explored; then empty
To her den led back the Ewe.

There, his weary limbs outstretching
On the ground awhile he lies;
Then upon his weak companion
Ravenously he turns his eyes.

Thus the traitor inly muses:
"Never was known such agony!
And must I endure such torture?
Must I out of friendship die?

"Shall I not obey the mandate
Nature speaks within my breast?
And is not self-preservation
Nature's holiest bequest?

"Virtue! thou belongest to Reason;
Let proud Man confess thy sway!
I'm by Instinct merely governed,
And its dictates must obey."

Thus decided, quick as lightning
Springs he on the helpless Ewe;
Fangs and claws deep in her entrails
Plunging, stains a crimson hue.

With a humble voice, the victim
  Questions her disloyal friend:
"Why, ingrate, shouldst thy destroy me?
  When or how could I offend?

"By what law art thou so cruel,
  Since I never gave thee cause?"
Greedily he cried: "I'm hungry:
  Hunger is the first of laws."

Mortals, learn from an example,
  With such horrid sufferings fraught,
What dire evils an alliance
  With the false and cruel brought.

If the wicked are your comrades,
  I'll engage you'll imitate
Half their crimes, and will encounter
  Wolves like ours, or soon or late.
  —*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

BODENSTEDT, FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON, a German poet and journalist; born at Hanover in 1819; died April 19, 1892. He studied the Russian language at Moscow, where, while residing with Prince Galitzin as a tutor, he translated into his native language the works of Pushkin, Lermontoff, and other Russian poets. It is to these labors that we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the literature of Russia. Professor Conant, in the preface of his version of *The Circassian Boy,* says that he made it not from the original, but from Bodenstedt's "spirited and faithful reproduction of Lermontoff's most beautiful poem." *The Nations of the Caucasus,* issued in 1848, was the outcome of Bodenstedt's extensive trav-

els, which had extended into Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor. Returning to Germany, he assumed the editorship of the *Weser Zeitung*, and in 1850 he issued the work upon which his fame as a poet is chiefly founded, *The Songs of Mirza Schaffy*. After it became known that these poems were entirely original, and not, as was feigned, a "translation from the Persian," the fact was soon recognized that Bodenstedt's real translations, like Pope's *Homer*, were no servile word-for-word renderings, but poetical interpretations, by a poet, of the spirit of his fellow-poets. Take, for example, the following from Lermontoff:

THE GEORGIAN GIRL.

By narrow pathway, on the shore,
Light came the Georgian. She bore
A water-pitcher on her head.
Sometimes she slipped, in careless tread
On the smooth, glassy stones; and free
Rang out her laugh in girlish glee,
Mocking her own unsteady feet.
Her veil, blown back, exposed her sweet
Fair face, o'er which the sun had thrown
A golden tint, to mark his own.
Her lip and cheek were lit with fire,
Her breast the spring of sweet desire,
And her dark eye was overflowing
With mysteries of the maiden soul.
My thoughts, one instant fiercely glowing,
Soon wandered toward a dreamlike goal;
I dimly saw her on the bank,
Scarce heard the pitcher as it drank
Its fill of that clear rushing stream;
Till, waking from my misty dream,
I saw her in the distance, going
Even as she came, with step so free,
A fairer none may ever see.

—*The Circassian Boy;* CONANT'S *translation.*

MIRZA SCHAFFY.

In garden plains the Nightingale,
And sadly droops her tiny head:—
Alas! I would that I were dead!
What charming though they call my song.
Far happier is yon Rosebud red,
To whom all beauty doth belong!

On garden-bed the Rosebud plains:
Alas! what doth my life avail!
What tho' sweet fragrance I exhale,
What tho' the queen of flowers I,
Far happier is yon Nightingale,
For whose sweet voice in vain I sigh!

Mirza Schaffy the twain consol'd,
Thus speaking: Cease your foolish sighs,
Thou Rosebud with thy beauteous guise,
Thou Nightingale with song of thine—
And in *my* strains, to man's surprise,
Your various separate charms — combine.
— *Songs of Mirza Schaffy; translation of* D'ESTERRE.

ZULEIKHA.

Not with the angels in azure skies,
Not with the roses on earth that rise,
Nay, not with the light of suns o'erhead,
Compare I Zuleikha, mine own sweet maid!

For the bosoms of angels are void of love,
And roses but rear their thorns above,
Whilst the sun at night succumbs to shade;
Not one of them equals mine own sweet maid!

Far as the universe doth lie,
Nought like Zuleikha meets mine eye:
Fair, thornless, surrounded by love's sweet breath,
Only herself she likeneth.
— *Songs of Mirza Schaffy; translation of* D'ESTERRE.

AFFLICTION.

Whoe'er its author, man or wife,
'Twas purest contradiction
That first set up the creed that life
Was better'd by affliction;—
As if rust sharpen'd edge of knife,
Or heat were cool'd by friction.
— *Translation of* D'ESTERRE.

BODMER, JOHAN JAKOB, a Swiss poet, translator, and critic; born at Greifensee, near Zurich, July 19, 1698; died at Zurich, January 2, 1783. In 1735 he became a member of the great council in Zurich. His literary life was marked by inexhaustible activity. He published a weekly review, *Diskurse der Maler,* in which the tasteless effusions of contemporary writers were sharply handled; besides his poems and translations, he wrote a number of dramas; and did great service to literature by republishing the old German poets, the Minnesingers, and a part of the *Nibelungenlied.* He promoted a taste among his countrymen for English literature by his translation of *Paradise Lost* and many ancient English works. His principal work is the *Noachide,* in hexameter verse, published in Zurich in 1752. The literary principles of Gottsched, the dictator of German literature, who favored the French taste, found in Bodmer a vigorous opponent, and upon the publication by the latter of a treatise on *The Wonderful in Poetry,* a literary war broke out, in which Bodmer's followers, known as the

Swiss school, maintained the claims of imagination and free poetic impulse against poetry written according to hard-and-fast rules. This controversy prepared the way for that bright period of German literature represented by such poets as Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe. "The Zurich writers," it has been said, "showed great depth of thought; their aim was not to make a receipt-book for the various classes of poetry, but to discover the fountain-heads of poetic beauty."

THE DELUGE.

Now on the shoreless sea, intermixed with the corses of sinners,
Floated the bodies of saints, by the side of the beasts of the forests.
All that the food-bearing earth had enabled to live on its surface
Death from one zone to another pursued with all-conquering fury.
O, how the face of the country was changed, how deformed the creation!
Where but recently the Spring, in his garment of flowers was straying,
Listening to the nightingale's song from the dew-sprent bower of roses;
Hidden he wears the dark prisoner's dress, which the flood overcast him,
Sulphurous vapors ascend from the deep; and volcanic eruptions
Scatter the ores of the mine with poisonous hisses of heaven.

— *Translation of* W. TAYLOR.

BOETHIUS, a Roman statesman and philosopher; born about A.D. 475, and was put to death by Theodoric the Goth about 524. He studied at Rome and at Athens, and was so profoundly learned that his commentaries on the writings of Aristotle exerted an immense influence upon the scholars of the Middle Ages. He filled the highest offices under the government of Theodoric, but his strict integrity and inflexible justice raised up powerful enemies in those who loved extortion and oppression. He was falsely accused of a treasonable correspondence with the Court of Constantinople; was adjudged guilty of treason and magic without a trial; and, after a long and rigorous confinement at Pavia, was executed. His virtues, services, honors, and tragic end all combined to render the name of Boëthius memorable. It was while in prison that he wrote his celebrated Latin work, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ.* This work abounds in the loftiest sentiments clothed in the most fascinating language. Bradley, in his *Story of the Goths,* says that Boëthius "has been translated into every language in Europe." Among those who have rendered the *Consolation of Philosophy* into English are Chaucer and Queen Elizabeth, while Alfred the Great had already made a free translation of it into Anglo-Saxon. "As a book written from the heart, as a record of the meditation by which a brave and high-minded man consoled himself when, fallen suddenly from the height of wealth and power to the lowest abyss of misery, he was looking forward to an ignominious death, it has a deep interest, and will always be counted among the world's classics."

BOETHIUS IN PRISON.

The lays which I, an exile, formerly with delight sung, I shall now mourning sing, and with very unfit words arrange. Though I formerly readily invented, yet I now, weeping and sobbing, wander from suitable words. To blind me these unfaithful worldly riches! and to leave me so blinded in this dim hole! At that time they bereaved me of all happiness, when I ever best trusted in them: at that time they turned their back upon me, and altogether departed from me! Wherefore should my friends say that I was a prosperous man? How can he be prosperous who in prosperity cannot always remain? When I had mournfully sung this lay, then came there into me heavenly wisdom, and greeted my sorrowful mind with his words, and thus said: How! art not thou the man who was nourished and instructed in my school? But whence art thou become so greatly afflicted by these worldly cares? unless, I wot, thou hast too soon forgotten the weapons which I formerly gave thee. Then wisdom called out and said, Depart now, ye execrable worldly cares, from my disciple's mind, for ye are the greatest enemies. Let him turn again to my precepts. Then came wisdom near to my sorrowing thought, and it so prostrate somewhat raised; then dried the eyes of my mind, and asked it with pleasant words whether it knew its foster-mother. Thereupon when the mind turned, it knew very plainly its own mother that was the Wisdom that long before had instructed and taught it.— THOMSON'S *translation of King Alfred's Version of Boethius.*

THE EVERLASTING HOUSE.

Whoever prudently desires to build an everlasting house, and firmly wills that it be not thrown down by the blast of roaring Eurus, and ventures not to despise the sea threatening with waves, let him avoid the top of a high mountain, and thirsty sands: the former froward Auster drives against with all his might: the latter, dissolving, refuse to sustain the pendulous mass. Avoiding

the dangerous portion of a luxurious residence, remember for stability to fix thy house on the humble rock. Though the wind mingling the sea with ruins should roar like thunder, thou, happily hidden in the strength of a quiet rampart, shalt live thy life serenely, and laugh at the wrath of the sky.— TUPPER'S *literal translation.*

BÖHME, or BEHMEN, JAKOB, a German mystic; born in Lusatia in 1575; died at Gorlitz, in November, 1624. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and within ten years he became a master-workman, and at length retired from active business with a moderate competence. He entertained the belief that he had received an inward illumination which enabled him to understand the Divine Nature and the modes of its operation — to "see the root of all mysteries" and the origin of all things. His earliest treatise, *Aurora, or the Morning Redness,* was first circulated in manuscript in 1612. It led to his being charged with heresy, and forbidden to meddle with such matters. He obeyed the injunction until 1618, when he again began to write, producing several mystical treatises. The publication, early in 1624, of short treatises on *True Repentance, Resignation, Regeneration, etc.,* occasioned renewed hostility toward Böhme, and led to his going to Dresden to vindicate his doctrines before the Upper Consistorial Court; but he died soon after. His works have been translated into English by William Law, and after his death were re-edited by George Ward and Thomas Langcake.

OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

Here thou must know that the angels are not all of one quality, nor are they equal or alike to one another in power and might. Indeed, every angel has the power of all the seven qualifying or fountain spirits, but in every one there is somewhat of one quality more predominant and strong than another, and according to that quality is he also glorified. As in the flowers in the meadows, every one receives its color from its quality, and is named also according to its quality, so are the holy angels also. Some are strongest in the astringent quality, and those are of a brownish light, and are nearest of quality to the cold. And so when the Light of the Son of God shines on them, then they are like a brownish or purple flash of lightning, very bright and clear in their quality. Some are of the quality of the water, and those are light like the holy Heaven; and when the Light shines on them, then they look like a *crystalline* sea.

Some are strongest in the *bitter* quality, and they are like a green precious stone, which sparkles like a flash of lightning; and when the Light shines on them, then they shine and appear as a *greenish red,* as if a carbuncle did shine forth from it, or as if the life had its original there. Some are of the quality of *heat,* and they are the lightest and brightest of all, yellowish and reddish; and when the Light shines on them, they look like the flash or lightning of the Son of God. Some are strongest in the quality of *love,* and those are a glance of the heavenly joyfulness, very light and bright; and when the Light shines on them, they look like light blue, of a pleasant gloss, glance or lustre. Some are strongest in the quality of *tone* or sound, and those are light or bright also; and when the Light shines on them, they look like the rising of the flash of lightning, as if something would lift itself aloft there. Some are of the quality of the *total* or whole nature, as a general mixture; and when the Light shines on them, they look like the holy Heaven, which is formed out of all the spirits of God.

But the King is the heart of all the qualities, and has

his circumference, court, quarters, or residence in the midst or centre, like a fountain; and as the sun stands in the midst among the planets, and is a king of the stars and the heart of Nature in this world, so great also is a Cherubim or king of angels.

And as the other five planets with the sun are leaders of hosts, and give up or submit their will to the sun, that it may reign and work in them, so all the angels give up or submit their will to the King, and the princely angels are in council with the King. But thou must know here, that they all have a *love-will* one to another, none of them grudges the other his form and beauty; for as it goes among the spirits of God, so it goes among them.

They all have jointly and equally the divine joy, and they equally enjoy the heavenly food; therein is no difference. Only in the colors and strength of power there is a difference, but no difference at all in the perfection; for every one has in him the power of all the spirits of God; therefore when the Light of the Son of God shines on them, then each angel's quality shows itself by the color.

I have reckoned up only some few of the forms and colors of them, but there are a great many more that might be wrote down, which I will omit for brevity's sake. For as the Deity presents itself infinitely in its rising up, so there are unsearchable varieties of colors and forms among the angels. I can show thee no right similitude of it in this world, but in the blossoming field of flowers in May, which yet is but a dead and earthly type.—*Aurora; translation of* WILLIAM LAW.

OF THE WAY OF REPENTANCE.

Beloved mind, if thou hast a desire to this way, and wouldst attain it, and the noble Virgin in the Tree of Pearl, then thou must use great earnestness; it must be no lip-labor or flattery with the lips and the heart far from it. No, thou canst not attach it in such a way. Thou must collect thy mind, with all thy thoughts, purposes and reason, wholly together in one will and reso-

lution to desire to turn and resolve that thou wilt forsake thy abominations, and thou must set thy thoughts upon God and goodness with a steadfast confidence in his mercy, and then thou wilt obtain it. . . . For there are but two kingdoms that stir in thee; the one is the kingdom of God wherein Christ is, which desires to have thee; and the other is the kingdom of hell wherein the Devil is, which desires also to have thee. Now there must be striving here in the poor Soul, for it stands in the midst. Christ offers it the new garment, and the Devil presents the garment of sinfulness to it. And when thou hast but the least thought or inclination toward God and goodness, that thou wouldst fain enter into true repentance, then truly that thought is not from thy own self, but the love of God draws thee and invites thee; and the noble Virgin of God calls thee thereby, and thou shouldst only come and not neglect it. And so truly when, in such a way, thy great sins come before thee, and hold thee back, so that thy heart many times receives no comfort, this is the Devil's staying of thee, who casts into thy thought that God will not hear thee, thou art yet in too great sins, he will let no comfort come into thy soul, he lays the sinful kingdom of this world over it; but be not discouraged, he is thy enemy. It is written, "If your sins were as red as blood, if you turn they shall be as wool, white as snow." Also, "As true as I live, I have no pleasure in the death of a poor sinner, but that he should turn and live."

Thou must continue steadfast in this resolute purpose, and though thou gettest no virtue (or strength) into thy heart, and though the Devil also should beat down thy tongue, that thou couldst not pray to God, yet then thou shouldst desire and sigh to him, and continually hold and go on in this thought and purpose with the Canaanitish woman; the more thou pressest forward, the weaker the Devil is; thou must take the suffering, death, and satisfaction of Jesus Christ before thee, and must throw thy soul into his promise; where he says, "My Father will give the Holy Ghost to them that ask him for it." Also, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek,

and ye shall find; ask, and you shall receive;" and the more earnestly thou presseth forth from the Devil and from thy sins, the more mightily does the kingdom of God press into thee; but have a care that thou dost not depart from this thy will, before thou hast received the Jewel; and though it holds off from morning till night, and still from day to day, let not that discourage thee, if thy earnestness be great, that the jewel will also be great which thou shalt receive at thy overcoming.

For none knows what it is, but he that has found it by Experience. It is a most precious guest; when it enters into the soul, there is a very wonderful triumph there; the Bridegroom then embraces his beloved Bride, and the Hallelujah of Paradise sounds. O! must not the earthly body needs tremble and shake at it? and though it knows not what it is, yet all its members rejoice at it. O what beauteous knowledge does the Virgin of the divine Wisdom bring with her! She makes learned indeed; and though one were dumb, yet the soul would be crowned in God's works of wonder, and must speak of his wonders; there is nothing in the soul but longing to do so; the Devil must be gone, he is quite weary and faint. Thus that noble Jewel, and in it the Pearl, is sown. But observe it well; it is not instantly become a tree. O how often does the Devil rush upon it, and would fain root up the grain of mustard seed! How many hard storms must the soul undergo and endure! How often is it covered with sins! For all that is in this world is against it, it is as it were left alone and forsaken; even the children of God can lead it astray either with flattery, or hypocrisy, that the soul might flatter itself, or else with sins on the conscience. He never ceases, and thou must always strive against him; for so the Tree of Pearl grows, as corn does in the tempestuous storms and winds; but if it grows high, and comes to blossom, then thou wilt enjoy the fruit well enough, and understand better what this Pen has written, and where it was born. For it was a long time in this condition, many storms went over its head, and therefore this shall be for a lasting memorial and con-

tinua. remembrance to it; seeing we must sit here in the murdering den of the Devil; if we do but overcome, our great reward will still follow us.— *True Repentance; translation of* WILLIAM LAW.

BOIARDO, MATTEO MARIA, an Italian poet; born near Ferrara in 1434; died in December, 1494. He was of a noble family, and himself bore the title of Count. He was educated at the University of Ferrara. He entered the service of Duke Borso of Ferrara, and of his successor, Duke Ercole; and held several important posts, the last being that of Governor of Reggio, where he died. He wrote dramas, songs, and other poems, and translated Herodotus into Italian. His most important work is the *Orlando Innamorato,* which, however, was left unfinished at his death. A wretched continuation was added by Niccolo degli Agostini. The work was very popular, and was reprinted nearly a score of times within half a century, and was early translated into French. Boiardo's poem was intended as a serious epic; but Berni (*q. v.*) transformed it into a kind of burlesque, which has quite taken the place of the original work. Boiardo wrote numerous smaller poems in the form of sonnets, of which this may stand as an example:

BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

Beautiful gift, and dearest pledge of love.
Woven by that fair hand whose gentle aid
Alone can heal that wound itself hath made,

And to my wandering life a sure guide prove;
O dearest gift all others far above,
Curiously wrought in many-colored shade,
Ah, why with thee has not the spirit stayed,
That with such tasteful skill to form thee strove?
Why have I not that lovely hand with thee?
Why have I not with thee each fond desire,
That did such passing beauty to thee give?
Through life thou ever shalt remain with me,
A thousand tender sighs thou shalt inspire,
A thousand kisses day and night receive.
— *Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, NICOLAS, a French poet and critic; born at Paris, November 1, 1636; died there March 13, 1711. He was educated at the College of Beauvais, and was destined for the legal profession. He soon quitted this, studied for the Church, and received a small priory. But the death of his father having left him possessor of a moderate patrimony, he abandoned the Church and devoted himself to letters. His first noticeable work, a satirical poem, *Adieus of a Poet to the City of Paris,* appeared in 1660. This was soon followed by others, until they reached the number of about a dozen satires and parodies. These established his reputation as the first man to fairly fashion French versification according to rule and method. Descartes, Pascal, and others had shown that the French language was an ample means of expression in prose; Boileau was among the first to show its capabilities for regular verse. A pension was awarded to him, and he was made historiog-

rapher, along with his friend Racine. In 1664 he published the *Dialogue des Héros de Roman,* a prose satire aimed at the stilted romances of the time, which, as far as France was concerned, put an end to that species of composition. His *Satires* (1666) greatly increased his reputation. In 1669 appeared the first of his twelve poetical *Epistles,* graver in tone than the *Satires,* more mature in thought, and still more polished in style. In 1674 appeared the two works which are esteemed the masterpieces of Boileau. The first of these is *L'Art Poétique,* an imitation of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, in which are laid down the laws which should govern French verse. Pope's *Essay on Criticism,* written nearly forty years later, is a magnificent imitation of Boileau's *L'Art Poétique.* The other great work of Boileau is *Le Lutrin,* a mock-heroic poem which furnished a model for Pope's still finer *Rape of the Lock.* Boileau holds a well-defined place in the literature of France, and through Dryden and Pope he exercised great influence upon that of England. Though a great critic in verse, he cannot be considered — as Dryden and Pope unquestionably were — a great poet. But he was the first to reduce French versification to rules and to teach the value of good workmanship for its own sake. Probably the best edition of Boileau is his *Œuvres Complètes,* published in 1860, with copious notes, and a critical essay by Sainte-Beuve.

ON SATIRE.

Satire, they tell us, is a dangerous thing,
Some smile, but most are outraged at its sting;
It gives its author everything to fear,
And more than once made sorrow for Regnier.

Quit then, a path whose wily power decoys
The thoughtless soul to too ill-natured joys.
To themes more gentle be your Muse confined,
And leave poor Feuillet to reform mankind.
What! give up satire? thwart my darling drift?
How shall I then employ my rhyming gift?
Pray, would you have me daintily explode
My inspiration in a pretty ode;
And, vexing Danube in his course superb,
Invoke his reeds with pilferings from Malherbe?
Save groaning Zion from the oppressor's rod,
Make Memphis tremble and the Crescent nod;
And, passing Jordan, clad in dread alarms,
Snatch (undeserved) the Idumean palms?
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks,
Pipe, in the midst of Paris, to my flocks,
And sitting (at my desk) beneath a beach,
Make Echo with my rustic nonsense screech,
Or, in cold blood, without one spark of love,
Burn to embrace some Iris from above;
Lavish upon her every brilliant name —
Sun, Moon, Aurora — to relieve my flame;
And while on good sound fare I daily dine,
Die in a hope, or languish in a line?
Let whining fools such affectations keep,
Whose driveling minds in luscious dulness sleep.
No, no! Dame Satire, chide her as you will,
Charms with her novelties and lessons still.
She only knows, in fair proportions meet,
Nicely to blend the useful with the sweet;
And, as good sense illuminates her rhymes,
Unmasks and routs the errors of the times;
Dares e'en within the altar's bound to tread,
And strike Injustice, Vice, and Pride with dread.
Her fearless tongue deals caustic vengeance back,
When Reason suffers from a fool's attack.
Yes, Satire, boon companion of my way,
Has shown me where the path of duty lay;
For fifteen years has taught me how to look
With dire abhorrence on a foolish book.

And eager o'er Parnassus as I run,
She smiles and lingers, willing to be won,
Strengthens my steps, and cheers my path with light:
In short, for her, for her, I've vowed to write.
— *From Satire IX.; translation in The North American Review.*

THE ART OF POETRY.

Rash author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme,
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Fine Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
You, then, that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry,
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme;
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find. . . .
Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with Reason's laws to close;
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The Mind will triumph in the noble course;
To Reason's yoke she quickly will incline —
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine.
But if neglected will as easily stray
And master Reason, which she should obey.
Love Reason, then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers, mounted on a rusty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural.
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.

All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain.
You drown if to the right or left you stray,
Reason to go as often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues his object till it's overwrought.
Tired with its tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more;
A verse was weak: you turn it much too strong,
And grow obscure, for fear you should be long,
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase.
A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
Who tire us humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe
His works will be admired wherever found
And oft with buyers will be compassed round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile,
The meanest theme may have a proper style. . . .
There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round.
No reason can disperse them with its light.
Then learn to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure.
What we conceive with ease we can express:
Words with the notion flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.

A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
No bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay;
And sometimes add, but oftener take away,
'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit:
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And different parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public sentence for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love;
But find your faithful friends that will reprove;
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

— *From L'Art Poétique; translation of* Sir William Soame, *revised by* Dryden.

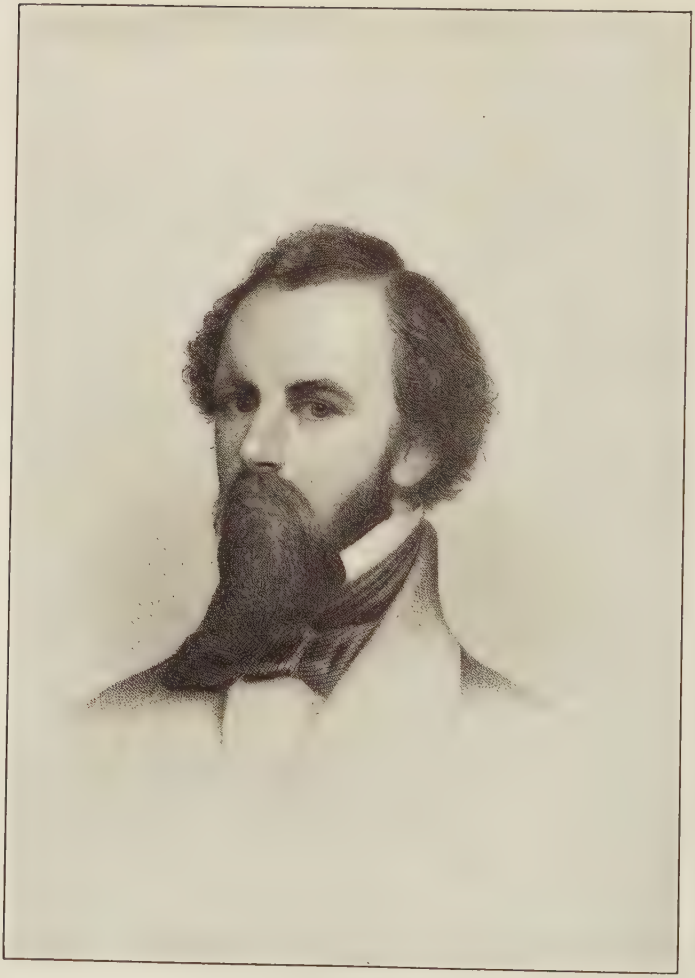
BOISSIER, Marie Louis Gaston, a French historian and educator; born at Nîmes, August 15, 1823. He was educated at the lycée of his native city, and at the College Louis-le-Grand, in Paris. At the age of twenty-three he became professor of rhetoric at Angoulême, and afterwards at Nîmes, where he remained until 1857, when he was called to Paris as supplementary professor of rhetoric at the Lycée Charlemagne. In 1861 he became professor of Latin oratory at the College of France, and on June 8, 1876, he was elected a member of the French Academy. Ten years later he became also a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and in 1888 he was made a commander of the Legion of Honor, of which he had received the decoration in 1863. Boissier has written many critical papers for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique,* and is the author of *Le Poète Attius* (1856); *Plaute* (1856); *Étude sur Terentius Varron* (1859), which received the Bordin prize of the Academy of Inscriptions; *Cicéron et ses Amis* (1866), which received the first prize of the French Academy; *La Religion Romaine* (1874); *L'Opposition sous les Césars* (1875); *Promenades Archéologiques* (1880); *Nouvelles Promenades* (1886), and *Madame de Sévigné* (1887).

CLODIA.

By the abolition of the old laws, and by the alteration of ancient maxims, women had become free. Now, it is to be remarked that, in general the first use made of regained liberty is to abuse it. We cannot enjoy quietly the rights of which we have been long deprived, and the

first moments of liberty bring a sort of intoxication that it is difficult to check. This is what happened to the Roman society of that time, and all these irregularities that we notice in the conduct of women then are partly explained by the allurements and intoxication of their new liberty. Those who love money, like Terentia, Cicero's wife, hasten to take advantage of the right of disposing of their fortune, that has been restored to them; they associate themselves with freedmen and agents for doubtful gains; rob their husbands without scruple; and throw themselves into speculations and trade, to which they bring, together with an almost incredible rapacity, that taste for small savings and economies which is natural to them. Those who prefer pleasure to wealth give themselves up to all pleasures with a passionate eagerness. The less bold take advantage of the facilities of divorce to pass from one amour to another under cover of the law. Others do not even take this trouble, and impudently flaunt their scandalous behaviour.

Clodia was one of the latter; but among all her vices, which she took no care to hide, we are forced to recognize in her some good qualities. She was not grasping; her purse was open to her friends, and Cælius was not ashamed to dip into it. She liked clever men, and attracted them to her house. At one time she wished to persuade Cicero, whose talents she much admired, to give up his foolish Terentia for her and to marry her; but Terentia, who suspected it, succeeded in mortally embroiling them. An old scholast says that she danced better than it was proper for an honest woman to do. This was not the only art for which she had a taste; and it has been thought possible to infer from a passage of Cicero, that she also wrote verses. To cultivate letters, to seek out clever men, to like refined and elegant pleasures, does not seem at first sight to be blame-worthy; on the contrary, these are among us the qualities that a woman of society is obliged to possess or to feign. They thought otherwise at Rome, and as the courtesans alone had then the privilege of following this free and accom-



GEORGE H. BOKER.

plished life, every woman who sought this ran the risk of being confounded with them, and of being treated with the same rigor by public opinion; but Clodia did not care for public opinion. She brought into her private conduct, into her affections, the same passionateness and the same ardor that her brother did into public life. Ready for all excesses, and not blushing to avow them, loving and hating furiously, incapable of self-control, and hating all restraint, she did not belie that great and haughty family from which she was descended, and even in her vices her blood was recognized. In a country where so much respect was shown for ancient customs, in that classic land of *decorum* (the thing and the word are Roman), Clodia took pleasure in shocking the established customs; she went out publicly with her male friends; she was accompanied by them in the public gardens or on the Appian road, constructed by her great ancestor. She boldly accosted people whom she knew; instead of timidly lowering her eyes as a well-brought-up matron should have done, she dared to speak to them (Cicero says that she even kissed them sometimes), and invited them to her repasts. Grave, staid, and rigid people were indignant; but the young, whom this freedom did not displease, were charmed, and went to dine with Clodia.—*From Cicero and His Friends;* JONES'S *translation.* (By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY, an American poet, dramatist, and diplomatist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1823; died there, January 2, 1890. He was graduated from Princeton, and studied law, though he never practiced. In 1871 was appointed United States Minister to Constantinople, and in 1875 to St. Petersburg. In 1862 he was elected President of the Union League of Philadelphia.

Boker may justly be considered one of the few successes in American dramatic literature. The dramatic influence of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and the high poetic feeling of Longfellow, combined to make Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* a standard American play, which afforded to Lawrence Barrett a vehicle to popular favor as one of the foremost tragedians of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Says Richardson, in speaking of the tendencies of American verse: "In the desert of American drama the work of Boker is doubly welcome. It is not indigenous or new or indispensable; it merely offers somewhat of the strength of word, the flame of color, the intensity of act, of the earlier or later English makers of plays, to whom the bloody pages of mediæval history have been so rich an inspiration. That verbal grace which must be added to sincere sentiment, if a good lyric is to be made, is a mark of some of Boker's songs. But as we look back upon the past half-century of American verse his dramatic work, though not the greatest, stands out the more clearly."

His first volume, *The Lesson of Life and other Poems,* was published in 1847. He wrote the tragedies of *Calaynos* (which was acted with success at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, in March, 1849), *Anne Boleyn; Leonor de Guzman; Francesca da Rimini; The Betrothal; The Podesta's Daughter;* and *The Widow's Marriage,* published in 1857, with *The Ivory Carver* and other lyric poems, under the title *Plays and Poems.* He later published *Poems of the War* (1864); *Königsmark and other Poems* (1869); *The Book of the Dead* (1882), and *Sonnets* (1888).

GIULIA.

On her twelfth birthday, my child, Giulia —
I now may say it, she is dead so long —
Was fairer than the rose she loved so much,
White as the lily were her virgin thoughts,
Her pride as humble as the violet;
Her fancies trained as easily as the vine
That loves a strong support to grow around,
And grows not upward if not upward held ;
So all her pliant nature leaned upon
Me and her brother Ugo. Sweeter far
Than rose or lily, violet or vine,
Though they could gather all their charms in one,
Was the united being of my child,
Just as she stepped beyond her childish ways,
And lightly trod the paths of womanhood
Only there was this one defect in her —
If a half-beauty may be called defect —
She was too rare, too airy, too refined,
Too much of essence, and too little flesh,
For the rude struggle of rough-handed earth.
Even her very life seemed bound to her
By frailer tenures than belong to us.
There was no compact between heaven and earth
Regarding her. She had no term to live,
No time to die. Within her life and death
Seemed ever striving for the mastery;
And she on either smiled with equal cheer.
She was a product of her native air,
Born from the breath of flowers, the dews of night,
The balm of morning, the melodious strains
That haunt our twilight, waning with the moon.
Each unsubstantial thing took form in her;
Even her country's sun had shot its fire
Through all her nature, and burnt deeply down
Into her soul: — Here was the curse of all!

— *The Podesta's Daughter.*

CHORUS OF PLANETS.

Hark to our voices, O Mother of Nations!
Why art thou dim when thy sisters are radiant?
Why veil'st thy face in a mantle of vapor,
Gliding obscure through the depths of the night?
Wake from thy lethargy. Hear'st thou our music,
Harmonious that reaches the confines of space?
Join in our chorus, join in our jubilee,
Make the day pine with thy far-piercing melody —
Pine that his kingdom of blue sky and sunshine
Never re-echoes such marvellous tones.
No, thou art silent, O mystical sister,
Silent and proud that thou bear'st on thy bosom
The wonderful freight of the God-lighted soul.—
We hear thee, we hear thee, beneath thy thick mantle
The war of the winds through thy leaf-laden forests,
And around isles of thy pillared and hill-piercing
Caverns sonorous; hear the dread avalanche
Torn from its quivering mountainous summit,
Ribb'd with massy rocks, crested with pine-trees,
Thundering enormous upon thy fair valleys;
Hear the dull roar of thy mist-spouting cataracts,
Hear the faint plash of thy salt-seething billows,
Lifting their heads multitudinous, or shoreward
Climbing the cliffs that o'erhang them with trembling,
And tossing their spray in exultant defiance
Over the weed-bearded guardians of ocean.
Sister, we listen; thy strains are enlinking,
Melodiously by blending to ravishing harmony;
Clouds are departing, we see thee, we yearn to thee,
Noblest of planets, creation's full glory!
Bending, we hearken, thou mother of nations,
Hark to the sky-rending voice of humanity.

— *The Song of the Earth.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,

Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him,
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him,
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

—*Poems of the War.*

BOLINGBROKE, Henry St. John, Viscount, an English statesman and author; born at Battersea, October 1, 1678; died there, December 12, 1751. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. In 1701 he entered Parliament, where he distinguished himself as an orator. In 1704 he became Secretary of War, and in 1710 Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Two years later he was raised to the peerage. His share in the Treaty of Utrecht made him unpopular, and on the accession of George I., in 1714, he was dismissed from office. He fled to France, entered the service of the Pretender, and was attainted. In 1724 the attainder was removed, and he was permitted to return to England and to resume his property, but not his seat in the House of Lords. The next ten years were spent on his estate near Uxbridge, where he employed himself in study and in writing attacks on his political adversaries. Some of these attacks afterward appeared in his *Dissertation on Parties.* Embittered by his exclusion from political affairs, he returned to France in 1735, where he wrote his *Letters on the Study of History,* and a letter on the *True Use of Retirement.* In 1742 he returned to England, where he spent the remainder of his life. A collection of his writings, in five volumes, appeared two or three years after his death. They are notable rather for manner of expression than for any value of thought.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Among numberless extravagances which have passed through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our

reason, which we are supposed to have for our country, as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it. . . . There is nothing, surely, more groundless than the notion here advanced, nothing more absurd. We love the country in which we are born, because we receive particular benefits from it, and because we have particular obligations to it: which ties we may have to another country, as well as to that we are born in; to our country by *election,* as well as to our country by *birth.* In all other respects, a wise man looks upon himself as a citizen of the world; and when you ask him where his country lies, points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens. . . . The world is a great wilderness, wherein mankind have wandered and jostled one another about from the creation. Some have removed by necessity, and others by choice. One nation has been fond of seizing what another was tired of possessing; and it will be difficult to point out the country which is to this day in the hands of its first inhabitants.

Thus fate has ordained that nothing shall remain long in the same state: and what are all these transportations of people but so many public exiles? Varro, the most learned of the Romans, thought, since Nature is the same wherever we go, that this single circumstance was sufficient to remove all objections to change of place, taken by itself, and stripped of the other inconveniences which attend exile. Marcus Brutus thought it enough that those who go into banishment cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along with them. Now, if any one judge that each of these comforts is in itself insufficient, he must, however, confess that both of them joined together are able to remove the terrors of exile. For what trifles must all we leave behind us be esteemed, in comparison of the two most precious things which men can enjoy, and which, we are sure, will follow us wherever we turn our steps — the same nature, and our proper virtue.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world that of all which belongs to us

the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on whatever coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that the established order of things; they are the grumblings infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of the seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from which we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them. And while I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.—*Reflections Upon Exile.*

ON COMPLAINING OF THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time,

and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal commonplace complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorizes this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and go out of the world when he had just learned to live in it. His master, Aristotle, found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even when we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of the creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty.

BOLTON, Sarah Knowles, an American biographer and poet; born at Farmington, Conn., September 15, 1841. She was graduated from the Hartford Seminary established by Catharine Beecher; published a volume of poems, and in 1866 married Charles E. Bolton, an Amherst College graduate. They removed to Cleveland, O., where, besides writing for various periodicals, she did much charitable work. She was secretary of the Woman's Christian Association, and twice visited Europe, spending two years in England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Norway, and Sweden studying literary and educational matters, and the means used by employers for the mental and moral elevation of their employees. On the latter subject she read a paper before the American Social Science Association in 1883. She was for three years one of the editors of the *Congregationalist.*

Mrs. Bolton has written: *How Success is Won* (1884); *Poor Boys Who Became Famous* (1885); *Girls Who Became Famous* (1886); *Stories from Life* (fiction), (1886); *Social Studies in England* (1886); *Famous American Authors* (1887); *From Heart and Nature* (poems), (1887); *Famous American Statesmen* (1888); *Some Successful Women* (1888); *Famous Men of Science* (1889); *Famous English Authors of the Nineteenth Century* (1890); *Famous European Artists* (1890); *Famous English Statesmen of Queen Victoria's Reign* (1891); *Famous Types of Womanhood* (1892); *The Inevitable and Other Poems* (1895); and *Our Devoted Friend, the Dog* (1902).

OUR POETS.

Why do you sing of Grecian myths,
O gifted, noble poets?
Our land is full of earnest deeds
In war or peace; of human needs,
Of sunny skies, of verdant trees
Of gardens like Hesperides.

As fair as Phryne are our fair:
Our men as brave as Ajax are:
Nought to Penelope is due
More than our women tried and true.

Antietam's blood as Troy's is red;
Art with great Phidias, is not dead;
And Plato's State may live again
Portrayed by quite as brilliant pen.

Delve not, great singers, in the past;
The present needs you; in these last
Great cycles of a Christian age
You have a royal heritage;

To teach that knowledge is for all,
The peasant in the meanest stall
As for the prince: that highest place
Is open to the lowest race.

If it be worthy, speech be free,
And thought be boundless as the sea;
That force is brutish; peace and love
Shall in the future richly prove.
Who labors with the hand or pen
Wins homage from his fellow men.

Pleasure in killing beast or bird
Be counted savage and unheard,
In humble cot or royal hall;
Women be honored, equal all

Before the law and God, that sin
Shall not set open door to win
Our loved ones; purity is best,
And pays its wages with interest.

O gifted, noble singers, write
For us, who are the living;
Be prophets, harbingers of light
Your brightest talents giving

To lead man to his best estate,
To study and aspire;
For he is poet truly great
Who helps his brother higher.

BONAVENTURA, SAINT, an Italian philosopher and theologian; born at Bagnorea, Tuscany, in 1221; died at Lyons, July 15, 1274. In 1248 he became a Franciscan monk. He was educated in Paris, and in 1253 he became a teacher of theology there. Three years later he was made general of his order, and in 1273 he was created a cardinal. He died while attending, with Pope Gregory, the Council of Lyons. He was canonized in 1482, and since 1587 he has been recognized as the sixth accredited doctor of the Church. He is known as the "Seraphic Doctor," on account of the religious fervor of his style. Dante places him among the saints in his *Paradise*. Much of his literary work is devoted to a philosophical defence of mediæval doctrines and ecclesiastical practices. His most important works, properly text-books of doctrine, are those entitled *Breviloquium* and *Centiloquium*. In his commentary on the *Sententiæ* of Peter the Lombard, he advances some original argu-

ments for the immortality of the soul. His complete works have been often reprinted. Among those which have been translated into English are: *The Progress of the Mind Toward God; Life of St. Francis of Assisi,* and his *Life of Christ.* He also wrote or compiled an edition of the work known as *The Poor Man's Bible.* Saint Bonaventura's original name was that of his father, John of Fidenza; and the following story is told of his change of name: "His mother, when her boy of four years old was sick unto death, vowed that if he recovered he should be a monk; whereupon he immediately recovered, and the fond mother exclaimed in her joy, O, Bonaventura! And this name — Oh, what good luck! — he adopted when he entered the monastery.

ADESTE FIDELES.

Exulting, triumphing, come from every nation;
Come hither to Bethlehem; your offspring bring;
Come and behold one born for your salvation,—
O, come, let us adore Him, Christ our King!

Foretold by the prophets in the sacred pages,
A virgin — O wonder! — brings forth a child;
Hail! Son of God! expected through long ages —
O, come, let us adore Him, Saviour mild!

Then welcome the day which gave us such a treasure,
Redemption to mortals this day affords;
Jesus is born; our joy shall know no measure,—
O, come, let us adore Him, Lord of Lords!

Let praises by angels, by mankind be given;
Let praises unfeigned for such love ne'er end;
Glory to God resound from earth to heaven,—
O, come, let us adore Him, sinners' Friend!

— *Attributed to St. Bonaventura; anonymous translation (about 1820).*

THE TREE OF LIFE.

Imagine, now, in spirit, a tree, whose root is continually watered by a flowing spring, which becomes a great and swelling river with four ostiaries watering the Paradise of the whole church. Further, from the trunk of this tree there come twelve branches supplied with leaves, from whence proceed blossoms and fruit; and the leaf is for every kind of disease the most healing medicine, as well preventative as curative, since the wood of the cross is the power of God, which saves all who believe. Its blossoms are adorned with the brightest and most varied colours, while they breathe the sweetest perfume, so that they revive and attract the fainting hearts that long for them. The fruit is of twelve kinds, and possesses in itself every charm and the most exquisite taste; and it is ever set before the members of God's household, that they may at all seasons eat of it, never satisfied and yet never surfeited. And this is the fruit which proceeded from the womb of the Virgin, and on the tree of the Cross attained its savoury ripeness through the noontide heat of the eternal sun — namely, the love of Christ — and which is set in the garden of the heavenly Paradise, the church of God, before those who desire to eat thereof. This is shown in that stanza which runs thus:—

O crux, frutex salvificus,
Vivo fonte rigatus,
Cujus flos aromaticus,
Fructus desideratus.

Although this fruit is one and undivided, yet because, according to its manifold nature, dignity, strength, and power, it nourishes pious souls with many consolations, which may be referred to the number twelve, so the fruit of the tree is on twelve branches, that each one who has given himself to Christ may partake of its sweet

flavour as he considers: on the first branch, the glorious origin of the Redeemer and his sweet birth; on the second branch, his humble walk and condescension; on the third, the height of his perfect virtue; on the fourth, the fulness of the richest and most perfect piety; on the fifth, confidence in the approach of suffering; the sixth, patience under offences and maledictions; seventh, fortitude in bearing the pains of the bitter cross; eight, victory in the agonies of death; nine, the new life of the resurrection; then, the sublimity of the ascension with its spiritual graces; next, the justice of the future judgment; and on the twelfth branch, the eternity of God's kingdom. These I call fruits because they minister by their great loveliness to the delight, and by their nourishing virtue, to the strength of the soul, which reflects thereon, and sets before itself the one thing alone; keeping far from the example of Adam's transgression, who preferred the tree of the knowledge of good and evil to the tree of life. From him this tree will not be withheld who prefers to reason, faith; to investigation, piety; to curiosity, simplicity; and to the lusts and wisdom of the flesh, the Cross of Christ, by which the grace of the Holy Spirit is nourished in the hearts of believers and increased sevenfold.—*From a Treatise on The Tree of Life; old translation.*

BOOTHBY, GUY NEWELL, an English novelist; born at Adelaide, South Australia, October 13, 1867; died at London, February 27, 1905. He was educated in England. He had from the first an adventurous spirit, which sent him in 1891 on a journey across Australia. Some of his thrilling experiences of this expedition are to be found in his first book, *On the Wallaby*, published in 1894. Then he extended his travels to

the Far East, New Guinea, Thursday Island, and other parts. His novels include: *In Strange Company* (1894); *The Marriage of Esther* (1895); *A Lost Endeavor* (1895); *A Bid for Fortune* (1895); *A Beautiful White Devil* (1896); *Dr. Nikola* (1896); *Facinations of the King* (1897); *Love Made Manifest* (1898); *A Maker of Nations* (1899); *A Cabinet Secret* (1900); *My Indian Queen* (1901); *The Viceroy's Protége* (1902); and *Farewell Nikola* (1903).

NAPLES AT NIGHT.

Night was falling, and Naples Harbor, always picturesque, appeared even more so than usual in the warm light of the departing day. The city itself, climbing up the hillside, almost from the water's edge, was coloured a pale pink by the sunset, and even old Vesuvius, from whose top a thin column of black smoke was issuing, seemed somewhat less sombre than usual. Out Ischiawards, the heavens were a mass of gold and crimson coloring, and this was reflected in the calm waters of the Bay, till the whole world was a veritable glow.—*A Cabinet Secret.* (Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co., 1900.)

PEACE AND WAR.

"A life-long study of European politics," said De Belleville, "has convinced me that the peace of Europe is never so much assured as when the various nations are struggling to be at each other's throats. This is a point of which so many people, renowned for their political perspicuity, seem to lose sight. Our very good friend and visitor, the Czar, would have us disarm and turn our swords into ploughshares. By this time, however, he must agree that, if only from a humanitarian point of view, he has made a mistake. It may appear paradoxical, but there is certainly nothing that promotes peace so much as war. I never feel sure in my own mind that the next year will be a quiet one until I am

told that the military bloodhounds are about to be unchained."

. . . . . .

As I stood at the window, I thought of the crisis which England was approaching. Many years had elapsed since she had been involved in a great war. In these days epoch succeeds epoch with incredible rapidity, and public opinion has the knack of changing with each one. The stolidity, the self-reserve, the faculty of being able to take the hard knocks and yet continue the fight, that had characterized us at the time of Waterloo and the Crimea, did that still exist? Then again, were we as fully prepared as we might be? Were our Generals as competent as of yore, or had the long spell of peace wrought a change in them also? They were weighty questions, and a man might very well have been pardoned had he asked them of himself with an anxious heart. Our "splendid isolation" had been the jeer and taunt of the world. Would that very isolation prove our downfall, if by any evil chance matters took a wrong turn with us? For a moment I could see England as she would be were her armies to be defeated in the present struggle. The croaking prophecies of her enemies would have proved too true, and she would be at the mercy of the yelping mob that had once only dared to bark and snap at her from a distance.— *A Cabinet Secret.* (Copyright by J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., 1900.)

BORN, BERTRAND DE, a French soldier and troubadour; born at Perigord, about 1140; died previous to 1215. He bore an important part in the troubles of his time, and had much to do in inciting John and the other sons of Henry II. of England to quarrel with their father. He supported the pretensions of the youthful Prince Henry to the Duchy of

Aquitaine, both by the sword and by his poetry, inciting the Provençal nobles to form a league in defence of the young prince's right. Born waged war against Richard Cœur de Lion, though he wrote in favor of the crusades, but in a satirical vein. He was a powerful man in his day, being possessed of vast estates and numerous followers, which were augmented by the influence of his writings, which were warlike, satirical, or eulogistic, as his caprice dictated. He terminated his stormy career in a monastery, having assumed the habit of the Order of Citeaux. Dante assigns him a place among those who were doomed to eternal suffering in the Inferno, as one who "gave King John the counsel mischievous, which set father and son at mutual war." The poems of Born dwell mainly on love and arms. The following is one of the best of them:

THE DELIGHTS OF BATTLE.

The beautiful Spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see all scattered around,
Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

It pleases me when the lancers bold
Set men and armies flying;
And it pleases me to hear around
The voice of soldiers crying;
And joy is mine,

When the castles strong, besiegèd, shake,
And the walls uprooted totter and crack;
And I see the foemen join,
On the moated shore all compassed round
With the palisade and guarded mound. . . .

Lances and swords, and stained helms,
And shields, dismantled and broken,
On the verge of the bloody battle-scene,
The field of wrath betoken;
And the vassals are there
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead,
And where the mingled strife is spread
The noblest warrior's care
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head —
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer—
Or banqueting, or reposing —
Like the onset-cry of "Charge them!" rung
From each side as in battle closing,
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to "Aid!" is echoing loud;
And there on the earth the lowly and proud
In the fosse together lie;
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons, your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scene:
And, Papiol, quickly go,
And tell the Lord of *Oc* and *No*
That peace already too long hath been.

— *Translation of* E. TAYLOR.

BORROW, GEORGE, an English philologist, traveller, and novelist; born at East Dereham, Norfolk, in February, 1803; died at Oulton, Suffolk, July 30, 1881. He was irregularly educated, but a deep student, and devoted himself early to the study of languages, not so much to the ancient, as is the custom of students, but to the more out-of-the-way modern, and early became proficient in the Welsh, Scandinavian, Russian, and Spanish tongues. His works relate mainly to the Gypsies, among whom he lived for some time in his youth, and whose language and customs he afterward studied in different parts of Europe. His first work, *The Zincali, or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain,* was published in 1841. *The Bible in Spain,* a narrative of his travels and adventures in that country, as agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, appeared in 1843; and *Lavengro, the Scholar, the Gypsy, and the Priest,* in 1851. Returning to his native country, he married a woman possessed of some wealth, and spent the remainder of his life in writing and studying. His style was somewhat after the manner of Cobbett's. There is little difference between his novels and his books of travel. The former chronicle his adventures abroad in romantic form, and the latter, while purporting to be a record of actual occurrences, have a singularly romantic flavor. Borrow's later works are: The *Romany Rye,* a sequel to *Lavengro* (1857); *Wild Wales* (1862); and *Romano Lavo-Lil* (1874).

THE GYPSY FAMILY.

When the old man left the country, which he did a few days after the conversation I have just related, he

left me the reptile which he had tamed and rendered quite harmless by removing the fangs. I was in the habit of feeding it with milk, and frequently carried it abroad with me in my walks. One day it happened that, being on my rambles, I entered a green lane which I had never seen before; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider; in the middle was a driftway with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trefoil and clover; there was no lack of trees, chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted my attention.

Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling; beside it stood a couple of light carts, whilst two or three lean horses or ponies were cropping the herbage which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I was close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of wagons, placed upon the ground, and fronting each other; connected behind by a sail or large piece of canvas which was but partially drawn across the top; upon the ground in the intervening space, was a fire, over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron. My advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman, who sat apart, one on each side of the fire; they were both busily employed; the man was carding plaited straw, whilst the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her. Suddenly the man looked up, and perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet and rushing out upon me.

I retreated a few steps, yet without turning to flee. I was not, however, without apprehension, which, indeed, the appearance of these two people was well calculated to inspire. The woman was a stout figure, seem-

ingly between thirty and forty; she wore no cap, and her long hair fell on either side of her head, like horse-tails, half way down her waist; her skin was dark and swarthy, like that of a toad, and the expression of her countenance was particularly evil; her arms were bare, and her bosom was but half concealed by a slight bodice, below which she wore a coarse petticoat, her only other article of dress. The man was somewhat younger, but of a figure equally wild; his frame was long and lathy, but his arms were remarkably short, his neck was rather bent, he squinted slightly, and his mouth was much awry; his complexion was dark, but, unlike that of the woman, was more ruddy than livid; there was a deep scar on his cheek, something like the impression of a half-penny. The dress was quite in keeping with the figure: in his hat, which was slightly peaked, was stuck a peacock's feather; over a waistcoat of hide untanned and with the hair upon it, he wore a rough jerkin of russet hue; smallclothes of leather, which had probably once belonged to a soldier, but with which pipe-clay did not seem to have come in contact for many a year, protected his lower man as far as the knee; his legs were cased in long stockings of blue worsted, and on his shoes he wore immense old-fashioned buckles.

Such were the two beings who now came rushing upon me; the man was rather in advance, brandishing a ladle in his hand.

"So I have caught you at last," said he; "I'll teach ye, you young highwayman, to come skulking about my properties!"

Young as I was, I remarked that his manner of speaking was different from that of any people with whom I had been in the habit of associating. It was quite as strange as his appearance, and yet it nothing resembled the foreign English which I had been in the habit of hearing through the palisades of the prison; he could scarcely be a foreigner.

"Your properties!" said I: "I am in the King's Lane. Why did you put them there if you did not wish them to be seen?"

"Ow the spy," said the woman, "hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge."

"So we will," said the man, "drown him anon in the mud!"

"Drown me, will you?" said I; "I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you with hands full of straw-plait, and my mother there?"

"Yes," said the woman; "what was I about?"

. . . . . .

"How should I know? Making bad money perhaps!"

And it will be well here to observe, that at this time there was much bad money in circulation in the neighborhood, generally supposed to be fabricated by the prisoners, so that this false coin and straw-plait formed the standard subject of conversation at Norman Cross.

"I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me. "Bad money, is it?"

"Leave him to me, wifelkin," said the man, interposing; "you shall see now how I'll baste him down the lane."

I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes. The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor.

"I say, wifelkin," said he in a faltering tone, "did you ever see the like of this here?"

But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror, and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man stooped down and took up the ladle: then, as

if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice. Of their discourse, though I could hear the greater part of it, I understood not a single word. . . .

At last the man in a somewhat louder tone, appeared to put a question to the woman, who nodded her head affirmatively, and in a moment or two produced a small stool which she delivered to him. He placed it on the ground, close by the door of the tent, first rubbing it with his sleeve, as if for the purpose of polishing its surface.

Man.—"Now, my precious little gentleman, do sit down here by the poor people's tent; we wish to be civil in our slight way. Don't be angry, and say no; but look kindly on us, and satisfied."

Woman.—"Yes, my gorgeous angel, sit down by the poor bodies' fire, and eat a sweetmeat. We want to ask you a question or two; only first put that serpent away."

Myself.—"I can sit down, and bid the serpent go to sleep, that's easy enough; but as for eating a sweetmeat, how can I do that? I have not got one, and where am I to get it?"

Woman.—"Never fear, my tiny-tawny, we can give you one, such as you never ate, I dare say, however far you may have come from."

The serpent sunk into its usual resting place, and I sat down on the stool. The woman opened a box, and took out a strange little basket or hamper, not much larger than a man's fist, and formed of a delicate kind of matting. It was sewed at the top; but ripping it open with a knife, she held it to me, and I saw, to my surprise, that it contained candied fruits of a dark green hue, tempting enough to one of my age.

"There, my tiny," said she; "taste, and tell me how you like them."

"Very much," said I; "where did you get them?"

The beldame leered upon me for a moment, then, nodding her head thrice, with a knowing look, said, "Who knows better than yourself, my tawny?"

Now, I knew nothing about the matter; but I saw that

these strange people had conceived a very high opinion of the abilities of their visitor, which I was nothing loath to encourage. I therefore answered boldly.

"Ah! who indeed!"

"Certainly," said the man; "who should know better than yourself, or so well? And now, my tiny one, let me ask you one thing — you didn't come to do us any harm?"

"No," said I, "I had no dislike to you; though, if you were to meddle with me ——"

Man.—"Of course, my gorgeous, of course you would; and quite right too. Meddle with you — what right have we? I should say it would not be quite safe. I see how it is; you are one of them there;" and he bent his head towards his left shoulder.

Myself.—"Yes, I am one of them"— for I thought he was alluding to the soldiers, "you had best mind what you are about, I can tell you."

Man.—"Don't doubt we will for our own sake; Lord bless you, wifelkin, only think that we should see one there when we least thought about it. Well, I have heard of such things, though I never thought to see one; however, seeing is believing. Well! now you are come, and are not going to do us any mischief, I hope you will stay. You can do us plenty of good if you will."

Myself.—"What good could I do you?"

Man.—"What good? plenty! Would you not bring us luck? I have heard say, that one of them there always does, if it will but settle down. Stay with us, you shall have a tilted cart all to yourself, if you like. We'll make you our little God Almighty, and say our prayers to you every morning."— *Lavengro.*

BOSCAN-ALMOGAVER, JUAN, a Spanish poet; born at Barcelona about 1493; died near Perpignan, France, about 1542. He was held in great esteem at the Court of the Emperor Charles V., and was made preceptor to the Duke of Alva. He undertook the publication of the works of his deceased friend, Garcilasso de la Vega, and made numerous translations from the Italian. He was known as the founder of the Italian poetical school of Spain. His complete works were published in 1543. They are divided into four books, which mark out distinctly the stages of Boscan's poetical history. The first book contains the light poems in the old Castilian metre, which were written in his youth, before 1526, in which year he became acquainted with Andrea Navagiero, ambassador from Venice, who urged him to adopt some of the Italian measures. The second and third books contain a number of pieces in Italian measure, the longest of which is *Hero and Leander,* in blank verse. The fourth book contains his best work, the *Allegory,* written in full maturity of his powers and exhibiting great delicacy of imagination and skilful verse-composition.

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASSO.

Tell me dear Garcilaso — thou
  Who ever aim'dst at Good,
And, in the spirit of the vow,
  So swift her course pursued,
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
  Won instant, soon as wooed —
Why tookst thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscan with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star,
  Where now thou sittest enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
  Alas! so far behind?
O, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
  By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot.

For if through life thy love was such
  As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
  Close to thy envied side,
I cannot doubt — I must believe —
Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
  Of me: or, if denied,
Have come afterward unblest
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

— *Translation of* WIFFEN.

BOSSUET, JACQUES BÉNIGNE, a French prelate, historian, and orator; born at Dijon, September 27, 1627; died at Paris, April 4, 1704. He was of an eminent legal family, and after studying at his native place, under the Jesuits, he went to Paris, where, having received the order of priest, he acquired great repute as a preacher. In 1679 he was nominated to the bishopric of Condon; but in the next year he was made preceptor of the Dauphin, and resigned that bishopric. The duties of his preceptorate having ceased, Bossuet was made Bishop of Meaux in 1681, a position which he retained until his death.

Bossuet was acknowledged to be the foremost French preacher of his day. His six *Funeral Discourses,* which probably won for him the position of preceptor to the Dauphin, have been pronounced to be models of their kind. His published works are very numerous. What purports to be a complete edition of them was published at Paris in 1825, in fifty-nine small volumes, and reissued in 1836 in twelve large volumes. The most notable of these works is the *Histoire des Variations de l' Église Protestante,* first published in 1688. The aim of this work is to demonstrate the heresy of all the Protestant churches of his day, by a review of the numerous alleged contradictions in their creeds and confessions of faith. From a translation issued anonymously at Dublin, in 1829, we quote a portion of the Introduction to this work:

VARIATIONS IN PROTESTANT CREEDS.

If Protestants knew thoroughly how their religion was formed; with how many variations, and with what inconsistency, they were drawn up; how they first separated themselves from us and afterwards from one another; by how many subtleties, evasions, and equivocations they labored to repair their divisions, and to reunite the scattered members of their disjointed Reformation — this Reformation of which they boast, would afford them but little satisfaction; or rather, to speak my mind more freely, it would excite in them only feelings of contempt. It is the history of these variations, these subtleties, these equivocations, and these artifices, which I design to write. But in order to render this detail more useful to them, some principles must be laid down, which they cannot contravene, and which the current of a narration would not permit me to deduce, when once engaged in it.

When in Expositions of Faith, variations were seen

among Christians, they were ever considered as a mark of falsehood and inconsistency, if I may so speak, in the doctrine propounded. Faith speaks with simplicity; the Holy Ghost sheds pure light, and the truth which he teaches has a language always uniform. Whoever is but the least conversant in the history of the Church, must know she opposed to each heresy appropriate and precise expositions which she never altered. And if we attend to the expressions by which she condemned heretics, it will appear that they always proceed by the shortest and most direct route to attack the error in its source. She acts thus, because all that varies — all that is overlaid with doubtful or studiously ambiguous terms, has always appeared suspicious; and not only fraudulent, but even absolutely false, because it betrays an embarrassment with which truth is unacquainted.

This was one of the grounds on which the ancient Doctors condemned the Arians, who were constantly making new Confessions of Faith, without ever being able to settle themselves. Since their first Confession of Faith, which was made by Arius, and presented by this arch-heretic to his bishop, Alexander, they never ceased to vary. With these did St. Hilary reproach Constantius, the protector of those heretics; and whilst this Emperor called new Councils to reform their Creeds, and frame new Confessions of Faith, this holy bishop addressed him in these forcible words, "Your case is similar to that of unskilful architects, who are never pleased with their own work. You do nothing but build up and pull down; whereas the Catholic Church, the first time it assembled, raised an immortal edifice, and gave, in the symbol of Nice, so full a declaration of truth, that to condemn Arianism forever, nothing more is necessary than to repeat the Creed." . . .

But whilst heresies, always varying, agree not with themselves, and are continually introducing new rules — that is to say Symbols — Tertullian says. "In the Church the rule of faith is unalterable, and never to be reformed." It is so, because the Church, which professes to speak and teach nothing but what she hath received,

does not vary. And on the contrary, Heresy, which began by innovating, daily innovates and changes not its nature. Hence St. Chrysostom, speaking of this precept of the Apostle: "Shun profane babblings, which will increase into more ungodliness. . . . Avoid novelties in your discourses, for things do not stop there: one novelty begets another; and, there is no end to error when once you have begun to err."

In heresies there are two causes of this disorder of instability: One drawn from the nature of the human mind, which having once tasted the bait of novelty, ceases not to seek, with disordered appetite, this deceitful allurement. The other is drawn from the difference that exists between the works of God and those of man. The Catholic truth, proceeding from God, has its perfection at once; Heresy — the feeble offspring of the human mind — can be formed only by ill-fitting patches. When, contrary to the precept of the wise man, we venture to remove "the ancient landmarks set by our fathers," and to reform the doctrine once received among the faithful, we launch forth, without a thorough insight into the consequences of our attempt. That, which, at the commencement a false light, made us hazard, is found attended with such inconsistencies as to oblige these reformers every day to reform themselves, so that they cannot tell when their own minds be at rest, or their innovations terminated.

These are the solid and steady principles by which I undertake to demonstrate to Protestants the falsehood of their doctrine, from their continual variations, and the unstable manner in which they have explained their dogmas. I do not speak of the unsteadiness of individuals, but of the body of the church, in the books which they call symbolical: namely, those that have been made to express the consent of our churches; in a word, from their own Confessions of Faith, decreed, signed, and published, the doctrine of which has been given out as the doctrine containing nothing but the pure word of God; and which, notwithstanding, has been changed in so many ways in its chief articles. . . .

We shall be tired, no doubt, of witnessing these variations, and so many false subtleties of the new Reformation; so many cavils on words, so many different arguments; so many equivocations, and forced explanations, on which these have been founded. Is this, it will be often said, the Christian religion, which the Pagans have formerly admired as so simple, so pure, so precise in its dogmas? Is this the Christian religion, perfect and simple? — No, certainly it is not. Ammian Marcellin was right when he said that Constantius, by all his Councils and all his Symbols, had strayed from this admirable simplicity; and that he had weakened the whole vigor of the faith, by the perpetual fear which he entertained lest he should be deceived in his sentiments.

While it is my intention to represent in this work the Confessions of Faith, and the other public acts, where the variations appeared not only of individuals but of entire churches of the new Reformation, at the same time I cannot avoid speaking of the chiefs of the party who have drawn up these Confessions, or have made these changes. Thus Luther, Melanchthon, Carolostad, Zuingle, Bucer, Ecolampadius, Calvin, and the others, will often appear in their places. But I shall not say anything which is not taken from their own writings, or authors above suspicion; so that there will not be in all this narrative any fact that is not certain and useful in elucidating the Variations whose history I write. . . .

It is not, however, my design to make a jejune and insipid recital of the Protestant variations. I shall disclose their causes; I shall show that no change happened among them which does not argue an inconsistency in their doctrine, and is not the necessary result of it. Their variations, like those of the Arians, will discover what they would have excused, what supplied, what disguised in belief. Their disputes, their contradictions, and their equivocations will bear witness to the catholic truth, which, from time to time, must also be represented such as it is in itself, in order to make it appear by how many ways its enemies have been forced to draw near to it again. Thus, in the very midst of so many disputes, the

dark and inevitable confusions of the new Reform, catholic truth, like a beautiful sun piercing through opaque clouds, will everywhere display its lustre, and this treatise — should its execution equal the desire with which God has inspired me — will be the more convincing demonstration of the justice of our cause, as it will proceed from principles and facts allowed for certain by all. . . .

As to the Catholic, he will everywhere praise the Almighty for the continual protection he affords his Church, in order to maintain her simplicity and inflexible uprightness amidst the subtleties with which men strive to bewilder the truths of the Gospel.

The perverseness of heretics will be a great and interesting spectacle to the humble of heart. They will learn to despise that knowledge which puffs up, and that eloquence which dazzles; and the talents which the world admires will appear to them of little value, when they see such vain curiosities, such caprices in learned men, such dissimulation, such artifices in the most polite writers; so much vanity and ostentation, such dangerous illusions among those called men of wit; and finally so much arrogance and passion, and consequently so many and so manifest errors in men that appear great because they are followed by the crowd. They will deplore the errors of the human mind, and be convinced that the only remedy for those great evils is to break off all attachment to private judgment, for it is this which distinguishes Catholic from Heretic.

The property of the Heretic — that is, of one who has a particular opinion — is to be wedded to his own conceits. The property of the Catholic — that is, Universal — is to prefer the general sense of the whole Church to his own sentiments; this is the grace for which we shall petition in behalf of those that err. We shall, however, be filled with a salutary and holy awe when we contemplate the dangerous and slippery temptations with which God tries his Church, and the judgments which he exercises on her. Nor shall we cease to pour forth prayers to obtain for her pastors equally enlightened and exem-

plary; since it is through want of them that the flock, which has been redeemed at so great a price, has been so miserably ravaged. — *Preface to Variations.*

THE DIVORCE OF HENRY VII. FROM CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

It is a fact notoriously known that Henry VII. had obtained a dispensation from Pope Julius II. to marry the widow of Arthur, his eldest son, to Henry, his second son and successor. This Prince — after he had seen all the reasons for doubting — consummated, when a King and at age, this marriage, with the unanimous consent of all the estates of the realm, six weeks after coming to the crown. Twenty years elapsed without calling in question a marriage so sincerely and honestly contracted.

Henry, falling in love with Anne Boleyn, called conscience in to assist his passion; and his marriage becoming odious to him, at the same time became doubtful and suspected. Meanwhile a Princess [Mary] had sprung from this marriage, who from her infancy had been acknowledged heir of the kingdom; so that the pretext which Henry took for breaking off the marriage, lest, said he, the succession of the realm should be doubtful, was a mere trick, since none dreamed of disputing it with his daughter. On the contrary, if anything could obstruct the succession of this great kingdom, it was Henry's doubt; and it appears that all he published relating to the doubtfulness of the succession was nothing but a cloak, as well for his new amour, as for the disgust he had taken to the Queen, his wife, on account of some infirmities she had contracted.

A Prince, whom passion rules, would have it believed he has reason on his side. So to please Henry, the dispensation on which this marriage was grounded was attacked in several ways — some taken from fact, others from right. As to fact, the dispensation was maintained to be null, because granted on false allegations. But as these arguments of fact, reduced to these minute niceties, were overruled by the favorable condition of a marriage that had subsisted so many years, those from right

were chiefly insisted on; and the dispensation maintained null, as granted in prejudice of the law of God, which the Pope could not dispense with.

The question was, whether or no the prohibition in Leviticus, not to contract within certain degrees of consanguinity or affinity, and among others, that of marrying the brother's widow, did so appertain to the law of Nature as to be obligatory in the Gospel Law. The reason for doubting was: because we do not read that God ever dispensed with what was purely of the Law of Nature: for example, since the multiplication of mankind, there has been no instance of God's permitting the marriage of brother and sister, nor others of this nature in the first degree, whether ascending, or descending, or collateral. Now there was an express law, in Deuteronomy, which, in certain cases, enjoined a brother to take his sister-in-law, and the widow of his brother, to wife. God, therefore, not destroying Nature — which he is the author of — gave thereby to understand that this marriage was not of that sort which Nature rejects. And this was the foundation upon which rests the dispensation of Julius II.

We must do the Protestants of Germany this justice: Henry VIII. could never obtain from them the approbation of his new marriage with Anne Boleyn, nor the condemnation of Julius II.'s dispensations. When this affair was spoken of in a solemn embassy which the Prince sent to Germany, in order to join himself to the Protestant confederacy, Melanchthon decides thus: "We have not been of the English Ambassador's opinion; for we believe the law of not wedding a brother's wife is susceptible of dispensation, though we do not believe it to be abolished." And again, more concisely, in another place: "The Ambassadors pretend that the prohibition against marrying a brother's wife is indispensable; and we, on the contrary, maintain it may be dispensed with." This is exactly what they stood for at Rome; and Clement VII.'s definitive sentence against the divorce rested on this foundation. . . .

It appeared clearly [to Clement VII.] that the prohi-

bition of Leviticus bore not the character of a natural and indispensable law, since God derogated from it in other places. This dispensation of Julius II., grounded on this reason, had so probable a foundation that it appeared such even to the Protestants of Germany. No matter what diversity of sentiments there might have been on this subject, is was sufficient that the dispensation was not evidently contrary to the divine laws, which oblige Christians. The matter, then, was of the nature of such things, wherein all depends on the prudence of superiors; where sincerity and uprightness of heart must give all the repose conscience can have.

It was also but too manifest that, had it not been for Henry VIII.'s new fit of love, the Church never had been troubled with the shameful proposal of a divorce, after a marriage contracted and continued with a good conscience so many years. Here is the knot of the affair; and without speaking of the process, wherein, perchance, policy, good or bad, might intervene, Clement VII.'s decision, when all is said, will be a testimony to future ages that the Church knows not how to flatter the passions of Princes, nor approve their scandalous proceedings. — *Variations, Book VII.*

READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Henry VIII. said in 1540, in his preface to the *Exposition of the Christian Faith* "That, whereas there were some teachers whose office it was to instruct the people, so the rest ought to be taught; and to those it was not necessary to read the Scriptures; and that, therefore, he had restrained it from a great many; esteeming it sufficient for such to hear the doctrine of the Scriptures taught by their teachers." Afterward, in the same year, he allowed them, upon condition "that his subjects should not presume to expound, or take arguments from Scripture;" which was obliging them anew to refer themselves to the pastors of the Church for Scripture interpretations; in which case it is agreed the reading of the Divine Book must undoubtedly be very wholesome. Moreover, if at that time the Bible was translated into

the vulgar language, there was nothing new in that practice. We have the like versions for the use of Catholics in ages preceding the pretended Reformation. Nor is that a point of our controversaries.

Mr. Burnet, in pretending to show that the progress of the new Reformation was owing to the reading of Scripture allowed to the people, ought to have stated that this reading was preceded by artful and cunning preachers who had filled their heads with new interpretations. In this manner was it that an ignorant and headstrong people found, indeed, nothing in Scripture but those errors they had been prepossessed with. And what hastened and completed their ruin was the rashness inspired into them, of every man's deciding for himself which was the true sense of Scripture: of every man's making for himself his own creed. Thus it was that ignorant and prejudiced people found, in Scripture, the pretended Reformation.

When this notion is once put into the heads of the ignorant, that all is clear in Scripture — that they understand it in all that is necessary for them, and, therefore, that the judgment of all pastors, and of all ages, is quite needless to them — they take for certain truth the first sense that offers; and what they are accustomed to always appears the most genuine. But they ought to be made sensible that, in this case, it is the letter often which kills, and, in those very passages which appear the most plain, God has often hid the greatest and most awful mysteries. — *Variations, Book VII.*

ON IMAGE-WORSHIP.

Setting up Images is rendering sensible the mysteries and examples which sanctify us. The thing to be feared in respect to the ignorant is, lest they should believe that the Divine Nature might be represented, or rendered present in Images; or, at all events, lest they should look upon them as filled with some virtue for which they are honored; these are the three characters of idolatry. But the Council of Trent has rejected them in plain terms; so that it is not lawful to attribute to one Image more

virtue than to another; nor, by consequence, to frequent one more than another, unless in memory of some miracles, or some pious history which might excite devotion. The use of Images being thus purified, Luther himself, and the Lutherans, will demonstrate that Images of that kind are not what the Decalogue speaks of, and the honor rendered to them will be manifestly nothing else than a sensible and exterior testimony of the pious remembrance they excite, and the simple and natural effect of that mute language which accompanies these pious representations, and whose usefulness is so much the greater, as it is capable of being understood by all mankind.— *Variations, Book XV.*

BOSTON, THOMAS, a Scottish clergyman and author; born at Dunse, March 17, 1676; died at Ettrick, May 20, 1732. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, was ordained in 1699, and in 1707 became minister at Ettrick. He was eminent as a preacher, and his sermons gave a distinctive tone to the forensic theology of his denomination both in Scotland and America. He was, moreover, a voluminous author. A complete edition of his works was published in 1852, in twelve octavo volumes. Perhaps the most notable of his works is the *Human Nature in its Fourfold State:* (1) Primitive Integrity, subsisting in the parents of mankind in Paradise; (2) Entire Depravation, subsisting in the unregenerate; (3) Begun Recovery, subsisting in the regenerate; (4) Consummate Happiness or Misery, subsisting in all mankind in the future state. One of Boston's most characteristic Sermons is *The True Christian's Burden.*

having for its text St. Paul's exclamation, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN'S BURDEN.

These words present us with a good man in great distress; wounded in spirit; and "a wounded spirit who can bear?" When a Christian sees his foul face, heart, and hands, he is filled with shame and sorrow; and readily gives vent to his grief in the Apostle's words, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

You and I may be ready to think that if we had as much grace, as much communion with God, and knowledge of his secrets, as Paul had when he uttered this doleful complaint, we should reckon ourselves the happiest men in the world, and be always praising the Lord. But none of God's children have any useless talents. Strong grace is commonly yoked with strong corruption. This great man, notwithstanding his high attainments, is in a deep plunge; and out of the depths he cries unto the Lord, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

1. In these words he complains of his wretchedness, and bewails it from a deep sense and feeling of it: "O wretched man that I am!" Strange! What ails the man? Why does he thus groan? What makes the great Christian, the great Apostle and preacher of Jesus Christ, the special favorite of heaven — Paul — to call himself a wretched man? Has he lost his health? has he lost his friends? is he imprisoned? is he under reproach and persecution? No: all these things he could have borne; yea, in all these things he could have rejoiced, and even gloried; that "the power of Christ might rest upon him." But he was in hot conflict with that great enemy of God, and of all good men, called Sin. He had entered the lists with the Old Man, and the battle was like to go sore against him; therefore he cries out, "O wretched man that I am!" The word here rendered *wretched* or

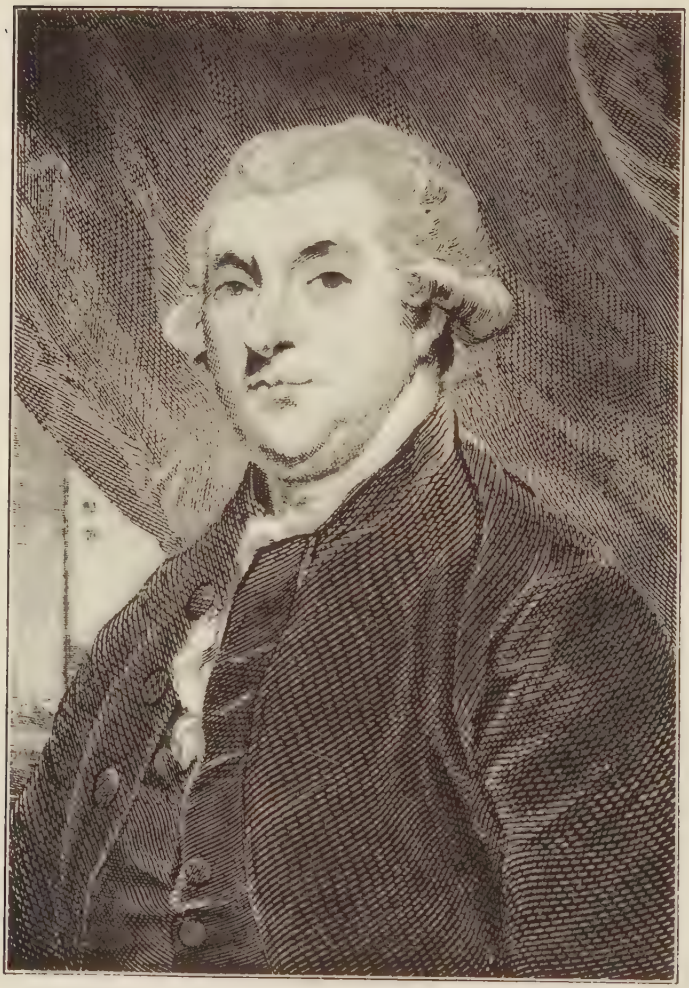
miserable, does not denote one in a cursed state, as being out of the favor of God. The Apostle was by this time a regenerated man, and speaks of himself as such. Neither is his calling himself a wretched man to be understood as the effect of a passionate and fretful spirit. Job, though a good man, has several expressions about the misery of his condition that were the fruit of impatient fits: but there is no such thing as sinful passion or bitterness in this expression, or in this text, which may be called the groan of a godly man; and, therefore, this expression signifies one tired and wearied with continual conflicts and strivings against Sin. The Apostle here is like a weak man, wrestling under a heavy burden; and at length, being like to faint under the pressure, cries out, O wretched creature that I am! who shall deliver me? who shall rid me of this heavy burden that is like to crush me? or like a champion, who having striven a long time, is at last like to be overwhelmed by his adversary, unless he be helped; and so he cries, Oh, how am I tired and wearied! who shall deliver me, or obtain the victory for me.

2. He shows his earnest desire of deliverance: "Who shall deliver?" And this Apostle speaks, not as being ignorant of Him who should deliver him, nor yet as doubting or despairing of deliverance; but hereby he signifies his earnest desire of it. It is, as it were, the voice of one panting and breathing to be delivered; and withal, he hints his utter inability to deliver himself.

3. He shows what it is he would be delivered from, viz.: "the body of this death." Some understand the words, as if the Apostle had desired to be delivered from his conflict with sin, by his bodily death. But I choose rather to understand them of the lump and mass of sin, that in part abides in believers, while they are in this life. The body of this death — or this body of death — is the carnal unrenewed part in believers. It is the Old Man, or the remains of sin in them. Now, this remainder of sin in believers is called a body, and a body of death. It is called a body (1.) to show the reality of it. Sin, considered absolutely, or as it remains in believers, is not a

chimera or mere imagination of men's brains. That there is such an abominable thing as Sin, God knows, the saints know, the devil knows, and wicked men, who now deride it, shall know at last to their cost. It is not a slight superficial thing; but it is a body of considerable magnitude. Meanwhile ye are not to look upon it as if it were a bodily substance, or a creature of God; neither are ye to look upon it as a mere privation of good; but as that which has likewise somewhat positively evil in it. (2.) It is called a body, for it has all the dimensions of a body. It is high, "grown up unto the heavens," as Ezra observes. Oh the malignant nature of sin that dares approach so near the dwelling-place of the Most High; yea, and to come within it, as it did when it seized upon the angels that fell. It is deep, for it goes down to hell. It cast the angels down from the highest heavens to the lowest hell. It is long and broad, for it goes to the end of the world, and the whole world over. (3.) It is called a body, because it hath many members. "Mortify, then, your members, which are lusts upon earth." The corrupt heart has diverse lusts and pleasures. The seed of everything evil lurks in it, and is ready to spring up upon every temptation.

But then it is called a body of death. (1.) Because it is noisome and filthy. A holy God cannot endure it. "He cannot look on it" but with abhorrence. Holy angels and holy men cannot bear it. Nothing is so vile, loathsome and nauseous to them as Sin. It is like a vile rotten carcass, that has polluted the air of this world, so that all die who breathe in it. (2.) Because it is a deadly sin: As the sons of the prophets said to the Man of God, "There is death in the pot," so may we say of Sin, there is death in it. Death is said to have "entered by Sin;" and Sin when it is finished, is said to "bring forth death;" this latter being, as it were, the child of the former. (3.) It tends and binds over to death. It is the cause of temporal death, or the dissolution of the frame of our nature: for although the original constitution of human nature was such, that man was not absolutely immortal, yet it is not probable he should actually have died without



JAMES BOSWELL.

Sin as the meritorious cause thereof. And then it tends to eternal death. The regenerate, indeed, are not actually liable unto it, though there be remains of Sin in them; but they deserve it: for Sin is in whomsoever it is; and as such it deserves death. Hence the Apostle, when asserting the privileges of believers, says not, that there is nothing condemnable in them, but that "there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

The general doctrine evolved in this sermon, to which so much space has been given because it is characteristic of a school, is that "the regenerate groan under remaining corruption in them, and earnestly desire a complete deliverance from it." This thought is dwelt upon in various aspects, until the final conclusion is reached:

THE END OF THE CONFLICT.

In the last place, there is a difference also in the continuance of the battle. The renewed man continues the struggle till he obtains the victory. It is not a war for a day or two about the time of a Communion, when the arrows of the Word are flying thick about his ears; but it is a war kept up till death; whereas in an unrenewed man, the cause of the war being the clamors of natural conscience, it comes to an end upon the proclamation of false peace to his soul.— *Sermon on the True Christian's Burden.*

BOSWELL, JAMES, a British author, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; born at Edinburgh, October 24, 1740; died at London, May 19, 1795. His father was a Judge of the Court of Sessions, and as such was styled Lord Auchinleck, from his ancestral estate. James Boswell, the eldest

son, was intended for the law, and studied at Glasgow, and afterward for a short time at the then famous Dutch University of Utrecht, whither he went late in 1763, having a few months before been casually introduced to Dr. Johnson. In 1765 he made a tour on the Continent, in the course of which he visited the island of Corsica, then struggling for its independence under Pascal Paoli. In 1768 he published a lively account of this tour, which Johnson pronounced to be "curious and delightful." An introduction to Paoli afforded Boswell unusual facilities for travelling through Corsica, and he saw many things which would not have fallen under ordinary observation.

THE HANGMAN OF CORSICA.

The hangman of Corsica was a great curiosity. Being held in the utmost detestation, he durst not live like another inhabitant of the island. He was obliged to take refuge in the castle, and there he was kept in a little turret, where he had just room for a miserable bed and a little bit of fire to dress such victuals for himself as were sufficient to keep him alive; for nobody would have any intercourse with him. I went up and looked at him, and a more dirty, rueful spectacle I never beheld. He seemed sensible of his situation, and held down his head like an abhorred outcast. It was a long time before they could get a hangman in Corsica, so that the punishment of the gallows was hardly known, all the criminals being shot. At last the creature whom I saw, who is a Sicilian, came with a message to Paoli. The General, who has a wonderful talent for physiognomy, said immediately to some of the people about him, "*Ecco il boia* — Behold our hangman!" He gave orders to ask the man if he would accept the office, and the answer was, "My grandfather was a hangman; my father was a hangman; I have been a hangman myself, and I am willing to continue so." He was therefore immediately put into office; and the igno-

minious death dispensed by his hands hath had more effect than twenty executions by fire-arms. It is remarkable that no Corsican would upon any account consent to be hangman. Not the greatest criminals, who might have had their lives upon that condition. Even the wretch who, for paltry hire, had strangled a woman, would rather submit to death than do the same action as the executioner of the law.— *Tour to Corsica.*

After his return to Scotland, Boswell was admitted to the Scottish "Family of Advocates;" that is, was called to the bar; but he did not enter into the active practice of his profession, being, as he himself says, constitutionally unfit for any employment." He also married, not altogether happily it would seem; and in 1773 went up again to London, where he renewed the acquaintance with Johnson which had been commenced ten years before. He became a frequenter of the literary club of which Johnson was the acknowledged chief, and in a short time induced the great man to set out with him upon a tour to the Hebrides. Boswell kept a minute journal of this tour, which, however, was not published until 1785, a year after the death of Johnson, to whose talk a great part of the volume is devoted. This work really forms a very considerable part of *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

ABOUT DOGS AND MEN.

Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in his situation: "Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here: for if you have it not, what should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and carry off everything you have in the house, which in a remote country would be more valuable than cows or sheep."— BOSWELL. "I would have

a large dog."—JOHNSON. "So you may, Sir, but a large dog is of no use but to alarm."— He, however, I apprehend, thinks too lightly of the power of that animal. I have heard him say that he is afraid of no dog. He would take him up by the hind legs, which would render him quite helpless; and then knock his head against a stone, and beat out his brains. Topham Beauclerk told me that at his house in the country, two large ferocious dogs were fighting. Dr. Johnson looked steadily at them; and then — as one would separate too little boys who were foolishly hurting one another — he ran up to them, and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder. But few men have his intrepidity, Herculean strength, or presence of mind. Most thieves or robbers would be afraid to encounter a mastiff. . . .

Young Col told us he could run down a grayhound, "for," said he, "the dog runs himself out of breath by going too quick, and then I get up with him." I accounted for this advantage by remarking that Col had the faculty of reason, and knew how to moderate his pace, which the dog had not sense enough to do.— Dr. Johnson said: "He is a noble animal. He is as complete an islander as the mind can figure. He is a farmer, a sailor, a hunter, a fisher; he will run you down a dog. If any man has a *tail* it is Col. He has an intrepidity of talk, whether he understands the subject or not. I regret that he is not more hospitable."— *Tour to the Hebrides.*

Boswell seems to have quite early conceived the idea of writing a Life of Johnson. Some one once intimated to the Doctor that such was Boswell's intention. "If I thought so," said Johnson, "I would take *his* life first." Boswell had from the very beginning of their acquaintance, in 1763, kept a journal in which, aided by a most retentive memory, he had noted down almost every word which he had heard spoken by Johnson. As soon as the great man was dead, Boswell seems to have set himself seriously at work to write

his *Life,* which appeared seven years later, in 1791. In the Introduction he says that his "mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world, and of his publications, but a view of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a *Life* than any work that has ever appeared." In this anticipation he was not deceived, for it is universally conceded that Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the best biography that has ever been written of any man. One's first impression upon reading it is that Boswell had been the almost constant companion of Johnson during the twenty years which had passed since their first meeting. But Mr. Croker has gone into a minute calculation which shows that — exclusive of the ninety-six days occupied in the tour of the Hebrides, when they were almost constantly together — there were only about one hundred and eighty days during which Boswell and Johnson could have seen each other even for an hour. "Everyone must regret," says Mr. Croker, "that Boswell's personal intercourse with his great friend was not more frequent or more continued." Boswell lived only four years after the completion of his *Life of Johnson,* dying at the age of fifty-four.

BOSWELL'S FIRST MEETING WITH JOHNSON.

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then [1763] kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and often came to his shop, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while reciting them. He increased my impatience more

and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last on the 16th of May [1763 — Johnson being then fifty-four years of age, and Boswell twenty-three] when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, having drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting advanced towards us. He announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he announces to Hamlet the presence of his father's ghost: "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation.

Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I came from."— "From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly.— "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as a light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted: "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next.

He then addressed himself to Mr. Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knew that the house would be full, and that an order would be worth

three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." —"Sir," said he, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk with me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.

I now felt myself much mortified, and I began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved a short memorandum. . . .

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of an evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took it upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."— *Life of Johnson.*

JOHNSON IN HIS DEN.

A few days afterward I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday, the 24th of May, after having been entertained by the sallies of Messieurs Thorn-

ton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to me not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. . . .

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartments and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little, old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head, his neckcloth and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn-up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly peculiarities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir," said I, "I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."

When I arose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did. He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask him if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence. Before we parted he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and as I took my leave shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an ac-

quaintance of which I had so long been ambitious.—*Life of Johnson.*

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHNSON.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use of only one eye; yet so much does the mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs. When he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried on as if in a balloon.—*Life of Johnson.*

THE MENTAL AND MORAL CHARACTER OF JOHNSON.

He was prone to superstition, but not to incredulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief in the marvellous and mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of High Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an earlier period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to Religion and Politics. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that show rather a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. . . .

He was hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper; but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity — as far as his means and circumstances would allow — but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which

made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking. We ought not, therefore, to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or persevering petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering harsh and satirical sallies even against his best friends. He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. . . . He was somewhat susceptible to flattery. Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor. He frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company, with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impurity, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance.

In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength, and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the list of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness. But he was too conscientious to make error permanent by deliberately writing it; and in his numerous works he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all its conduct. Such was Samuel John-

son — a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by posterity with admiration and reverence.— *Life of Johnson.*

BOUCICAULT, Dion, an Irish-American actor and dramatist; born at Dublin, December 26, 1822; died at New York, September 18, 1890. Literature may be said to have been hereditary in the family, his uncle, George Darley, being a well-known dramatic poet and essayist, and two brothers having achieved fame and fortune as colonial journalists — George, for many years editor of the Melbourne *Daily News,* and Arthur, editor of *The Northern Argus.* At the age of nineteen Dion produced his first dramatic work, *London Assurance,* a comedy, which was brought out at Covent Garden with great success. In 1853 he married Agnes Robertson, an actress, from whom he afterward separated on the ground that they had not been legally married. From 1853 until 1860 he lived in the United States. Then he went to London, but returned to America in 1874. His plays, which number more than one hundred, include: *Dot* (1862); *The Relief of Lucknow* (1862); *Effie Deans* (1863); *Streets of London* (1864); *Arrah-Na-Pogue* (1865); *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Parish Clerk* (1865), written in collaboration with Joseph Jefferson; *The Flying Scud* (1866); *Hunted Down* (1866); *The Long Strike* (1866); *How She Loves Him* (1867); *Foul Play* (1867), with Charles Read; *After Dark* (1868); *Lost at Sea* (1869); *Formosa* (1869;) *The*

Rapparee (1870); *Jezebel* (1870); *Babil and Bijou* (1872); *Paddy O'Dowd* (1873); *Mora* (1873); *Mimi* (1873); *Led Astray* (1873). Of his other plays the best-known are: *Janet's Pride; Louis XI.; Faust and Marguerite; Paul Lafarge; A Dark Night's Work; The Dead Secret; Andy Blake, and The Shaughraun.* Boucicault excelled as a dramatist in brightness of dialogue, dramatic action, and the treatment of incidents. His melodramas were more natural than had been those of his predecessors; and altogether it may well be conceded that he elevated and improved the character of the Irish drama. In the drawing of character, the introduction and handling of dramatic incidents, and the composition of scenes of pathos, passion, or humor, he displays originality, knowledge of human nature, and dramatic judgment.

Our selection is from *London Assurance,* the chief characters of which will sufficiently explain themselves.

LADY GAY SPANKER.

Max.—Here, all of you look. Here is Lady Gay Spanker, coming across the lawn at a hand gallop.

Sir Harcourt. [*Running to the Window.*]—Bless me, the horse is running away!

Max.—Look how she takes that fence! there's a seat.

Sir H.—Lady Gay Spanker—who may she be?

Grace.—Gay Spanker, Sir Harcourt? My cousin and dearest friend—you *must* like her.

Sir H.—It will be my desire since it is your wish—though it will be a hard task in your presence.

Grace.—I am sure she will like you.

Sir H.—Ha! ha! I flatter myself.

Young Courtly.—Who, and what is she?

Grace.—Glee, glee, made a living thing—Nature, in some frolic mood, shut up a merry devil in her eye, and, spiting Art, stole joy's brightest harmony to thrill her

laugh, which peals out sorrow's knell. Her cry rings loudest in the field — the very echo it loves best, and as each hill attempts to ape her voice, Earth seems to laugh that it made a thing so glad.

Max.— Ay, the merriest minx I ever kissed.

[*Lady Gay laughs without.*]

Lady Gay. [*Without.*]— Max!

Max.— Come in, you mischievous puss.

[*Enter James.*]

James.—Mr. Adolphus and Lady Gay Spanker.

[*Exit: Enter Lady Gay.*]

Lady Gay.— Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? I have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear? [*Kisses her.*] There, don't fidget, Max. And there — [*kisses him*] there's one for you.

Sir H.—Ahem!

Lady Gay.—Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max.—Permit me to introduce — Sir Harcourt Courtly — Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton — Lady Gay Spanker.

Sir H. [*Aside.*]— A devilish fine woman!

Dazzle. [*Aside to Sir H.*]— She's a devilish fine woman.

Lady Gay.— You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here — bless him!

Sir H.— Oh, no! [*Aside.*] I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay.— I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir H.— Does your Ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay.— Ha! I say, governor, does my Ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H.— Yes, it is all very well in the abstract. I tried it once.

Lady Gay.— Once! Only once?

Sir H.— Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay.— Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir H.— Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. His next recourse, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay.— Ha! ha! ha!

Dazzle.— How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table.

Sir H.— Sir, I never looked absurd in my life. Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay.— I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H.— Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom window.

Young Courtly. [*Aside.*] — My dad will be caught by this she Bucephalus-tamer.

Max.—Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek — a steeple chase, Sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay.— Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone: the start was a picture — away we went in a cloud — pell-mell — helter-skelter — the fools first, as usual, using themselves up — we soon passed them — first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's Colt last. Then came the tug — Kitty skimmed the walls — Blueskin flew over the fences

— the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run — at last the Colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves — she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head — ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt — over went the filly — I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch — walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All.— Bravo! bravo!

Lady Gay.— Do you hunt?

Dazzle.— Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max. [*To Sir H.*]— You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir H.— Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace.— The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H.— Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my traveling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace.— I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause:— these swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H.— The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep; in fact, I never heard any music worth listening to except in Italy.

Lady Gay.— No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H.— Full cry!

Lady Gay.— Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music — match it where you can.

Sir H. (*Aside.*)— I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

Dazzle.—(*Aside to Sir H.*)— Ah, would you —

Lady Gay — Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven! — all — all — one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, every living thing — my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it!

Sir H. (*Aside.*)— I wish I were the mouth!

Max.— Why, we will regenerate you, Baronet! But, Gay, where is your husband? — where is Adolphus?

Lady Gay.— Bless me, where is my Dolly?

Sir H.— You are married then?

Lady Gay.— I have a husband somewhere, though I can't find him just now. Dolly dear! (*Aside to Max.*) Governor, at home I always whistle when I want him.

London Assurance, Act III., Scene I.

BOURDILLON, Francis William, an English poet; born at London, March 22, 1852. He was a teacher for several years and wrote considerable verse, being well known as the author of the lyric *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.* His published works include *Among the Flowers* (1878); *Ancassin and Nicolette* (1887); *Ailes l'Alouette* (1890); *A Lost God* (1891); *Sursum Corda* (1893);

Nephele, a musical romance (1896); and *Winuscula* (1897).

LIGHT.

The Night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

A LOST LEGEND.

St. Wilfrid once, aware of love grown cold,
And faith but lukewarm in his northern fold,
While ev'n the few who failed not to be shriven
Sought less for peace than feared to forfeit Heaven,
Announced for an approaching festival
Tidings of infinite import to all.
And when the close-packed church expectant stood,
Down from its place he threw the holy rood,
Crying: "My brethren, know that Armageddon
Is fought and lost! The saints of God, though led on
By Michael and his angels, were o'erthrown;
And Satan occupies the heavenly throne.
All is reversed: 'tis sinners who will dwell
Henceforth in Heaven, while saints must burn in Hell.
Myself, alas! too zealous have I striven
On the Lord's side! — no hope for me of Heaven.
But you, my brethren, I have little doubt
May yet find entrance, if you turn about.
Only be speedy, for I have sure word
That Judgment Day will be no more deferred;
And Satan's hosts are on the road to bind
Whomever in the house of God they find.
Go, sin while there is time! Forsake the church,
And leave me as your scapegoat in the lurch!"

All stared astonished; and on many a face,
Smug, smooth, and sanctimonious, a grimace
Grew slowly, while the open sinner's laughter
Rang loudly from the rood-loft to the rafter.
Then, swift as ants swarm from their threatened heap,
Or from the open pinfold rush the sheep,
Forth streamed the congregation, thick and fast,
Each only fearing to be found the last.
The church was empty and St. Wilfrid stood,
Most grimly smiling, by the fallen rood;
When in a darkened corner he was ware
Of some one kneeling, and a sobbing prayer:
"O Dear Lord Jesu! I have followed Thee
So long, and Thou hast loved me. Let me be
Where Thou art, Jesu! Rather will I dwell
Than with Thy foes in Heaven with Thee in Hell!"
Then cried St. Wilfrid: "Blessed be thy name,
Woman, that puttest my weak faith to shame!
I thought but to convict the careless herd
Of vain religion by an empty word.
But now of thine example will I make
A lesson that all sinners' souls shall wake,
All saints' rekindle; and that word of thine
Shall to the world in golden letters shine."
He stepped toward the woman: the white head
Lay on the withered hands: she knelt there, dead.

BOURGET, PAUL, a French novelist; born at Amiens, September 2, 1852. He studied at the Lyceum of Clermont-Ferrand, where his father was Professor of Mathematics, and after a brilliant course here, entered the college of Sainte Barbe, graduating from it in 1872 with the highest honors. His father, disappointed that he preferred a literary career to his own profession, which he had chosen for

him, now left him to his own resources, and for several years he struggled with poverty in Paris before his writings began to attract attention. Although by 1881 he had published two or three volumes of poems, and many magazine articles, it was not until his first series of *Essays* appeared, in 1883, that he received recognition as a writer of great literary merit. The second series, published in 1886, strengthened his already secure position in the literary world. His first novel, *L'Irréparable,* was published in 1884. Others are: *Cruelle Énigme* (1885); *Un Crime d' Amour* (1886); *André Cornélis* and *Mensonges* (1887). Later works are: *Pastels of Men* (two series, 1890–91); *Impressions of Italy* (1891); *Cosmopolis* (1892); *The Saint; Outre-Mer* (1894); *A Tragic Idyl* (1896); *The Family Drama* (1900), and *La Fantôme* (1902). He was admitted to the French Academy in 1894. "M. Paul Bourget," says *The Westminster Review,* "may be considered the chief representative of the psychical school of novelists which claims to descend from Balzac and Flaubert. It would not be unfair to term him a sort of French Hamlet, modified, perhaps, about as much as M. Mounet Sully's impersonation at the Théâtre Française differs from that which is presented on the English or German stage. What a contrast between him and Alphonse Daudet, the sunny Provençal, who hates sadness more than anything else, and has kept himself conspicuously free from all Germanic influences!"

LAKE OF PORTO.

The surface of the Lake extended before her so perfectly peaceful that hardly did a slow, silent ripple break the smooth expanse of thick, heavy, black water, invaded

by reeds, and on which the long leaves of aquatic plants displayed their dark verdure. And all around the young girl was a field of flowers — a forest of pink reeds, while on the other side rows of Italian pines stood outlined, flattening their black summits against an ultra-marine blue sky, where the sun was already beginning to set, as it was already more than five o'clock. A vague mist floated over the lake — a mist, no — a vapor of vapors, just enough to frost over the almost too metallic surface of the dead water. Not a breath of wind shook the slender reeds, from the midst of whose stems arose the innumerable croakings of the tree-frogs, hidden in the grass. Sometimes one of these animals plunged into the lake. The sound of a stone falling into the water — a splash — a larger ripple — and the mirror of the vast pond resumed the aspect of charm, at once sinister and delightful. At other moments crows flew into the air with great cries. They went toward a meadow on the left, to which led an alley, bordered with roses, by which Alba had come, and where she had mechanically gathered a few of these flowers, which she had fastened in her dress with a last instinct of youth and coquetry, even in death. This clear, late afternoon, this lake, almost fantastically motionless, this tragical horizon, with an I know not what unchangeable character spread over all things — all in the melancholy setting of that final moment, was in harmony with the young girl's thoughts, and this so completely, that she stopped in rapture. There was in the damp atmosphere which gradually penetrated her, a charm of deadly somnolence to which she abandoned herself dreamily, with an almost physical voluptuousness, her will paralyzed, drinking in through her whole being the feverish emanations of that spot, one of the most fatal on the whole of that dangerous coast, at that hour and season, until a cold chill suddenly shook her beneath the thin material of her summer dress. Her shoulders contracted, her teeth closed, and this impression of sudden discomfort was for her the signal to act. She took another alley of rose-trees in bloom to reach a point of the shore which had been cleared of vegetation, and where she saw the outline

of a boat. She unfastened it, and managing the heavy oars with her delicate hands, she soon reached the middle of the lake.— *Cosmopolis.*

BOWLES, Caroline Anne, an English poet; born at Lymington, Hampshire, December 6, 1787; died there, July 20, 1854. In 1839 she was married to Robert Southey, who had long been her literary and personal friend. Southey had already manifested symptoms of that mental disorder which now developed rapidly and soon reduced him to almost absolute imbecility. He died in 1843, and to his widow was granted a Government pension of £200. As early as 1823 Southey and Caroline Bowles projected a poem upon Robin Hood, to be written in the irregular measure of Southey's *Thalaba.* Only a portion of this poem was ever written; this was published, with other *Fragments,* in 1847. Among the stanzas written by Caroline Bowles are the following:

A SUNSET SCENE.

Majestically slow
The Sun goes down in glory —
The full-orbed Autumn sun;
From battlement to basement,
From flanking tower to flanking tower,
The long-ranged windows of a noble hall
Fling back the flaming splendor.
Wave above wave below
Orange, and green, and gold,
Russet and crimson.
Like an embroidered zone, ancestral woods

Its mystical murmuring
Close around on all sides:
Those, again begirt
In wavy undulations of all hues
To the horizon's verge by the deep forest.
The holy stillness of the hour,
The hush of human life,
Lets the low voice be heard:
The low, sweet, solemn voice
Of the deep woods,
Its mythical murmuring
Now swelling into choral harmony,
Rich, full, exultant;
In tremulous whispers next,
Sinking away,
A spiritual undertone
Till the cooing of the wood-pigeon
Is heard alone.

Caroline Bowles began writing for the magazines, especially for *Blackwood's,* while quite young. The first collection of her poems was made in 1820. Other collections appeared at intervals up to a short time before her marriage with Southey. In prose she wrote for *Blackwood's* a series of *Chapters on Churchyards,* which were brought together in two volumes, in 1829, and several other small volumes of prose sketches. The general character of her poems is thus set forth by Henry Nelson Coleridge:

"If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Caroline Bowles is the Cowper of our modern poetesses. She has much of that great writer's humor, fondness for rural life, melancholy pathos, and moral satire. She has also Cowper's pre-eminently English manner in diction and thought."

Christopher North, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ,* avers that "Miss Bowles is equal to Mrs. Hemans;" and

Professor Moir says: "We doubt if the English language possesses anything more profoundly pathetic than Mrs. Southey's four tales, *The Young Gray Head; The Murder Glen; Walter and William,* and *The Evening Walk.*"

ONCE UPON A TIME.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
  A season long ago;
The pleasantest I've ever known,
  Or ever now shall know.
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills,
  So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide —
  And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
  From every bending spray:
I've never plucked such primroses,
  Set thick on bank and brae;
I've never smelt such violets
  As in that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn root —
  When I was in my prime.

Yon merry down, so black and bare,
  Was gorgeous then, and gay
With golden gorse — bright blossoming
  As none blooms nowaday.
The blackbird sings but seldom now
  Up there in the old lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing —
  When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then
  To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
  More balmily the dew.
The morning mist and evening haze,

Unlike this cold gray rime,
Seemed woven of warm golden air —
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries — so mawkish now —
Were finely flavored then;
And nuts — such reddening clusters ripe
I ne'er shall pull again;
Nor strawberries blushing bright — as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;
How all is altered for the worse —
Since I was in my prime.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly — bow the head — in reverent silence bow.
No passing bell doth toll; yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great, with lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed — one by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof, Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter — no crowds attend: enter — no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold no smiling courtiers tread
One silent woman stands, lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound — an infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again that short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change — O wondrous change! Burst are the prison bars:
This moment there, so low, so agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change — stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks — the new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

BOWLES, SAMUEL, an American journalist; born at Springfield, Mass., February 9, 1826; died there January 16, 1878. He was the son of Samuel Bowles, the second of that name, a printer by trade, who went from Hartford, Conn., to Springfield, Mass., in 1824, at the age of twenty-seven years, and started *The Weekly Republican.* Samuel Bowles, the son, gave evidence at an early age of his aptitude for journalism. At the age of eighteen years he persuaded his somewhat reluctant father to allow him (March 29, 1844) to start *The Daily Republican.* Before the close of the second year the paper was on a paying basis. Successive enlargements at intervals of a few years testify to the growing fame and prosperity of the paper. At the close of the Presidential campaign of 1856, *The Republican* had fairly achieved the position which the New York *Tribune* soon after accorded it, of "the best and ablest country journal ever published on this continent." "It had won its place by the hardest work, by its editor's natural taste for journalism, and by the opportunity of a great political epoch."

Mr. Bowles was, *par excellence,* the journalist. He possessed the news-instinct in the highest degree, and the ability of newspaper organization. Although he never had the opportunity or inclination to

write books, three or four very interesting and salable ones were made up at intervals, mainly from his letters of American travel to *The Republican.* The first of these, *Across the Continent,* was the fruit of a journey to California, overland by stage, in 1865, with Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Lieutenant-Governor Bross, of Illinois, and others. Another book, entitled *The Switzerland of America,* vividly and picturesquely describes a vacation tour among the mountains and parks of Colorado during the summer of 1868. Still another book, *Our New West,* was published in 1869; while latest of all came the brochure entitled *The Pacific Railroad — Open,* composed of a series of articles contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly,* celebrating the completion of the great transcontinental railway. Mr. Bowles visited Europe four times. He was for several years of his later life a trustee of Amherst College. *The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles,* in two volumes, written by George S. Merriam, was published in 1885.

HORACE GREELEY.

"The country is gone; *The Tribune* is gone; and *I* am gone." If we may credit a New York paper, these were the last rational words of Horace Greeley.

Perhaps he really uttered them; perhaps he did not. As a rule, the last words of distinguished men belong in the Apocrypha. There are exceptions, however, and we are inclined to put this down as one of them. Both sentiment and language are so natural, that we have little difficulty in accepting them as authentic. Mr. Greeley, like many other men of the same temperament, was lacking in the equal mind. Ardent and sanguine in whatever he undertook, he was ever prone to magnify a reverse into a rout. He was eminently susceptible to moral panics; the first frost of ill fortune set him

shivering; the first outset of calamity was apt to take him off his feet. After awhile, he picked himself up again and renewed the fight as hopefully as ever. Doubtless he would have done so in this instance, if disappointment had not been re-enforced by disease; if the soul had had the rugged, indomitable physique of former years to fall back upon. Yet the disappointment, by itself, would have been very hard to bear. Mr. Greeley loved his country truly and deeply. He was an American through and through. *The Tribune* was his first-born child, and dear to him as the apple of his eye. He was ambitious for himself also; his nature craved appreciation; knowing that he deserved well of his fellow-citizens, that he had done them good service, that it was in him to do greater things yet if only the chance were offered, he was restless and uneasy for some conspicuous mark of their confidence. He desired recognition for the past and opportunity for the future. In his nomination for the presidency he saw both. His sanguine temperament asserted itself; he discounted success and revelled in dreams of an administration that was to be made memorable for justice, for honesty, for kindly feeling, for common-sense statesmanship, for abuses corrected, for benefits conferred upon a tranquillized and reunited nation. The waking-up would have been very bitter at the best. Add shattered nerves to shattered hopes, and what more natural than that the great editor, sick unto death, should cry out that everything is gone — the country, *The Tribune,* himself.

But God forbid that we should mistake this passionate cry, wrung from a worn-out and disappointed man lying upon his death-bed, for a true statement of the fact. We can see what those filming eyes could not. We know that nothing is gone. The country? Its forehead is still glistening with the dew of its mighty youth. It has survived the Washingtons and Jeffersons and Franklins; it will survive the statesmen and patriots upon whom in our generation their mantles have fallen. It has survived the Burrs and Yancys and Slidells; it will survive the Camerons and Mortons and Butlers.

The Tribune? Mr. Greeley's death is undoubtedly a severe blow to it. But no one need fear or hope that the blow will prove fatal. A great newspaper is not killed so easily. It has a wonderful vitality. It acquires an individuality, a life of its own quite apart from and independent of that of its creator. It develops distinctive traits; it accumulates traditions; it gathers around it a clientage of readers; it becomes the owner of that most intangible but most valuable of all properties — "a good will." The death of Mr. Greeley will no more kill *The Tribune* than that of Mr. Raymond did *The Times,* or that of Mr. Bennett did *The Herald.* The money interests at stake are of themselves an ample guarantee that so valuable a property will not be allowed to run down for the want of proper care and management. Then, with all its foibles and mistakes, *The Tribune* represents, and is generally recognized as representing, the best elements in our national character and life — the moral earnestness, the advanced thought, the instinct of progress, the openness to new ideas, the propaganda of political and social reform. It is this that has made it the greatest of American newspapers. Let it preserve the character stamped upon it by its dead founder, let it be true to the conditions he has bequeathed to it, and the best writers in the country will be attached to it by the law of moral gravitation. The late Henry J. Raymond once complained to a radical friend of the trouble he had in finding men who united conservatism with an ability to write good leaders. "All the clever fellows," he said, "are on your side." He hit the nail on the head, too. The clever fellows, the men of brains and earnestness and ambition are always and everywhere on the side of progress. We expect presently to see *The Tribune* a better newspaper than Mr. Greeley ever made it, or could have made it. The new times demands a new journalism, differing in several important respects from the old. As a personal, partisan journalist, Mr. Greeley does not leave his equal behind him. He constantly put himself into his paper; he could not help it. Old *Tribune* readers and his brother journalists everywhere

will miss him sadly. But after a little we shall look to see the paper thrive all the better for the removal of his overshadowing personality.

Horace Greeley? He is only beginning to live. Every year now will add to his power; will round and heap the measure of his fame. The mistakes which marred his work are already half forgotten; the work itself remains, and will remain forever,— an indefeasible possession, an imperishable monument. So, too, the foibles, the weaknesses, the pettinesses which obscured his character scale off now and drop out of sight. The man himself is coming into view at last — the real Horace Greeley, with his great, active brain and tender heart, his grand hatred of wrong and charity for the wrong-doer, his restless benevolence and his warm human interest in everything appertaining to humanity. As the years pass, he will loom up taller and taller. He did not need the presidency for a pedestal, though he thought he did. That was his mistake. The office might have belittled him; it could not have added a cubit to his stature in the remembrance of his countrymen or in the history of his country. It is pleasant now to remember that his last words to us, while yet in health of body and mind, were of forgiveness and love. It is pleasant to believe that by that bright light that now shines upon him he has already discovered how sadly he has misjudged in supposing anything was gone, or lost, or destroyed — that he already sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

"His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blessed."

— *From the Springfield Republican, November 30, 1872.*

BOWLES, William Lisle, an English poet, antiquary, and clergyman; born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, September 24, 1762; died at Salisbury, April 7, 1850. He received his education at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford. In 1828 he became residentiary canon of Salisbury. In 1793 he issued a volume of *Sonnets,* which were greatly admired by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. Of these *Sonnets* Hallam says: "They may be reckoned among the first-fruits of a new era in poetry." His other published works include: *Coombe Ellen* (1798); *St. Michael's Mount* (1798); *Battle of the Nile* (1799); *Sorrows of Switzerland* (1801); *The Picture* (1803); *The Spirit of Discovery* (1804); *Ellen Gray* (1823), and numerous prose works, including *Hermes Britannicus* (1828). Bowles subsequently published a collection of poems entitled *The Little Villager's Verse Book.* The two following are among the best of his sonnets:

ON TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
  Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
  (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away!
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
  And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
  That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
  As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
  Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while; —
  Yet ah, how much must that poor heart endure
  Which hopes from thee and thee alone a cure!

UPON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow —
  Hung with the clusters of the bending vine —
  Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
We sailed and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting, varying as we go,
  Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
  As some gray convent wall or sunlit spire
Starts up along the banks, unfolding slow.
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
  Frown as we pass! — there on the vineyard's side,
  The bursting sunshine pours its streaming time;
While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

BOWRING, Sir John, an English statesman, linguist, and translator; born at Exeter, October 17, 1792; died there, November 23, 1872. He was a man of mark as early as 1824, when *The Westminster Review* was established, which he edited for about five years. He was among the friends of Jeremy Bentham, who intrusted him with the charge of editing his literary remains. Bowring was a member of Parliament from 1835 to 1837, and again from 1841 to 1849, during which periods he performed some not unimportant semi-diplomatic service. In 1849 he received the appointment of British Consul at Hong-Kong and Superintendent of Trade in China. His conduct in this capacity was so highly approved that he received the honor of

knighthood. In 1855 he headed an embassy to Siam, with which country he concluded a commercial treaty. Of his visit to that country he wrote a clever account, a single passage of which is here given.

STATE AND CEREMONIAL OF THE SIAMESE.

How can I describe the barbaric grandeur, the parade, the show, the glitter, the real magnificence, the profuse decorations of to-day's royal audience! We went, as usual, in the state barges; mine had scarlet and gold curtains, the others had none. Parkes sent them back, and they all returned with the needful appendages; he understands the art of managing Orientals marvellously well. When we landed, chairs were brought, and multitudes of guards escorted us. From the moment we entered the precincts of the palace, an unbroken line of soldiery, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and bearing every species of weapon — many singularly grotesque and rude — spears, shields, swords, bucklers, battle-axes, bows, quivers, in every form, and uniforms of every color and shape, fantastical, fierce and amusing; the rudest forms of ancient warfare, mingled with sepoy-dressed regulars — ancient European court costumes amidst the light and golden garments, and sometimes the nakedness above the waist of nobles of the highest distinction. I was carried in a gaudy gilded chair, with a scarlet umbrella over me, borne by eight bearers with a crowd of attendants. My suite followed me with less decorated seats; but crowds of men, women, and children pressed around us, who were beaten away with canes by the police. We passed through rows of caparisoned ponies and elephants mounted for war. The under-troops of the wilder countries were broken by small bodies of soldiers dressed in European style, who "presented arms," and had fifes and drums; but much of the music was of tom-toms and Siamese instruments. We were all conducted to a building to await the royal summons, where coffee and cigars were brought in, and gold and silver vessels, containing pure water, covered the

table, at the head of which I was placed. The spittoon at my feet was of silver, inlaid with gold, and about fourteen inches in diameter. Soon a messenger came and we proceeded on foot to the hall of reception. Soft and exceedingly pleasing music welcomed our arrival, and it thundered forth a loud peal as we approached the grand hall of audience. On entering the hall, we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate, and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime-minister and his brother were close to me on my right hand. The King came in and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side; but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. At my left, nearer the throne, were the King's brothers and his sons; at the right, the princes of the blood, the Somdetches, and the higher nobles. The nobility crowded the hall, all on their knees; and on the entrance of the King, his throne being raised about ten feet from the floor, they all bent their foreheads to the ground, and we sat down as gracefully as we could, while the prostrations were repeated again and again.— *The Kingdom and People of Siam.*

In 1859 Bowring was retired from public life with a pension. A volume of his *Autobiographical Reminiscences* was published in 1877, five years after his death. His place in literature rests mainly upon his spirited translations of poems in the comparatively little-known European languages. These translations belong to the first half of Bowring's life. The principal of them are: *Specimens of the Russian Poets* (1821); *Batavian Anthology* (1824); *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain* (1824); *Specimens of the Polish Poets* (1827); *Servian Popular Poetry* (1827); *Poetry*

of the Magyars (1830); and *Cheskian Anthology* (1832). Several of his metrical translations from noted authors will be found under the names of those authors. Two others are here given, as pertaining rather to the translator than to the original author.

DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! Thou speakest from above:
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear Thy awful voice — alarmed — afraid;
I see the flashes of Thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? Up to the sun he flies —
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And *here* in error and in darkness lost:
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor — by the tempest tost
In a frail bark — the sport of destiny,
He sleeps — and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest;— and the obedient storm is still:
Thou speakest — silent the submissive wave:
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee,
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream:
And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

— *From the Russian of* DIMITRIEV.

THE RICH AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world;— if wealthy, you may call
This friend, *that* brother; — friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless — witless — never mind it;

You may have been a stable boy — what then?
'Tis wealth, good Sir, makes *honorable men.*
You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.
But if you are poor, heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain;— the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score:— Why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor devil, keen and clever,
Witty and wise:— he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Stranger," cried I, "whence it is so?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied, and some
Said by their silence— "better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus rich I'm sure,
He could not pride himself upon his wit
Nor wisdom — for he had not got a bit:
He had what's better;— he had wealth.
What a confusion!— all stand up erect —
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, Sir, the honor;"— then a bow
Down to the earth — Is 't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"
Then looking round
One friendly face he found,

And said — "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?" — "That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other — "have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"
— *From the Russian of* KREMNITZER.

BOYESEN, HJALMAR HJORTH, an American novelist; born at Frederiksvärn, Norway, September 23, 1848; died at New York, October 4, 1895. At the age of eleven he was placed in the gymnasium, where he remained until he entered the University of Christiania, where he displayed a great faculty for the acquisition of languages. He removed to America in 1869, and mastered the English language so perfectly that he was capable of using his adopted tongue as if it were the language of his native country. He was considered a thorough American man of letters, although he kept in close touch with the German and Scandinavian literature, as also that of other European countries. He was of a congenial nature, had a remarkably wide acquaintance with the writers of America and Europe, ranked high as a teacher of comparative literature, and became associate editor of a Norwegian newspaper published at Chicago. Soon afterward he was made Professor of German Literature in Cornell University, and then became professor of Germanic languages and literature at Columbia University. He contributed much to periodical literature, and published several separate works, among which are: *Gunnar* (1873); *Tales*

H. H. BOYESON.

from Two Hemispheres (1876); *Ilka* (1881); *Falconberg* (1878); *Queen Titania* (1881); *Goethe and Schiller* (1878); *A Daughter of the Philistines* (1883); and *Story of Norway* (1886). A volume of his poems was issued under the title *Idyls of Norway* (1883).

A NORWEGIAN BRIDAL PARTY.

It was early in the morning when bride and bridegroom from Berg with their nearest kinsfolk cleared their boats, and set out for the church; on the way one boat of wedding-guests after another joined them, and by the time they reached the landing-place in the "Parsonage Bay" their party counted quite a goodly number. The air was fresh and singularly transparent, and the fjord, partaking of the all-pervading air-tone, glittered in changing tints of pale blue and a cool, delicate green. Now and then a faint tremor would skim along its mirror, like the quiver of a slight but delightful emotion. Toward the north, the mountains rose abruptly from the water, and with their snow-hooded heads loomed up into fantastic heights; irregular drifts of light, fog-like cloud hung or hovered about the lower crags. Westward the fjord described a wide curve, bounded by a lower plateau, which gradually ascended through the usual pine and birch regions into the eternal snow-fields of immeasurable dimensions; and through the clefts of the nearest peaks the view was opened into a mountain panorama of indescribable grandeur. There gigantic Yokuls measured their strength with the heavens; wild glaciers shot their icy arms downward, clutching the landscape in their cold embrace; and rapid snow-fed rivers darted down between the precipices, where only a misty spray, hovering over the chasm, traced their way toward the fjord.

About half-way between the church and the mouth of the river a headland, overgrown with birch and pine forest, ran far out into the fjord. Here the first four boats of the bridal party stopped on their homeward way to wait for those which had been left behind; in one sat

the bride herself, with breastplate and silver crown on her head, and at her side the bridegroom shining in his best holiday trim, with rows of silver buttons and buckles, according to the custom of the valley; in his hand he held an ancient war-axe. On the bench in front of them Peer Berg and his merry wife had their places; and next to them, again, two of the bride-groom's nearest kin. The second boat contained the remaining Wild-Ducks and other relatives and connections; and the third and fourth, wedding guests and musicians. But there were at least nine or ten loads missing yet; for the wedding at Berg was to be no ordinary one. In the meantime old Peer proposed to taste the wedding brewage, and bade the musicians to strike up so merry a tune that it should sing through the bone and marrow. "For fiddles, like hops, give strength to the beer," said he, "and then people from afar will hear that the bridal boats are coming." And swinging above his head a jug filled to the brim with strong home-brewed Hardanger-beer, he pledged the company, and quaffed the liquor to the last drop. "So did our old forefathers drink," cried he; "the horn might stand on either end if their lips had once touched it. And may it be said from this day, that the wedding guests at Berg proved that they had the true Norse blood in their veins."

A turbulent applause followed this speech of Peer's, and amid music, singing, and laughter, the beer-jugs passed from boat to boat and from hand to hand. Now and then a long, yoddling halo came floating through the calm air, followed by a clear, manifold echo; and no sooner had the stillness closed over it than the merry voices from the boats again rose in louder and noisier chorus. All this time the bridal fleet was rapidly increasing, and for every fresh arrival the beer-jugs made another complete round. . . .

There were now eighteen or nineteen boats assembled about the point of the headland, and the twentieth and last was just drawing up its oars for a share of the beer and the merriment. In the stern sat Gunnar, dreamily gazing down into the deep, and at his side his old friend

Rhyme-Ola, his winking eyes fixed on him with an anxious expression of almost motherly care and tenderness. In his hands he held some old, time-worn paper, to which he quickly directed his attention whenever Gunnar made the slightest motion, as if he were afraid of being detected. When the customary greetings were exchanged, the bridegroom asked Rhyme-Ola to let the company hear his voice, and the singer, as usual, readily complied. . . .

There is a deep, unconscious romance in the daily life of the Norwegian peasant. One might look in vain for a scene like this throughout Europe, if for no other reason than because the fjord is a peculiarly Norwegian feature, being, in life, tone, and character, as different from the friths of Scotland and the bays of the Mediterranean as the hoary, rugged pines of the North are from those slender, smooth-grown things which in the South bear the same name. Imagine those graceful, strong-built boats, rocking over their own reflected images, in the cool transparence of the fjord; the fresh, fair-haired maidens scattered in blooming clusters among the elderly, more sedately dressed matrons; and the old men, whose weather-worn faces and rugged, expressive features told of natures of the genuine mountain mould. The young lads sat on the row-benches, some with the still dripping oars poised under their knees, while they silently listened to the song; others bending eagerly forward or leaning on their elbows, dividing their attention between Rhyme-Ola and the tittering girls on the benches in front. They all wore red pointed caps, generally with the tassel hanging down over one side of the forehead, which gave a certain touch of roguishness and lightheartedness to their manly and clear-cut visages. And to complete the picture, there is Rhyme-Ola, as he sits aloft on the beer-kegs in the stern of the boat, now and then striking out with his ragged arms, and weeping and laughing according as the varying incidents of his song affect him. As a background to this scene stands the light birch-forest glittering with its fresh sprouts, and filling the air with its spring-life fragrance.— *Gunnar.*

HILDA'S LITTLE HOOD.

In sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their shrouds of snow;
And 'tisn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as she;
Her eyes they shone with wilful mirth, and like a golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little scarlet hood.

I once was out a-fishing, and, though sturdy at the oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far from shore;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from mine eyes.

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong bass beneath,
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling touch of death,
And blackness gathered round me; then through the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and round,
As if a beam of sunshine had been melted into sound;
It fell upon my frozen nerves, and thawed the springs of life;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh; it was a bitter strife.

The breakers roared about me, but the song took bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the night;
And swift I steered and safe, struck shore, and by God's rood,
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke a broad and misty way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad the day;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He could,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the strand,
The pine-trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay the glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I stood,
And saw, amid a throng of maids, the little scarlet hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my pulses flew;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to subdue;
"Why, Eric!" laughed a roguish maid, "your cheeks are red as blood;"
"It is the shine," another cried, "from Hilda's scarlet hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a girl;
The trees, the church, the belfry danced about me in a whirl;
I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the flame;
I turned about, and whirled my cap, but could not speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath evening, as I sauntered o'er the beach,
And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking up my speech,

I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of the wood,
The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from Hilda's hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I stepped;
Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she mused or slept;
The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that downward rolled,
Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her ear;
She started up and smiled at me without surprise or fear.
"I love you, Hilda," said I; then in whispers more subdued:
"Love me again, or wear no more that little scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she, laughing, "how can you talk so wild?
I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a child,
But since you are so stubborn — no, no; I never could —
Unless you guess what's written in my little scarlet hood."

"I cannot, fairest Hilda," quote I, with mournful mien,
While with my hand I gently, and by the maid unseen,
Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches small, crosswise meandering.

"There's nothing in your hood, love," I cried with heedless mirth.
"Well," laughed she, "out of nothing God made both heaven and earth;
But since the earth to you and me as heritage was given,
I'll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven."

BOYLE, Robert, a British philosopher; born at Lismore Castle, Ireland, January 25, 1626; died at London, December 30, 1692. He was a younger son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. He studied at Eton and afterward passed some years on the continent. The death of his father, in 1644, put him in possession of large estates in England, where he subsequently resided, mainly at Oxford, devoting himself to the study of the physical sciences and of theology. Lord Clarendon strongly urged him to enter the Church; but he believed that he could do better service to the cause of religion as a layman than as a clergyman. A peerage was repeatedly offered to him, but he declined the elevation. He was an active member of that learned association which was in 1662 incorporated as the Royal Society, the presidency of which was tendered to him. Not long before his death he made an endowment for the delivery of a series of eight sermons, to be entitled the Boyle Lectures, "by some preaching minister who shall preach eight sermons in the year for proving the Christian religion against Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans, not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves." The first course of the Boyle Lectures was delivered in 1692, by Richard Bentley. Among subsequent lecturers have been many men of high eminence, such as Samuel Clarke, F. D. Maurice, Charles Merivale, E. H. Plumptre, Stanley Leathes, and J. A. Hessey. In 1739 all the lectures delivered up to 1732 were published in three folio volumes. Since then these lectures have been only occasionally published. Boyle himself was

a voluminous writer upon scientific and theological subjects. A complete edition of his works, with a biography by Dr. Thomas Birch, was published in 1744, in five folio volumes. Of his theological works Bishop Van Mildert says: "No man had more thoroughly considered the extent and limits of the human understanding; and none, perhaps, ever combined more perfectly the characters of the philosopher and the theologian."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath toward being a Christian is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence and divers of the chief attributes of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is prerequired to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians. That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to men, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and, in a word, many ways admirable system of things that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience which witnesseth that in all ages and countries, the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind Chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true that "God hath not left himself without a witness," even to perfunctory considerers, by

stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders, but require, as well as deserve, the most prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things.— *The Christian Virtuoso.*

BRACE, Charles Loring, an American traveller, philanthropist, and author; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 19, 1826; died at Campier, Switzerland, August 11, 1890. He was graduated from Yale; afterward studied at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, but never formally entered the ministry. In 1850 he made a pedestrian tour in Great Britain, and in the next year went to Hungary, where he was arrested and for a short time imprisoned upon suspicion of being a spy. Returning to America, he devoted his energies to the redemption of the criminal and pauper classes in the city of New York, and became one of the chief founders of the Children's Aid Society of which he in time was made secretary and actual manager. He produced several works on travel and sociological subjects, among which are: *Hungary in 1851* (1852); *Home Life in Germany* (1853); *Norse Folk* (1857); *Races of the Old World* (1859); *The New West* (1860); *Short Sermons for Newsboys* (1861); *Dangerous Classes in New York* (1872); *Gesta Christi* (1885); and *To the Unknown God* (1889).

A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.

Fossewangen is in one of the most retired valleys of Norway. It is built on the edge of a little lake, and steeply sloping hills, covered with green fields, and rich verdure of trees come right down to it on either side. On the west the lake opens out in a wide reach of sparkling water. The little brown clusters of houses — that make the *gaarde* or farms — are sprinkled over the beautiful hill-sides. There are some thirty or forty houses in the village, clustering about an old white-

washed church with black spire, of an indescribable shape, but evidently intended once to be a cone. There are no fences about the houses, and everything seems open. It is an exquisitely beautiful summer day, and the whole village and church and scene have left on me such an impression of peace and beauty as scarcely any ever has done. Early in the day, the Bonders of the neighborhood — the famed men of Voss, and their families — began to pour in for the Sunday's service. I watched them from the hill. Little ponies brought some from the hills, even from near where the snow now lies; others came in small carts, in the independent little sulkies or carrioles, or on foot. Then again, a party in a boat crossed the lake, picturesque in red, and white, and blue colors. The village was soon filled with sturdy-looking men in blue caps, jackets and breeches, and with women in most singular costume. I went early to the church. Before the preaching service, the communion is partaken of, and I found some hundred women and men gathered about the altar. There was on almost every face a very earnest and devout expression; and though our costume must have been even more singular to them than theirs to us, scarce any woman turned her head as we entered. . . .

At half-past eleven, the other service began. The crowd of women who had been sitting on the grass outside, began to enter and take their places — the young girls on little raised forms, in the aisles, of the height of a footstool, and the older women in the high-backed wooden seats. Each, as she entered her seat, kneeled to pray, and then shook hands with all near her, even the strangers. . . .

The body of the church was speedily crowded with gayly-dressed women, and I certainly never saw a prettier and more healthy collection of women's faces. All ruddy, round, with genuine good expressions, and some with the most finely cut features. What might be called the Norman type was the prominent, slightly aquiline nose, well-cut nostril, clear blue eye, and light hair, the forehead generally not high, but well formed. There were some very common faces, but richly sunburned and

healthy. As I stood by one of the curiously twisted columns of a gallery, and looked through the entrance into the space before the altar, it seemed for a moment like some scene on the stage: the clergyman behind, in his long black gown and stiff ruff, and before him, continually passing, without our seeing where they went or whence they came, a succession of the most picturesque figures: first, an old woman, in a white triangular headtire, reaching a foot each side, with a blue dress; then one in black, with red bodice, and white scarf; then a maiden, with her own hair in two plaits, tied around her head, and a red band over, and in velvet and embroidered bodice, with red back; and so on, in the most singular variety. The galleries were filled with men, and many could find no place. The audience throughout was exceedingly attentive, and solemnly interested, and the whole gave one a most cheering impression of at least the religious feeling of the country.

The exercises began by the clergyman's intoning a passage of Scripture, and uttering a short exhortation, after which he made the sign of the cross over the audience. Then a hymn was given out, the number of which had been already placed in large metallic letters on the walls; the singing was entire congregational, and of the most *screechy* order, continuing through some thirty verses. After this the clergyman ascended the pulpit, and uttered a fervent prayer, apparently extempore, which was devoutly listened to; then a collect, the sermon, prayer, and singing, and the people dispersed through the village — some to eat their meals on the grass; others to visit their friends, and the most to join little groups, where they were discussing the public events of the time, or arranging bargains for the week.— *The Norse Folk.*

BRADDON, MARY ELIZABETH, an English novelist; born at London in 1837. At an early age she became a contributor to periodical literature. In 1860 *The Loves of Arcadia,* a comedietta written by her, was produced at the Royal Strand Theatre. In 1861 she published *Garibaldi and other Poems.* She is the author of many novels, and of numerous short tales and novelettes contributed to various periodicals. For some years she conducted *Belgravia,* a London magazine. Among Miss Braddon's novels are: *Lady Audley's Secret* (1862); *Aurora Floyd* (1862); *Eleanor's Victory* (1863); *John Marchmont's Legacy* (1863); *Henry Dunbar* (1864); *Only a Clod* (1869); *Dead Sea Fruit* (1870); *The Cloven Foot* (1878); *Vixen* (1879); *The Story of Barbara* (1880); *Just as I Am* (1880); *Asphodel* (1881); *Mount Royal* (1882); *Phantom Fortune* (1883); *The Golden Calf* (1883); *Ishmael* (1884); *Wyllard's Weird* (1885); *One Thing Needful* (1886); *Mohawks* (1886); *Like and Unlike* (1887); *Cut by the County* (1887); *The Fatal Three* (1888); *The Day Will Come* (1889); *One Life, One Love* (1890); *Gerard* (1891); *The Venetians* (1891); *All Along the River* (1893); *Thou Art the Man* (1894); *The Christmas Hirelings* (1894); *Sons of Fire* (1895); *London Pride* (1896); *In High Places* (1898); *The Infidel* (1900), and *The Conflict* (1903). She has also written *Griselda,* a drama in four acts. In speaking of *Aurora Floyd,* a critic says: "There are few English novels that have reached more distant readers, or been translated into a greater number of foreign languages. In the islands of the South Sea, the late Rob-

ert Louis Stevenson refers to it as the favorite romance of the natives."

LADY AUDLEY AND HER MAID.

Phœbe Marks was exactly the sort of girl who is generally promoted from the post of lady's maid to that of companion. She had just sufficient education to enable her to understand her mistress, when Lucy chose to allow herself to run riot in a species of intellectual tarantella, in which her tongue went mad to the sound of its own rattle, as the Spanish dancer at the noise of his castanets. Phœbe knew enough of the French language to be able to dip into the yellow paper-covered novels which my lady ordered from the Burlington Arcade, and to discourse with her mistress upon the questionable subjects of those romances. The likeness which the lady's maid bore to Lady Audley was, perhaps, a point of sympathy between the two women. It was not to be called a striking likeness; a stranger might have seen them both together, and yet have failed to remark it. But there were certain dim and shadowy lights in which, meeting Phœbe Marks gliding softly through the dark oak passages of the Court, or under the shrouded avenues in the garden, you might have easily mistaken her for my lady. . . .

Sharp October winds were sweeping the leaves from the limes in the long avenue, and driving them in withered heaps with a ghostly rustling noise along the dry gravel walks. The old well must have been half choked up with the leaves that drifted about it, and whirled in eddying circles into its black, broken mouth. On the still bosom of the fish-pond the same withered leaves slowly rotted away, mixing themselves with the tangled weeds that discolored the surface of the water. All the gardeners Sir Michael could employ could not keep the impress of autumn's destroying hand from the grounds about the Court.

"How I hate this desolate month!" my lady said, as she walked about the garden, shivering beneath her sable

mantle. "Everything dropping to ruin and decay, and the cold flicker of the sun lighting up the ugliness of the earth, as the glare of gas-lamps lights the wrinkles of an old woman. Shall I ever grow old, Phœbe? Will my hair ever drop off as the leaves are falling from those trees, and leave me wan and bare like them? What is to become of me when I grow old?"

She shivered at the thought of this more than she had done at the cold wintry breeze, and muffling herself closely in her fur, walked so fast that her maid had some difficulty in keeping up with her.

"Do you remember, Phœbe," she said presently, relaxing her pace, "do you remember that French story we read — the story of a beautiful woman who had committed some crime — I forget what — in the zenith of her power and loveliness, when all Paris drank to her every night, and when the people ran away from the carriage of the King to flock about hers, and get a peep at her face? Do you remember how she kept the secret of what she had done, for nearly a half a century, spending her old age in her family chateau, beloved and honored by all the province as an uncanonized saint and benefactress to the poor; and how, when her hair was white, and her eyes almost blind with age, the secret was revealed through one of those strange accidents by which such secrets always are revealed in romances; and she was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be burned alive? The King who had worn her colors was dead and gone; the court of which she had been a star had passed away; powerful functionaries and great magistrates, who might perhaps have helped her, were mouldering in their graves; brave young cavaliers, who would have died for her, had fallen upon distant battle-fields; she had lived to see the age to which she had belonged fade like a dream; and she went to the stake, followed by only a few ignorant country people, who forgot all her bounties, and hooted at her for a wicked sorceress."

"I don't care for such dismal stories, my lady," said Phœbe Marks with a shudder. "One has no need to read books to give one the horrors in this dull place."

Lady Audley shrugged her shoulders and laughed at her maid's candor.

"It is a dull place, Phœbe," she said, "though it doesn't do to say so to my dear old husband. Though I am the wife of one of the most influential men in the county, I don't know that I wasn't nearly as well off at Mr. Dawson's; and yet it's something to wear sables that cost sixty guineas, and have a thousand pounds spent on the decoration of one's apartments."

Treated as a companion by her mistress, in the receipt of the most liberal wages, and with perquisites such as perhaps lady's maid never had before, it was strange that Phœbe Marks should wish to leave her situation; but it was not the less a fact that she was anxious to exchange all the advantages of Audley Court for the very unpromising prospect which awaited her as the wife of her cousin Luke.

The young man had contrived in some manner to associate himself with the improved fortunes of his sweetheart. He had never allowed Phœbe any peace till she obtained for him, by the aid of my lady's interference, a situation as undergroom of the Court. He never rode out with either Alicia or Sir Michael; but on one of the few occasions upon which my lady mounted the pretty little gray thoroughbred reserved for her use, he contrived to attend her in her ride. He saw enough, in the very first half hour they were out, to discover that graceful as Lady Audley might look in her long blue cloth habit, she was a timid horsewoman, and utterly unable to manage the animal she rode. Lady Audley remonstrated with her maid upon her folly in wishing to marry the uncouth groom.

The two women were seated together over the fire in my lady's dressing-room, the gray sky closing in upon the October afternoon, and the black tracery of ivy darkening the casement windows.

"You surely are not in love with that awkward, ugly creature, are you, Phœbe?" asked my lady sharply.

The girl was sitting on a low stool at her mistress's feet. She did not answer my lady's question immediately,

but sat for some time looking vacantly into the red abyss in the hollow fire. Presently she said, rather as if she had been thinking aloud than answering Lucy's question: —

"I don't think I can love him. We have been together from children, and I promised when I was little better than fifteen, that I'd be his wife. I daren't break that promise now. There have been times when I've made up the very sentence I meant to say to him, telling him that I couldn't keep my faith with him; but the words have died upon my lips, and I've sat looking at him, with a choking sensation in my throat that wouldn't let me speak. I daren't refuse to marry him. I've often watched and watched him, as he has sat slicing away at a hedge-stake, with his great clasp-knife, till I have thought that it is just such men as he who have decoyed their sweethearts into lonely places, and murdered them for being false to their word. When he was a boy he was always violent and revengeful. I saw him once take up that very knife in a quarrel with his mother. I tell you, my lady, I must marry him."

"You silly girl, you shall do nothing of the kind!" answered Lucy. "You think he'll murder you, do you? Do you think, then, if murder is in him, you would be any safer as his wife? If you thwarted him, or made him jealous; if he wanted to marry another woman, or to get hold of some poor, pitiful bit of money of yours, couldn't he murder you then? I tell you you sha'n't marry him, Phœbe. In the first place I hate the man; and in the next place, I can't afford to part with you. We'll give him a few pounds, and send him about his business."

Phœbe Marks caught my lady's hands in hers, and clasped them convulsively.

"My lady—my good kind Mistress!" she cried vehemently, "don't try to thwart me in this—don't ask me to thwart him. I tell you, I must marry him. You don't know what he is. It will be my ruin, and the ruin of others, if I break my word. I must marry him!"

"Very well, then, Phœbe," answered her mistress, "I

can't oppose you. There must be some secret at the bottom of this."

"There is, my lady," said the girl, with her face turned away from Lucy.

"I shall be very sorry to lose you; but I have promised to stand your friend in all things. What does your cousin mean to do for a living when you are married?"

"He would like to take a public house."

"Then he shall take a public house, and the sooner he drinks himself to death the better. Sir Michael dines at a bachelor's party at Major Margrave's this evening, and my step-daughter is away with her friends at the Grange. You can bring your cousin into the drawing-room after dinner, and I'll tell him what I mean to do for him."

"You are very good, my lady," Phœbe answered with a sigh.

Lady Audley sat in the glow of the firelight and wax candles in the luxurious drawing-room; the amber damask cushions of the sofa contrasting with her dark violet velvet dress, and her rippling hair falling about her neck in a golden haze. Everywhere around her were the evidences of wealth and splendor, while in strange contrast to all this, and to her own beauty, the awkward groom stood rubbing his bullet head as my lady explained to him what she intended to do for her confidential maid. Lucy's promises were very liberal, and she had expected that uncouth as the man was, he would, in his own rough manner, have expressed his gratitude.

To her surprise he stood staring at the floor without uttering a word in answer to her offer. Phœbe was standing close to his elbow, and seemed distressed at the man's rudeness.

"Tell my lady how thankful you are, Luke," she said.

"But I'm not so over and above thankful," answered her lover savagely. "Fifty pound ain't much to start a public. You'll make it a hundred, my lady."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Lady Audley, her clear blue eyes flashing with indignation, "and I wonder at your impertinence in asking it."

"Oh yes, you will, though," answered Luke, with quiet insolence that had a hidden meaning. "You'll make it a hundred, my lady."

Lady Audley rose from her seat, looked the man steadfastly in the face till his determined gaze sunk under hers; then walking straight up to her maid, she said in a high, piercing voice peculiar to her in moments of intense agitation:

"Phœbe Marks, you have told *this man!*"

The girl fell on her knees at my lady's feet.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she cried. "He forced it from me, or I would never, never have told!" —*Lady Audley's Secret.*

BRADLEY, EDWARD ("CUTHBERT BEDE"), an English author and clergyman; born at Kidderminster in 1827; died at Lenton, December 12, 1889. He was graduated from Durham University, and was rector at Lenton, Stretton, and Lenton. He contributed to *Punch* and other periodicals. In 1855 he published *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman,* a humorous picture of college life. This work enjoyed wide popularity. His other books include *Mr. Verdant Green Married and Done For* (1856); *Glencreggan* (1861); *The Curate of Cranston* (1862); *A Tour in Tartan Land* (1863); *The White Wife* (1864); *The Rook's Garden* (1865); *Mattins and Muttons* (1866); *Fotheringay and Mary Queen of Scots* (1886); *Little Mr. Bouncer and His Friend, Verdant Green* (1874); and several books of travel.

MR. GREEN AT OXFORD.

Our hero dressed himself with great care, that he might make his first appearance in Hall with proper *eclat;* and, having made his way towards the lantern-surmounted building, he walked up the steps and under the groined archway with a crowd of hungry undergraduates who were hurrying in to dinner. The clatter of plates would have alone been sufficient to guide his steps; and, passing through one of the doors in the elaborately carved screen that shut off the passage and the buttery, he found himself within the halls of Brazenface. It was of noble size, lighted by lofty windows, and carried up to a great height by an open roof, dark (save where it opened to the lantern) with great oak beams, and rich with carved pendants and gilded bosses. The ample fireplace displayed the capaciousness of those collegiate mouths of "the windpipes of hospitality," and gave an idea of the dimensions of the kitchen ranges. In the centre of the hall was a huge plate-warmer, elaborately worked in brass with the college arms. Founders and benefactors were seen or suggested, on all sides; their arms gleamed from the windows in all the glories of stained glass; and their faces peered out from the massive gilt frames on the walls, as though their shadows loved to linger about the spot that had been benefited by their substance. At the further end of the hall a deep bay-window threw its painted light upon a dias, along which stretched the table for the Dons; Masters and Bachelors occupied side-tables; and the other tables were filled up by the undergraduates; every one, from the Don downwards, being in his gown.

Our hero was considerably impressed with the (to him) singular character of the scene; and from the "Benedictus Benedicat" grace-before-meat to the "Benedicto benedicamur" after-meat, he gazed curiously about him in silent wonderment. So much indeed was he wrapped up in the novelty of the scene that he ran a great risk of losing his dinner. The scouts fled about in all directions with plates, and glasses, and pewter

dishes, and the massive silver mugs that had gone around the tables for the last two centuries, and still no one waited upon Mr. Verdant Green. He twice ventured to timidly say, "Waiter!" but as no one answered to his call, and as he was too bashful and occupied with his own thought to make another attempt, it is probable that he would have risen from dinner as unsatisfied as when he sat down, had not his right-hand companion (having partly relieved his own wants perceived his neighbor to be a freshman, and kindly said to him, "I think you'd better begin your dinner, because we won't stay here long. What is your scout's name?" And when he had been told it, he turned to Mr. Filcher and asked him, "What the deuce he meant by not waiting on his master?" which, with the addition of a few gratuitous threats, had the effect of bringing that gentleman to his master's side, and reducing Mr. Verdant Green to a state of mind in which gratitude to his companion and a desire to beg his scout's pardon was confusedly blended. Not seeing any dishes on the table to select from, he referred to the list, and fell back on the standard roast-beef.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said Verdant, turning to his friendly neighbor. "My rooms are next to yours, and I had the pleasure of being driven by you on the coach the other day."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fosbrooke, for it was he; "ah, I remember you now! I suppose the old bird was your governor. *He* seemed to think it anything but a pleasure, being driven by Four-in-hand Fosbrooke."

"Why, pap — my father — is rather nervous on a coach," replied Verdant. "He was bringing me to college for the first time."

"Then you are the man that has just come into Smalls' old rooms? Oh, I see. Don't you ever drink with your dinner? If you don't holler for your rascal, he'll never half wait upon you. Always bully them well at first, and then they learn manners."

So, by way of commencing the bullying system without loss of time, our hero called out very fiercely, "Robert!"

and then, as Mr. Filcher glided to his side, he timidly dropped his tone into a mild "Glass of water, if you please, Robert."

He felt rather relieved when dinner was over and retired at once to his own rooms; where making a rather quiet and sudden entrance, he found them tenanted by an old woman, who wore a huge bonnet tilted on the top of her head, and was busily and dubiously engaged at one of his open boxes. "Ahem!" he coughed, at which note of warning the old lady jumped round very quickly, and said — dabbing courtesys where there were stops, like the beats of a conductor's *bâton:* "Law bless me, sir. It's beggin' your pardon that I am. Not seein' you a comin' in. Bein' 'ard of hearin' from a hinfant. And havin' my back turned. I was just puttin' your things to rights, sir. If you please, sir, I'm Mrs. Tester. Your bedmaker, sir."

"Oh, thank you," said our freshman, with the shadow of a suspicion that Mrs. Tester was doing something more than merely "putting to rights" the pots of jam and marmalade, and the packages of tea and coffee, which his doting mother had thoughtfully placed in his box as a provision against immediate distress. "Thank you."

"I've done my rooms, sir," dabbed Mrs. Tester. "Which if thought agreeable, I'd stay and put these things in their places. Which it certainly is Robert's place. But I never minds putting myself out. As I always perpetually am minded. So long as I can obleege the gentlemen."

So, as our hero was of a yielding disposition, and could, under skillful hands, easily be moulded into any form, he allowed Mrs. Tester to remain, and conclude the unpacking and putting away of his goods, in which operation she displayed great generalship.

"You've a deal of coffee and tea, sir," she said, keeping time by curtseys. "Which it's a great blessin' to have a mother, and not to be left dissolute like some gentlemen. And tea and coffee is what I mostly live on. And mortial dear it is to poor folks. And a package the

likes of this, sir, were a blessin' I should never even dream on."

"Well, then," said Verdant, in a most benevolent mood, "you can take one of the packages for your trouble."

Upon this, Mrs. Tester appeared to be greatly overcome. "Which I once had a son myself," she said. "And as fine a young man as you are, sir. With a strawberry mark in the small of his back. And beautiful red whiskers, sir, with a tendency to drink. Which it were his rewing, and took him to be enlisted for a sojer. When he went across the seas to the West Injies. And he was took with the yaller fever, and buried there. Which the remembrance, sir, brings on my spazzuns. To which I'm an hafflicted martyr, sir. And can only be heased with three spots of brandy on a lump of sugar. Which your good mother, sir, has put a bottle of brandy. Along with the jam and the clean linen, sir. As though a purpose for my complaint. Ugh! oh!"

And Mrs. Tester forthwith began pressing and thumping her sides in such a terrific manner, and appeared to be undergoing such internal agony, that Mr. Verdant Green not only gave her brandy there and then, for her immediate relief,—"which it heases the spazzums deerectly, bless you," observed Mrs. Tester, parenthetically — but also told her where she could find the bottle in case she should again be attacked when in his rooms; attacks, which, it is needless to say, were repeated at every subsequent visit. Mrs. Tester then finished putting away the tea and coffee, and entered into further particulars about her late son: though what connection there was between him and the packages of tea, our hero could not perceive. Nevertheless he was much interested with her narrative, and thought Mrs. Tester a very affectionate, motherly sort of woman; more especially when Robert having placed his tea-things on the table, she showed him how to make the tea,—an apparently simple feat that the freshman found himself perfectly unable to accomplish. And then Mrs. Tester made a final dab, and her exit, and our hero sat over his

tea as long as he could, because it gave him an idea of cheerfulness; and then, after directing Robert to be sure and not to forget to call him in time for morning chapel, he retired to bed.

The bed was very hard, and so small that, had it not been for the wall, our hero's legs would have been visible (literally) at the foot; but despite these novelties, he sank into a sound rest, which at length passed into the following dream. He thought that he was back again at dinner at the Manor Green, but that the hall was curiously like the hall of Brazenface, and that Mrs. Tester and Dr. Portman were on either side of him with Mr. Fosbrooke and Robert talking to his sisters; and that he was reaching his hand to help Mrs. Tester to a package of tea, which her son had sent from the West Indies, when he threw over a wax-light, and set everything on fire; and that the parish engine came up; and that there was a great noise, and a loud hammering: and, "Eh? yes! oh! the half-hour is it? Oh, yes; thank you!" And Mr. Verdant Green sprang out of bed, much relieved to find that the alarm of fire was nothing more than his scout knocking vigorously at his door, and that it was chapel-time.

"Want any warm water, sir?" asked Mr. Filcher, putting his head in at the door.

"No, thank you," replied our hero, "I — I —"

"Shave with cold. Ah, I see, sir. It's much 'ealthire, and makes the 'air grow. But anything as you *does* want, sir, you've only to call."

"If there is any thing that I want, Robert," said Verdant, "I will ring."

"Bless you, sir," observed Mr. Filcher; "there ain't no bells never in colleges!" They'd be rung off their wires in no time. Mr. Bouncer, sir, he uses a trumpet like they does on board ship. By the same token, that's it, sir!" And Mr. Filcher vanished just in time to prevent little Mr. Bouncer from finishing a furious solo, from an entirely new version of "Robert le Diable," which he was giving with novel effect through the medium of a speaking-trumpet.

Verdant found his bedroom inconveniently small; so contracted, indeed, in its dimensions, that his toilet was not completed without his elbows having first suffered severe abrasions. His mechanical turnip showed him that he had no time to lose; and the furious ringing of a bell, whose noise was echoed by the bells of other colleges, made him dress with a rapidity quite unusual, and hurrying down stairs and across quod, to the chapel steps, up which a throng of students were hastening. Nearly all betrayed symptoms of having been aroused from their sleep without having had any spare time for an elaborate toilet; and many, indeed, were completing it, by thrusting themselves into surplices and gowns as they hurried up the steps.

Mr. Fosbrooke was one of these; and when he saw Verdant close to him, he benevolently recognized him, and said, "Let me put you up to a wrinkle. When they ring you up sharp for chapel, don't lose any time about your absolutions,— washing, you know; but just jump into a pair of bags and Wellingtons, clap a top-coat on you, and button it up to the chin, and there you are, ready dressed in the twinkling of a bedpost."

Before Mr. Verdant Green could at all comprehend why a person should jump into two bags, instead of dressing himself in the normal manner, they went through the ante-chapel, or "Court of Gentiles," as Mr. Fosbrooke termed it, and entered the choir of the chapel through a screen elaborately decorated in the Jacobean style, with pillars and arches, and festoons of fruit and flowers, and bells and pomegranates. On either side of the door were two men, who quickly glanced at each one who passed, and as quickly pricked a mark against his name on the chapel list. As the freshman went by, they made a careful study of his person, and took mental daguerreotypes of his features. Seeing no beadle, or pew-opener (or, for the matter of that, any pews) or any one to direct him to a place, Mr. Verdant Green quietly took a seat in the first place that he found empty, which happened to be the stall on the right hand of the door. Unconscious of the trespass he was committing, he at once

put his cap to his face and knelt down: but he had no sooner risen from his knees, than he found an imposing-looking Don, as large as life and quite as natural, who was staring at him with the greatest astonishment, and motioning him to immediately "come out of that!" This our hero did with the greatest speed and confusion, and sank breathless on the end of the nearest bench; when, just as, in his agitation, he had again said his prayer, the service fortunately commenced, and somewhat relieved him of his embarrassment.— *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green.*

BRADSTREET, Anne Dudley, an American poet; born at Northampton, England, in 1612; died at Andover, Mass., September 16, 1672. She was the first of our professional poets, and won fame above all other American writers of her time. Daughter of one Puritan governor (Thomas Dudley) and wife of another (Simon Bradstreet), she had every opportunity for influence that eminent social position could give. Moreover, she had heroic qualities. In spite of feeble health she reared a large family amid the trials of the wilderness, and by her industry and talents compelled the austere Puritans to recognize in her the most accomplished and most influential woman of New England. Their praise of her was lavish; they named her "The Tenth Muse." The first edition of her writings, printed in 1650, contained a series of poems, with four related themes in each. Its title is worthy of attention for its unique stateliness; "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America;

or, Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight, Wherein especially is contained a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constitutions, ages of man, seasons of the year; together with an exact epitome of the four monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; also a dialogue between Old England and New concerning the late troubles; with divers other pleasant and serious poems by a gentlewoman of those parts."

In 1658 a second edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems appeared in Boston, containing among other additional compositions, her best poem, entitled *Contemplations*. A third edition was published in 1678. Her complete works, edited by J. H. Ellis, were reprinted in Boston in 1867, and again in 1897.

When Mrs. Bradstreet wrote her poems, she could have had no models, save Chaucer and Spenser. Milton had not become known as a writer when her work was published, and Shakespeare was not read by the Puritans of New England.

EXTRACTS FROM "LINES" ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND.

If ever two were one, then surely we;
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife were happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if ye can.

. . . . . .

Phœbus, make haste — the day's too long — begone!
The silent night's the fittest time for moan.
But stay, this once — unto my suit give ear —
And tell my griefs in either hemisphere:
If in thy swift career thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way:

Commend me to the man, more loved than life;
Show him the sorrows of his widowed wife;
And if he love, how can he there abide?
My interest's more than all the world beside. . . .
Tell him the countless steps that thou dost trace
That once a day thy spouse thou mayst embrace,
And when thou canst not meet by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar salute her from the south;
But for one month, I see no day, poor soul!
Like those far situate beneath the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise —
O how they joy when thou dost light the skies!
Tell him I would say more, but can not well;
Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.
Now part with double speed, mark what I say,
By all our loves conjure him not to stay!

. . . . . .

How soon, my dear, death may my steps attend,
How soon 't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,
We both are ignorant; yet love bids me
These farewell lines to recommend to thee.
That when that knot's untied that made us one,
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
And if I see not half my days that's due,
What Nature would, God grant to yours and you;
The many faults that well you know I have
Let be interred in my oblivious grave;

If any worth or virtue is in me,
Let that live freshly in thy memory;
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms:
And when thy loss shall be repaid, with gains,
Look to my little babes, my dear remains.

EXTRACTS FROM "CONTEMPLATIONS."

Then higher on the glistering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?

Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path.
Thy pleasing fervour, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty and delight

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength, thy shining rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high?
As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!
Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wandering feet,
My humble eyes to lofty skyes I rear'd
To sing some song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had, thus decked liberally:
But Ah, and Ah, again my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.

Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their Maker's praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

When present times look back to ages past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to last,
And calls back months and years that long since fled.
It makes a man more aged in conceit,
Than was Methuselah, or 's grand-sire great:
While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.

. . . . . .

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor rage nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthful made;
But man grows-old, lies down, remains where once he 's
laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed.
No sooner born, but grief and care make fall
That state obliterate he had at first.
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,
Because they're bigger, and their bodyes stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
And when unmade, soever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immortality.

"ELEGY" ON THE DEATH OF A GRANDCHILD WHO DIED IN 1665.

Farewell, dear child, my heart's too much content,
  Farewell, sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,
Farewell, fair flower, that for a space was lent,
  Then ta'en away into eternity.
Blest babe, why should I once bewail thy fate,
Or sigh, the days so soon were terminate,
Sith thou art settled in an everlasting state?

By nature, trees do rot when they are grown,
  And plums and apples thoroughly ripe do fall,
And corn and grass are in their season mown,
  And time brings down what is both strong and tall.
But plants new set, to be eradicate,
And buds new blown, to have so short a date,
Is by His hand alone, that nature guides, and fate.

BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND, an American clergyman and novelist; born at Allegheny, Pa., December 20, 1861. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1883, but resigned from the naval service to study theology. He was ordained a clergyman in the Episcopal Church in 1890. He served as a missionary in Colorado, Missouri, and Kansas, and from 1895 to 1899 was archdeacon of Pennsylvania. Since 1900 he has attained wide popularity as a writer of stories and novels of romance, adventure, and history. Dr. Brady is one of the most prolific writers of modern times. His published works include *For Love of Country* (1898); *For the Freedom of the Sea* (1899); *Stephen Decatur* (1900); *Recollections of a Missionary in the Great*

West (1900); *American Fights and Fighters* (1900); *Commodore Paul Jones* (1900); *When Blades are Out and Love's Afield* (1901); *Under Tops'ls and Tents* (1901); *An Apostle of the Plains* (1901); *Colonial Fights and Fighters* (1901); *Under the Ban of the Red Beard* (1901); *Border Fights and Fighters* (1902); *Hohenzollern* (1902); *In the Wasp's Nest* (1902); *Quiberon Touch* (1902); *Woven with the Ship* (1902); *The Bishop* (1903); *The Conquest of the Southwest* (1903); *The Southerner* (1903); *A Doctor of Philosophy* (1903); *In the War with Mexico* (1903); *Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer* (1904); *The Two Captains* (1904); and *Indian Fights and Fighters* (1905).

In his *Indian Fights and Fighters* Dr. Brady has selected a subject at once historically important and generally interesting. The special value of the book lies in the fact that the author has not only made careful search of original written sources, but has obtained much information directly from the lips of participants and witnesses of the battles of which he writes. In *The Two Captains* Dr. Brady writes a spirited preface in which he warns all reviewers that the number of his other published works is none of their business. Their part is merely to adjudge the merits of the book in hand. He declares, moreover, that, any appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, his pen is no less careful for being prolific; he has not hurried himself with this story; he has taken all the time he needed.

MISS MILLY.

"I don't want to marry the Earl of Dynemoor, or any other earl! In fact, I don't want to marry at all. I'm

sick and tired of Newport, and Bar Harbor, and New York! I want to see something of life, real life, before I settle down."

"But, my dear Millicent—"

"I'm sick of that name, too! I was called Milly, just plain Milly, all my life until father got rich and we came here."

"But, my dear Milly, if you prefer that—"

"Mother, please don't 'dear' me in that tone of voice and in that manner! I am so dead tired of society that I'd like to get away from it forever!"

"I am sure, my daughter," said Mrs. Vassar, reproachfully, "that your social position is unexceptionable—"

"Oh, quite!"

"And that your birth—being a Vassar on one side and a Pegrim on the other—is as good as any in the land."

"Oh, yes; I've heard all that."

"Your father's generosity," continued Mrs. Vassar, "leaves nothing to be desired. Since his speculations turned out so marvelously ten years ago and since everything he touches succeeds, he has stinted us in nothing. New York's most exclusive circles were opened to you by right of birth, and the money has been provided to enable you to take that place to which you are entitled. I don't know a girl in the land who has been launched under better auspices, or who has had a better time. Why, you have refused a French marquis, a Russian prince, an Italian count, to say nothing of a lot of American—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted her daughter, smiling languidly. "Yes, it's all true. I recognize it. We have gone a furious pace. We have been everywhere, done everything, seen everybody. We have been wonderfully successful. The world has been at my feet—at least, the impecunious portion of it—and I'm tired of it all. I want to go away. I won't marry the Earl of Dynemoor! That's flat!"

"How did I ever bring up so undutiful a daughter?" sighed Mrs. Vassar.

"Mother, dear, look at me," continued the younger woman, unheeding the other's dejection—"twenty-four,

bored to death, blase beyond expression, worn out! Why, I used to be — at least, people told me so — beautiful."

"They still tell you that, do they not?" said her mother.

"Oh, yes, but it's different now. I can see that for myself. I'm tired and nervous, unstrung. I want to get away from all this conventionality. I repeat, I don't want to marry this lordlet."

"But you have never seen him! You don't know what he looks like!"

"I don't care if he is as beautiful as a demigod, as desirable as the Admirable Crichton! Besides, I know what he looks like. A social manikin, in irreproachable clothing, wearing a monocle, and so on. I've seen hundreds of them. I'll tell you what, mother, you have campaigned me too hard."

"Mercy, how vulgar!" exclaimed her mother, referring to the expression.

"Yes, wasn't it?" assented her daughter, referring to the act. "I want a rest. Send me out to the ranch."

"Millicent, answer my question. Are you going to refuse the earl because you love some one else?"

"Love any one else? How could anybody love the male representatives of the society in which we flourish? When I love, it will be a man. I want to go out to Arizona — to the ranch."

"Go to Arizona in the height of the New York season!"

"The higher the season, the more desire I have to get away from it."

"But there is nobody out there but Mrs. Jones and the — er — cattlemen."

"That's why I want to go there. I want to be alone, 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' mother, where I can wear what I please, do as I please; ride horseback, go fishing, be idle or busy, just as I wish. Go to bed with the chickens and get up with the larks."

"There are no larks in Arizona, I believe," interrupt-

ed her mother, plaintively; she had no sense of humor, had Mrs. Vassar.

"Well, then, the calves, or whatever else gets up when it pleases."

"Millicent, Millicent, you are impossible!" sighed Mrs. Vassar.

"I shall not only be impossible but I shall be dead if something doesn't happen," said the girl, desperately.

"You will go out there and fall in love with some cowboy. I know you, Milly."

"Well, a cowbody is at least a real man. But don't worry about that. I shall not fall in love with a cowboy. Have no fear."

"Well," said her mother at last, with a resignation she scarcely felt, "I will speak to your father about it. It's preposterous, most absurd; but with his usual foolish habit of indulging you, I have no doubt you will worm a consent from him. I wash my hands of you entirely. You are a very headstrong girl. Your father and I have agreed that Lord Dynemoor, whose family is all that is to be desired, and who is no mere fortune-hunter, since his ancestral estates are ample to support his dignity, would be a most eligible husband for you."

"What about his character?"

"I — er — really — that's all right, of course," said her mother, weakly.

"Mother, you haven't investigated his morals, being so lost in contemplation of his manners, I'll wager?"

"My dear, the morals of a lord are always sufficient."

"Like the day and the evil thereof," interrupted Millicent, flippantly.

"There, that's scriptural, anyway! Well, there is no use discussing it further. Tell father if he doesn't send me away soon I'll join the Salvation Army — I'll go into service — do anything to do something. I'll get away somehow. I will have some distraction!"

. . . . . .

As usual, Milly Vassar had her way. Behold the erstwhile languid young lady of the boudoir now in knicker-

bockers and leggings, with a white sweater to set off her dark-brown beauty, with a scarlet ribbon on her black hair, a soft gray hat perched jauntily on her head, astride a cow-pony galloping over the plains of Arizona.

The contrast was surprising. The difference in the girl was as great as that between the two environments. Seeing life is a relative expression. To the denizens of Arizona, a season in New York, under such auspices as Miss Vassar enjoyed, would have been not only seeing life but seeing heaven also. To Milly Vassar, seeing life was getting in touch with nature and the natural man — to say nothing of the natural woman.

Mrs. Vassar at the last moment had offered to accompany her daughter, but Milly would have none of her. Mrs. Jones was an admirable chaperon — from the Arizona point of view, that is. Out there, the men were frank and bold in manner but at heart infinitely respectful. Nobody ever dreamed that a pure-minded young girl required watching, marshaling, corralling. Save for a warning once in a while as to the character of some of her admirers, Mrs. Jones left her charge to her own devices. The cattlemen and ranch-hands were not so complaisant. Women were scarce in Arizona in that section, and any woman would have been a belle, much more little Milly Vassar, now that the roses had come back to her cheeks, the circles had left her eyes and her heart was full of laughter. There was nothing else in the heart, at least not yet, although every male had openly professed a desire to enshrine himself in that precious treasure-house.

The cattle season had been an unusually good one, and Jones, Mr. Vassar's manager, had employed several new hands just before the advent of his visitor. That worthy factor had looked with fearsome anticipations of trouble toward the arrival of Miss Vassar. What they could do with a city girl accustomed to every luxury and every refinement, had been a problem he had asked his wife to solve. She had comforted him.

"We'll give her the best we have and treat her as well

as we know how, Jones," she said, "and the boys will do the rest."

The boys did it. They broke horses for her, in lieu of which she broke hearts for them. They rode with her, hunted and fished with her — and for her, too! They organized excursions to points of interest for her benefit. They got up circuses in which feats of rough-riding and cattle-roping were performed for her edification. She lived in a whirl of excitement. She saw life for the first time in her career — real life, that is — and the sight was good for the soul.— *From In Arizona. A short Story in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

BRAEME, CHARLOTTE MARY, an English novelist; born at London in 1830; died there in 1890. She wrote upwards of two hundred romances, which have had wide circulation among the masses. Her most popular work, *Dora Thorne,* has been issued and reprinted in various editions in the United States, Canada, and Australia. Among her other books are *Wedded and Parted; Prince Charming; A Modern Cinderella; A Mad Love; Bonnie Doon; The Duke's Secret; At War with Herself;* and *Love Works Wonders.*

ENGLISH SCENERY.

The world is full of beauty; every country has its share — Switzerland its snow-clad mountains, Germany its dark woods and broad streams, France its sunny plains, Italy its "thousand charms of Nature and Art:" but for quiet, tranquil loveliness, for calm, fair beauty, looking always fresh from the Mighty Hand that created it, there is nothing like English scenery.

The white cliffs of Knutsford, like "grand giants,"

ran along the shore; there was a broad stretch of yellow sand, hidden when the tide was in, shining and firm when it ebbed. The top of the cliff was like a carpet of thick green grass and springing heather. Far away, in the blue distance, one could see, of a bright, sunny day, the outline of the French coast. The waves rolled in, and broke upon the yellow sands; the sea-birds flew by with busy wings, white sails gleamed in the sunshine. Occasionally a large steamer passed; there was no sound save the rich, never-changing music of Nature, the rush of wind and waves, the grand, solemn anthem that the sea never tires of singing.

Far down the cliff ran the zigzag path that led to the village; there was no sign of the sea on the other side of the white rocks. There the green fields and pretty hop gardens stretched out far and wide, and the Farthinglow Woods formed a belt around them. In the midst of a green, fertile valley stood the lovely village of Knutsford. It had no regular street; a pretty church, clad with gray ivy, stood on a small hill; there were a few cottages, a few farm-houses, a few little villas, one grand mansion, three or four shops, and quiet homesteads with thatched roofs and eaves of straw.

The prettiest and most compact little farm in the village was the one where Stephen Thorne and his wife dwelt. It was called the Elms; a long avenue of elms leading to the little house and skirting the broad green meadows. It was at a short distance from the village, so quiet, so tranquil, that, living there, one seemed out of the world.— *Dora Thorne.*

RONALD AND DORA.

He often thought that there never had been, never could be, a wife so loving as Dora. He could not teach her much, although he tried hard. She sung simple little ballads sweetly and clearly; but although master after master tried his best, she could never be taught to play — not even so much as the easy accompaniments of her own songs. Ronald hoped that with time and attention she would be able to sketch, but Dora never managed it.

Obediently enough she took pencil and paper in ner hands and tried, but the strokes would never come straight. Sometimes the drawing she made would resemble something so comical that both she and Ronald laughed heartily; while the consciousness of her own inferiority grieved her, and large, bright tears would frequently fall upon the paper. Then Ronald would take the pencils away, and Dora would cling around his neck and ask him if he would not have been happier with a cleverer wife.

"No, a thousand times no," he would say; he loved Dora better in her artless simplicity than he could have loved the cleverest woman in the world.

"And you are quite sure," said Dora, "that you will never repent marrying me?"

"No, again," was the reply. "You are the crowning joy of my life."

It was pleasant to sit amid the oleanders and myrtles, reading the great poems of the world to Dora. Even if she did not understand them, her face lighted with pleasure as the grand words came from Ronald's lips. It was pleasant, too, to sit on the banks of the Arno, watching the blue waters gleaming in the sun. Dora was at home there. She would say little of books, of pictures, or music; but she could talk of beautiful Nature, and never tire. She knew the changing colors of the sky, the varied hues of the waves, the different voices of the wind, the songs of the birds. All these had a separate and distinct meaning for her.

Ronald could not teach her much more. She liked the beautiful poems he read, but never could remember who had written them. She forgot the names of great authors, or mixed them up so terribly that Ronald, in despair, told her it would be better not to talk of books just yet — not until she was more familiar with them.

But he soon found out that Dora could not read for many minutes together. She would open her book, and make a desperate attempt; then her dark eyes would wander away to the distant mountains, or to the glistening river. She could never read while the sun shone or the birds sung.

Seeing that, Ronald gave up all attempts at literature in the daytime; when the lamps were lighted in the evening, and the fair face of Nature was shut out, he tried again, and succeeded for ten minutes; then Dora's eyes drooped, the white lids with their jetty fringe closed; and with great dismay he found that over the masterpieces of the world Dora had fallen asleep.

Two long bright years had passed away before Ronald began to perceive that he could educate his pretty young wife no further. She was a strange mixture of ignorance and uncultivated poetry. She could speak well; her voice was sweet, her accent, caught from him, good; alone he never noticed any deficiencies, but if he met an English friend in Florence and brought him home to dine, then Ronald began to wish that Dora would leave off blushing and grow less shy, that she could talk a little more, and that he might lose all fear of her making some terrible blunder.— *Dora Thorne.*

BRAINARD, JOHN GARDINER CALKINS, an American poet and journalist; born at New London, Conn., October 21, 1769; died there September 26, 1828. He was educated at Yale, and for a time he studied law, his father having been a judge of the Supreme Court. In 1822 he became editor of the Hartford, Conn., *Mirror,* to which he contributed literary articles, to the almost utter neglect of the politics of the paper. Having already written a number of pieces for a New Haven paper called *The Microscope,* Brainard now began to attract attention as one of the literary lights of the New World. In 1827 he was forced to relinquish his editorial position on account of ill-health; and shortly afterward, having spent some time in the east end of Long Island,

he returned to New London where he died at his father's home. His *Poems* were published in 1825; a second edition, entitled *Literary Remains,* was issued in 1832, by the poet Whittier, who succeeded Brainard as editor of the *Mirror;* and a third edition was issued by Hopkins, of Hartford, in 1842. Duckinck speaks of Brainard's genius as "a flower plucked from the bank of the river which he loved, and preserved for posterity. It lay in the amiable walks of *belles-lettres,* where the delicacy of his temperament, the correspondence of the sensitive mind to the weak physical frame, found its appropriate home and nourishment. His country needed results of this kind more than it did law or politics; and in his short life Brainard honored his native land." Brainard is described as a small man, rather neglectful of his personal appearance, a rapid writer, ready in conversation, and playful in repartee. It is related that to a critic who had pronounced the word "brine," in Brainard's verses on "The Deep," as having "no more business in sentimental poetry than a pig in a parlor," the poet replied that the objector, "though his piece is dated Philadelphia, really lives at a greater distance than that from the sea, and has got his ideas of the salt water from his father's pork-barrel."

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand;
Had hung his bow upon thy awful front;
Had spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,

And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler! what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — A light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

SALMON RIVER.

'Tis a sweet stream—and so, 'tis true, are all
That undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood,
By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscared look :
There's much in its wild history that teems
With all that's superstitious—and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—
And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

GEORGE MORRIS COHEN BRANDES.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or darkening glade,
Or tangled dell.
Here Philip came, and Miantonomo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, and howled, and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stript and dressed to wear
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of—but it is a theme
I chance to love;
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river—which, if there be need,
I'll try to prove.

BRANDES, GEORGE MORRIS COHEN, a Danish literary critic, of Hebrew family; born at Copenhagen, February 4, 1842. He studied at the University of Copenhagen, where he graduated with the highest honors, having while an undergraduate gained the gold medal for an essay on *Fatalism Among the Ancients*. He lived for several years on the Continent, mainly in Germany and France, and wrote

The Dualism of the Most Recent Philosophy (1866); *Æsthetic Studies* (1868); *Criticisms and Portraits* and *French Æsthetics at the Present Day* (1870). Returning to Copenhagen, he became a private tutor at the university, where he delivered a course of lectures on *The Great Literary Currents of the Nineteenth Century,* which were published (1872–75) in four volumes, and were translated into German. He translated from the English John Stuart Mill's essay on the *Subjection of Women,* and put forth a collection of *Danish Poems.* In 1877 he went to Berlin, where in the following year he wrote biographies of *Esaias Tegner* and Benjamin *Disraeli.* In 1882 he returned to Copenhagen, where an income of 4,000 crowns was guaranteed to him for ten years, with the single stipulation that he should deliver there public lectures on literature. Among his later works are: *Men and Work* (1885); *Ludwig Holberg* (1886); *Impressions of Poland* (1887); *Impressions of Russia* (1888); two volumes of *Essays* (1894); and *Poems* (1899).

RUSSIAN TRAITS.

Finally, there is one more fundamental trait of the Russians, one which seems most vigorously to combat the idea of originality: the inclination to imitation, the power of echoing, of reflecting after the Russian spirit, the capacity to accommodate themselves to the strange and to adapt the strange to themselves. It is first and foremost a capacity to understand and then a disposition to appropriate. . . .

The Russians, above all others, have the talent of grasping the manner of thought and range of ideas of other races, of imitating them and of dealing with them as their own intellectual property. The cultivated Russian understands and always has understood the living, the new, the newest in foreign countries, and does not

wait till it becomes cheap because it is old, or has gained currency by the approbation of the stranger's countrymen. The Russian catches the new thought on the wing. Their culture makes a modern race, with the keenest scent for everything modern. It has been often the case in our own time that authors who have met with obstacles or aversion in their own country have found their first sanctuary in the Russian newspapers or from the Russian public. Who knows if in this respect Russia will not in the future play a rôle similar to that of Holland during the Renaissance, when it furnished a place of refuge to those authors who were persecuted at home? An omen of this is the hero-worship which exists in full bloom in Russia after having been almost wholly lost in the rest of Europe.

This remarkable capacity for assimilation is also met with, in matters of artistic handicraft, among the peasants. The peasant readily takes to any kind of work. He can imitate anything he sees. He knows ten trades. If a traveller somewhere in the country loses a cap with a peculiar kind of embroidery, ten years later the whole region is reproducing it. Another traveller forgets in a corner a piece of chased copper or enamelled silver, and this waif gives rise to a new industry. Some of the most celebrated producers of industrial art are self-made men from the peasant class, men who have groped their way to the position they now occupy.

It can easily be understood how a national character of this kind should be developed in this land above all others. We see before us an enormously large but scantily populated country, very backward in education, and which it is necessary at once to reclaim by new settlements and to elevate by European culture,—a land with broad, unoccupied territory, as in the United States, and at the same time governed in much the same manner as Turkey.

Passivity shows itself, in public and private life, in the submission to the powers that be. But, at the same time, sluggishness has strength in passive resistance. Absolutism not only cows, but it hardens. This stolid-

ity becomes the popular ideal. It is not the one who takes the lead,—the daring, the defiant,—who is admired; but the one who, without complaint, knows how to endure, to suffer, and to die. This characteristic may be seen more at large in Dostoyevski's "Recollections of a Dead House in Siberia," in which, according to the popular view, he who endures the lash and the knout without asking for mercy is the object of veneration—such as, among other nations, is bestowed on the hero or conqueror for dealing blows.

This explains the fact that, although the Russians are a brave people, and a remarkably steadfast people in war, they are the most peaceful and unwarlike nation in the world. The Russian officers have little class feeling. They never, like the Prussians, form a military caste, distinct from the people. They have no *morgue*, no cruel haughtiness. While the German officer, even when his education is the best, feels himself to be a sort of priest,—a military *sacerdos*,—the Russian officer, even when he is rude, is, according to his own conception, a mortal like others.—*Impressions of Russia.*

BRANT, SEBASTIAN, a German satirical poet; born at Strasburg in 1458; died in 1521. In early life he went to Basle, where he studied law and for some time held a professorship. He gave much of his time to study and literary work. Among his writings are some Latin poems and treatises on law. He translated the *Moral Maxims* of Cato, from the Latin, and a few subsequent moral writings; modernized Freidank's *Bescheidenheit*, and wrote *Das Narrenschiff* (The Ship of Fools), on which latter work his reputation mainly rests. This was first published in 1494. Through a Latin translation, which appeared

in 1497, this poem attained a European reputation. It is a farce or sottie, of the style then commonly played during the carnivals, though the broad wit and coarse vulgarity of the sottie has been toned down in the *Narrenschiff,* and there is a distinct effort to inculcate moral principle by satirizing its antithesis. The idea of a number of fools going aboard a ship was not a new one, but Brandt made them to personify human weaknesses, and put into their mouths appropriate rhymes to catch the common ear. There are one hundred fools on the ship, which is sailing past Schlaraffenland (Land of Idlers) to Narragomien (Fools' Land), and the author introduces them individually to the reader. There is the "book-fool," the "miser-fool," the "fashion-fool," etc. The work is in the form of a drama, and is amply illustrated by wood-cuts, which are an integral part of the text.

In 1501 Brandt was recalled to Strasburg by the offer of an official position, and at the time of his death was town clerk. His work has been imitated by Murner in his *Exorcism of Fools* and by Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fools,* an abridged prose translation.

MY VERSE.

We well may call it Folly's Mirror,
Since every fool there sees his error.
His proper worth would each man know,
The Glass of Fools the truth will show.
Who meets his image on the page,
May learn to deem himself no sage;
Nor shrink his nothingness to see,
Since naught that lives from fault is free.
And who in conscience dare be sworn,
That cap and bells he ne'er hath worn?
He who his foolishness descries,

Alone deserves to rank as wise;
While who doth wisdom's airs rehearse,
May stand godfather to my verse.
—*From the Prologue to The Ship of Fools.*

THE SHIP OF FOOLS.

For jest and earnest, youth and sport,
Here fools abound of every sort.
The sage may here find Wisdom's rules,
And Folly learn the ways of fools.
Dolts rich and poor my verse doth strike,
The bad find badness, like finds like.
A cap on many a one I fit,
Who fain to wear it would omit.
Were I to mention him by name,
"I know you not," he would exclaim.
—*From The Ship of Fools; modern translation.*

TO A SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

'Twere wiser grasshoppers to count,
Or pour fresh water in the fount,
Than over women guard to mount.
He finds much pain and little pleasure,
Who keeps his wife like hidden treasure:
If good, she wants no guide nor pastor;
If bad, she'll cheat both man and master.
—*From The Ship of Fools.*

THE BOOK FOOL.

Lo in likewise of bookës I have store,
But few I read, and fewer understand;
I follow not their doctrine, nor their lore,
It is enough to have a book in hand;
It were too much to be in such a land,
For to be bound to look within the book;
I am content on the fair covering to look.
—*From* BARCLAY'S *adaptation of The Ship of Fools.*

BRANTÔME, Pierre de Bourdeille, a French historian; born at Perigord about 1540; died July 15, 1614. He was the third son of the Viscount de Bourdeilles, and received at his baptism the name of Peter. At the age of sixteen he was made an abbé, and is commonly spoken of as the Abbé de Brantôme, though he never received orders and never officiated in any religious capacity. He adopted the profession of arms; was a brave soldier; was brought into contact with most of the great leaders of his day; and wrote very interesting and historically valuable *Memoirs* of *"les hommes illustrés"* and *"les dames gallantes"* with whom he became acquainted. Brantôme left orders that his works should be printed, and a first edition appeared in 1665. This has been followed by many editions in the original French, but as yet there has been no translation of his complete works into English.

MY BOOKS.

I will also and expressly charge my heirs, that they cause to be printed the books which I have composed by my talent and invention, which will be found covered with velvet, either black, green, or blue, and one larger volume, which is that of The Ladies, covered with green velvet, and another, which is that of the Rhodomontades, covered with velvet gilt outside, and curiously bound, which are all carefully corrected. There will be found in these books excellent things, such as stories, histories, discourses, and witty sayings, which I flatter myself the world will not disdain to read when once it has had a sight of them. I direct that a sum of money be taken from my estate sufficient to pay for the printing thereof, which certainly cannot be much; for I have known many

printers who would have given money rather than charged any for the right of printing them. They print many things without charge which are not at all equal to mine. I will also that the said impression shall be in large and handsome type, in order to make the better appearance, and that they should appear with the Royal Privilege, which the King will readily grant. Also, care must be taken that the printer do not put on the title page any supposititious name instead of mine. Otherwise I should be defrauded of the glory which is my due.—*From Brantôme's Will.*

THE CHANCELLOR DE L'HÔPITAL.

Another Cato he was, who knew right well how to censure and correct the corrupt world. He had all the look of it too, with his great white beard, his pale face, and his grave manners, which made him look like a veritable portrait of St. Jerom; so much so, indeed, that many at Court called him so! Everybody was afraid of him; and, above all, the magistrates, of whom he was the chief. I remember at Moulins once, I had asked M. d'Estrozze, who was a favorite of his, to speak to him about some business of mine, which he despatched for me at once, and kept Strozzi and me to dine with him. We dined very well, we three alone at table in his chamber with him. He gave us nothing but *bouilli,* though; for that was his ordinary fare at dinner. But all dinner-time there was nothing but fine discourses, *beaux mots,* and beautiful sentences, which came out of the mouth of this great personage, with now and then a pleasant word of jest. After dinner he was told that two magistrates, who had received nominations of President and Councillor, were waiting to be admitted by him into their appointments. He ordered them to be at once shown in, but did not rise or move an inch from his chair to receive them. They were shaking in their shoes like leaves in the wind. He had a great book brought in and placed upon the table; opened it himself, and, pointing to certain passages, called on them to explain them, and reply to his questions upon them. They answered so

stupidly and so wide of the mark that they kept contradicting themselves, and did not know what to say; in such sort, that he was obliged to give them a lecture, and telling them that they were but asses, bid them go back to the school again. Strozzi and I were sitting in the chimney-corner the while, and saw all the wry faces they made, and the flight of the poor devils, who looked for all the world like men going to be hanged. We laughed our fill under the chimney. When they had gone out the Chancellor turned to us and said, "They are a pretty pair of asses; it ought to lie heavy on the King's conscience to give magistracies to such people." Strozzi and I said to him, "Possibly, monsieur, you gave them nuts to crack too hard for their teeth?" Whereupon he laughed and said, "By your leave, gentlemen, they were very small matters I asked them, and things which they ought to have known." That will show how ignorance fared before this great Chancellor—why the men stood like malefactors before him.—*From Brantôme's Memoirs.*

BRAY, ANNA ELIZA KEMPE, an English novelist; born at Newington, Surrey, December 25, 1790; died at London, January 21, 1883. She manifested an early tendency toward literature and art, and studied with Stothard, the painter, to whose son, Charles Alfred Stothard, she was married in 1818. Her husband died from an accident in 1821, and two years later his widow wrote a touching *Memoir* of him. In 1825 she married the Rev. E. A. Bray, rector of Tavistock. Mrs. Bray, who had already published several books of travel, began her career as a novelist in 1826, her first novel being *De Foix.* This was followed during the next fifteen years by ten more novels,

all of which were received with unusual favor, and a uniform edition of them, in ten volumes, was put forth in 1845, including among them *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tary* (1836); *Trelawney of Trelawney* (1837); *Trials of the Heart* (1839); and *Courtenay of Walreddon* (1844). During the next decade she wrote a few tales, and several other works, among which are a *Life of Thomas Stothard,* the father of her first husband (1851); a *Life of Handel* (1854); and the *Poetical Remains* of Mr. Bray, her second husband (1859). Many years later she again appeared as an author. Among the books of these later years are: *The Good St. Louis and His Times,* and *The Revolt of the Protestants of the Cevennes* (1870); *Hartland Forest* (1871); *Joan of Arc* (1873); and *Roseteague* (1874).

WANDERINGS IN LA VENDÉE.

The scene was one such as I shall never forget; it was on an evening in the month of September; the day had been sultry and oppressive, but, as it declined, a gentle breeze arose from the water that was very refreshing: the sun was going down in the west with indescribable glory; a few clouds were in the azure dome, they seemed to advance, and finally to fall around the lord of light, as if to environ him in a regal shroud of purple, fringed with gold. The Loire, which was here broad and expansive, was not in the least ruffled by the evening air: near the banks, the rising tide sent a few slow and lapping waves to the shore, that scarcely disturbed by their motion the profound stillness which hung around: there was one bright glowing line of light upon the surface, where it reflected the setting sun; for the rest, the river lay clear and cold, gliding on through the valley, that was bounded on either side by a chain of low and picturesque hills, now of one deep and uniform purple; they seemed to look down, as if watching in

silence the river that brought them health and fertility in its course. A ruined convent, ivy-grown and melancholy, stood a little above on the opposite shore; no vesper hymn now came floating over the tide, that had long been silenced, when the poor inmates of that dwelling of peace and of devotion had been driven out by the sounds of war, as the ringing of the tocsin came far and wide to call the bold peasantry to arms. A village and the village church, seen beyond the convent, were in one glow of red, almost as if on fire, from the ardent reflection of the sun. Some boats were gliding down the Loire with people in them, carrying vegetables and fruits to a distant market: every stroke of the oar could be distinctly heard; so great was the stillness, and so slight the breeze, that the boatmen assisted the sails of their little vessels with rowing them along. One of the men was singing an air—an air I had often heard whilst in this country; the melody was very simple, but full of energy; no wonder it was so, for it was Vendeau. —*Trials of the Heart.*

BREMER, FREDERIKA, a Swedish novelist; born at Tourla, Finland, August 17, 1801; died at Arsta, December 31, 1865. When she was three years old, her parents removed to Sweden, and established themselves near Stockholm. When very young, she began to write verses, and as she grew older Schiller's poems stimulated her imagination. In 1828 she published her first volume, *Sketches of Every Day Life,* and in 1831 *The H ——— Family,* for which the Swedish Academy awarded her their smaller gold medal. Her novels appeared at Stockholm, in 1835. They were translated into English by Mary Howitt, and were favorably received in England and America.

The death of Frederika Bremer's father, in 1830, left her at liberty to regulate her life as she pleased. After some years spent in Norway, she went, in 1849, to America, where she remained nearly two years. In 1853, she published *Homes of the New World.* On her return to Sweden, she devoted herself to objects which she had long had in mind, more particularly the advancement of woman. In 1856 she began her travels on the continent of Europe and in the Holy Land. Her last years were spent at Arsta.

Her stories: *The Neighbors; The Diary; The H——— Family; The President's Daughters; Brothers and Sisters; Life in Dalecarlia; The Midnight Sun; Father and Daughter,* and *The Four Sisters,* have been translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

THE DAHL FAMILY.

For above half a century this ancient couple have inhabited the same house and the same rooms. There were they married, and there they will celebrate their golden nuptials, in the course of the next winter. The rooms are unchanged, the furniture the same as for fifty years; yet everything is clean, comfortable, and friendly as in a one-year-old dwelling, but much more simple than the houses of our times. I know not what spirit of peace and grace it is which blows upon me in this house! Ah! in this house fifty years have passed as a beautiful day; here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and worked together. Many a pure joy has blossomed here; and when sorrow came, it was not bitter — for the fear of God, and love, illuminated the dark clouds. Hence emanated many a noble deed, and many a beneficent influence. The happy children grew up; they gathered strength from the example of their parents, went out into the world, built for themselves houses, and were good and fortunate. Often do they return, with love

and joy, to the paternal home to bless and to be blessed. . . .

Thus, then, the children—three sons and four daughters—came once a year, with their children, to visit their beloved parents, and extend new life to the home of their childhood—that home which is still to them as full of love and goodness as ever, only that it has become stiller and more peaceful; because it is evening there, and the shadows of the grave begin to ascend round the revered parents.

And now let us glance at the Father.

A long life of probity, industry, and beneficence has impressed itself upon his expansive forehead, and upon his open, benevolent carriage. His figure is yet firm, and his gait steady. The lofty crown is bald, but a garland of silver-white locks surrounds the venerable head. No one in the city sees this head without bowing in friendly and reverential greeting. The whole country, as well as the city, loves him as their benefactor, and venerates him as their patriarch. He has created his own fortune, has sacrificed much for the public good; and, notwithstanding much adversity and loss, never let his spirit sink. In mind and conversation he is still cheerful, and full of jest and sprightliness; but for several years his sight has failed him greatly; and the gout, which makes its appearance at times, troubles his temper. Ah, the prose of life! But an angel moves around the couch to which suffering may confine him; his feet are moved and enwrapped by soft white hands; the sick-chamber, and the countenance of the old man, grow bright before Serena!

We shall not come out of the poetry of the house while she abides there.

The Mother: An aged countenance and a bowed form, and you see an old woman; but show her something beautiful, speak to her of something amiable, and her mien, her smile, beams from the eternal youth which dwells immortal in her sensitive spirit, and then will you involuntarily exclaim, "What beautiful age!" If you sit near her, and look into her mild, pious eyes, you feel

as if you could open your whole soul, and believe in every word she speaks, as in the Gospel. She has lived through much and experienced much; yet she says she will live in order to learn. Truly, we must learn from her. Her tone and her demeanor betoken true breeding and much knowledge of life. She alone has educated her children, and still she thinks and acts both for children and children's children, and still bears home and family cares on her own shoulders, although she now supports herself on Serena.

Since the death of her youngest daughter she is become somewhat melancholy. This is not observable in her words, but in her frequent sighs. Like her husband, she is universally revered and beloved; and all agree in this, that a more perfect union than exists between this couple cannot be imagined.

Will you see in one little circumstance a miniature picture of the whole? Every evening the old man himself roasts two apples; every evening, when they are done, he gives one of them to his "handsome old wife," as he calls her. Thus for fifty years have they divided everything with each other. . . .

And now to the third person—the peculiar beauty and ornament of the house—Serena. Her mother was called Benjamina, and was, like the Benjamin of the Bible, the youngest and best-beloved child of her parents. When scarcely eighteen she married a young man who both possessed and deserved her whole love. It was a marriage beautiful as a Spring day, but too soon cut short! The daughter, who after two years was the fruit of this marriage, was named Serena, and with her birth the mother's days on earth were ended. She blessed her daughter and died. The father followed her in a few months—they could not longer be separated. The cradle of the little orphan was taken to the house of the grandparents; but not only was the little Serena beloved by them, but by all their friends and acquaintances also.

The beautiful life of her parents and their early death had thrown over the motherless child the mourning weeds which draw the sympathetic tears of good men.

Her childhood, however, was one of suffering, from a weakness in the hip, which kept her long confined, and cut her off from the pastimes of children, paled her cheeks, and gave to her lips that quiet smile of sadness which yet dwells there at times with all the power of a mysterious enchantment. All this, united to her much patience, and the intrinsic amiability of her whole being, captivated all hearts, and won for her the sympathy of all.

For a long time, it seemed as if the languishing angel would extend her wings, and follow the ascension of her parents; but it was not to be so. Watchful and true affection kept her still on the earth. Like a rose on a sunny grave, like a young vine which clings with its tender twigs around firm and ancient stems, so Serena grew up, gladdened by the loving looks of friends, and tenderly sustained and led by those who had been the support of her parents. She became healthy, smiled, played, developed herself, and ripened, by little and little, to a beautiful, harmonious being. . . . So she grew up, and became the flower of the valley. The earnestness of her spirit, and the clearness of her understanding, made her happy; happy with the joy of angels—the pure, animating, self-communicating joy.—*The Neighbors.*

BRENTANO, CLEMENS, a German poet; born at Frankfort, September 8, 1778; died at Aschaffenburg July 28, 1842. He was educated at Jena; whence he removed to Heidelberg, and thereafter to Vienna and to Berlin. He lived in much seclusion, writing *con amore* and not as a professor of letters. In 1818 he withdrew from society and lived in strict retirement at Dülmen. He spent the later years of his life in Ratisbon, Frankfort, and Munich. Viewed as a religious writer, he has been called the

greatest modern Roman Catholic poet; seen from a purely literary standpoint, he is by many recognized as the father of the later romanticists. His works include dramas, lyrics, tales, satires, personal letters, folk-lore, and a collection of verbatim reports — carefully taken down year after year from her own lips — of the visions and revelations of the ecstatic Anna Katharina Emmerich, a peasant girl of Münster, who became an Augustinian nun at Agnetenberg. Many of Brentano's letters were published after his death by his sister Elizabeth, the famous Bettina of the Goethe correspondence. In collaboration with Bettina's husband, Brentano published *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Wonderhorn), a collection of folk-songs which was of vast service to literature in that it led the way to the working of the prolific mines of traditional song and story in all nations. His *Geschichte vom braven Kasperl und dem schönen Annerl* (Story of Caspar the Brave and Annerl the Fair), a novelette which has been characterized as "a perfect little piece," has been translated into English and published under the title *Honor. Ponce de Leon* (1804) and *Victoria* (1806) have been regarded as the best of his plays. Upon the Spanish Cid he founded a work which was grandly conceived, but which was left unfinished; the title was *Rosenbranz* (The Wreath of Roses). His best poem was perhaps *Die Grundung Prags* (The Foundation of Prague) (1816). His collected works were published in nine volumes in 1852.

To readers of the present day a special interest attaches to Brentano's *Ballad of Lore Lay;* which is the real foundation of the operas entitled *Loreley* by Men-

delssohn and Lachner, and of the beautiful lyric by Heine. This last, set to music by Silcher, and which, as Mark Twain has said, "grows upon one until it seems to possess the entire being," is sung throughout Germany, and is generally thought to have been founded upon an ancient legend. Scherer, in his *History of German Literature,* says: "The story of the fair enchantress on the Rhine is not really a popular legend, but was created by Brentano, who first brought it before the public in 1802 in the form of a ballad inserted in a novel and beginning, *Zu Bacharach am Rheine.* Heine took hold of the theme, and in six verses worked it up into a complete epic and lyric whole. These stanzas, set to a sentimental melody, have established themselves as a popular song, and thus Heine by a bit of skilful manipulation reaped what Brentano had sown." With this agree all the standard German works on the same subject. As Brentano was well-versed in the folk-lore of the Fatherland, he may have found the legend among the people; but there is little doubt that it was he who gave it to the reading world. The ballad occurs in Brentano's romance entitled *Godwi,* published in 1802. It is put into the mouth of Violette, who sings it to her mother and Godwi, adding:

The Lurline Ocho.
Whom did I get this song from?
A skipper of the Rhine;
And still I think I hear from
The triple Ritterstein:
Lore Lay!
Lore Lay!
Lore Lay.
As 't were these three of mine

The following translation of Violette's song, by Professor Baskerville, preserves the original metre, and is as nearly literal as the exigencies of rhyme will admit.

LORE LAY.

At Bacharach there dwelleth
A sorceress, so fair,
That many a heart unwary
Her beauty did ensnare.

She wrought both shame and sorrow
On many a knight around;
For him there was no rescue
Whom her love's fetters bound.

The bishop had her summoned
With spiritual care;
But fain would grant her pardon
She was so passing fair.

He spoke with pity's accents:
"Poor Lore Lay! O tell,
Who is it hath misled thee
To work thy evil spell?"

"O let me die, Lord Bishop;
Life I no longer prize,
For all rush to destruction
That look upon mine eyes.

"Mine eyes are flaming firebrands,
My arm a magic wand,
O let the flames consume me!
O break in twain my wand!"

"No, ere I can condemn thee,
Must thou to me disclose,
Why in these flaming firebrands
My heart already glows.

To strive to break asunder
Thy magic wand were vain;
Then would my heart be broken,
Sweet Lore Lay, in twain."

"O laugh not thus, Lord Bishop,
The hapless one to scorn;
But pray that God his mercy
May show to the forlorn!

"O I may live no longer,
To love I've bade adieu;
Give me the death I yearn for,
For this I came to you.

"My lover he forsook me,
And did my heart betray;
Now dwells he with the stranger,
Far, far from me away.

"Bright eyes so wild yet gentle,
The cheek of red and white,
Soft speech, to form my circle
Of magic charms unite.

"Myself therein must perish,
My heart is rent in twain;
When I behold my image,
Oh, I could die of pain.

"Let justice then be done me;
A Christian's death my lot;
For all is lost and vanished,
Since he is with me not."

Three knights he summoned :—"Let her
Peace in yon convent find;
Go, Lore; be commended
To God thy troubled mind!

"A nun shalt thou be henceforth,
A nun in black and white;
And, while on earth, prepare thee
For death's eternal flight."

And now unto the convent
The knights all three repair,
And sorrowful amidst them
Rode Lore Lay the fair.

"Sir knights, I pray ye, let me
This lofty rock ascend;
I long at my love's castle
A parting look to send;

"The deep Rhine's flowing billows
I fain once more would see;
Then go unto the convent,
God's virgin bride to be."

The craggy rock soars lofty,
Its side is steep and rude,
Yet up the height she climbeth,
Till on the top she stood.

The knights bound fast their chargers
And left them in the vale;
They climbed the rock, and higher,
And higher still they scale.

The maiden spake: "A vessel
Upon the Rhine I see;
He who therein is standing
My own sweet love shall be;

"My heart beats so serenely,
He must, he must be mine!"
Then o'er the verge reclining,
She plunges in the Rhine.

And all the knights, they perished,
Unable to descend;
No grave there to receive them,
No priest their death to tend.

BRENTANO, Elizabeth, wife of Ludwig Achim von Arnim, and better known to the world as Bettina von Arnim, a German author; born at Frankfort, April 4, 1785, and died at Berlin, January 20, 1859. She was somewhat eccentric; in early life the suicide of a friend having produced a profound impression upon her mind. In her youth she gave way to a passionate admiration and platonic affection for the poet Goethe, at that time a man of nearly sixty years of age. A correspondence ensued between them, and in 1835 Bettina came before the reading world in a series of letters entitled *The Correspondence of Goethe with a Child,* which she also translated into English. Her letters are poetical, graceful, fascinating, often extravagant, and abound in graphic sketches of men and women of the time. The great poet himself turned many of them into verse. *Die Günderode,* published in 1840, was a similar collection of letters which had passed between Bettina and the unfortunate friend of her childhood, the Canoness von Günderode. Another such volume, the best of all, though hardly known, is a series of letters to and from her brother, Clemens Brentano, the poet. Bettina's English translation of the Goethe correspondence has been characterized as "an unparalleled literary curiosity." Riemer, the friend of Goethe,

contested the genuineness of these letters. Lewes, in his *Life of Goethe,* sums up the evidence on both sides. *The Foreign Quarterly* said, at the time of their publication: "The childhood and youth described in her letters form a succession of beautiful idyls, animated and connected by a passion which was kept pure by the imaginative exaltation of its nature." The first of the following extracts is a description of her first interview with Goethe, when she was fifteen and he was an old man with long white hair. Armed with a letter from her relation, Wieland, she knocks at Goethe's door; and this is what she writes to his mother, at whose instance she had been travelling for a week, sleeping at night on the outside box of the coach, to see the old lady's illustrious son — the great Wolfgang of her friend Die Frau Rath:

GOETHE.

The door opened, and there he stood, solemn and still, and looked steadily at me. I stretched my hands to him, I believe—but soon I was unconscious of everything. Goethe catched me to his breast.—"Poor child, have I frightened you?" These were the first words that made their way to my heart. He led me into his room, and placed me on a sofa opposite him. We were both silent —at last he said, "You have read in the newspapers that we have lately met with a severe loss, in the death of the Duchess Amelie." "Ah," I said, "I never read the newspapers." "Indeed! I thought you took an interest in all that goes on at Weimar." "No, no, I take no interest in anything at Weimar but you; and I have not patience enough to toil through a newspaper." "You are an affectionate little girl." A long pause—I, banished all the while to the horrid sofa, and very fidgety of course. You know how impossible it is for me to sit there and do the pretty behaved. Ah, mother, can a

person change his nature all at once? I said plump—"Here, on this sofa, I can't stay," and sprang up. "Make yourself comfortable, by all means," said he. So I flew to him and put my arms round his neck. He took me on his knee, and pressed me to his heart. All was still. I had not slept for such a time. I had sighed to see him for years. I fell asleep with my head on his breast; and, when I awoke, it was to a new existence;—and that is all at this present writing.—*Her own translation.*

MADAME DE STAËL.

A celebrated woman is a curiosity. Nobody else can compete with her. She is like brandy, which the poor grain it is made from can never be compared to. For brandy smacks on the tongue and gets into the head, and so does a celebrated woman. But the simple wheat is better far to me;—the sower sows it in the loosened soil, and the bounteous sun and fruitful showers draw it from the earth again, and it makes green the whole field, and bears golden ears, and at last gives rise to a happy harvest home. I would rather be a simple wheat-grain than a celebrated woman; and rather, far rather, that he [Goethe] should break me for his daily bread than that I should get into his head like a dram. No woman would sit next to her at table, so I sat down beside her myself. She told me that Goethe had spoken to her of me. I would rather he did not speak of me to any one—and I don't believe he did—she perhaps only said so. She said she expected to find him a second Werther, but she was disappointed—neither his manners nor his appearance were like it, and she was very sorry that he fell short of him so entirely. Frau Rath, I was in a rage at this (that was of no use you will say), and I turned to Schlegel, and said to him in German, "Madame de Staël has made a double mistake—first in her expectation, and then in her judgment. We Germans expect that Goethe can shake twenty heroes from his sleeve, to astonish the French—but in our judgment he himself is a hero of a very different sort." She threw

a laurel leaf that she had been playing with on the ground. I stamped on it, and pushed it out of the way with my foot, and went off. That was my interview with the celebrated woman.—*Her own translation.*

GOETHE'S MOTHER.

Your mother — whether out of irony or pride — had decked herself wonderfully out—but with German fancy, not in French taste; and I must tell you that, when I saw her with three feathers on her head—red, white and blue—the French national colors—which rose from a field of sunflowers—my heart beat high with pleasure and expectation. She was rouged with the greatest skill; her great black eyes fired a thundering volley; about her neck hung the well known ornament of the Queen of Prussia; lace of a fine ancestral look and great beauty—a real family treasure—covered her bosom. And there she stood, with white *glacée* gloves;—in one hand an ornamented fan, with which she set the air in motion; with the other, which was bare, all beringed with sparkling jewels, she every now and then took a pinch from the snuff-box with your miniature on the lid—the one with long locks, powdered, and with the head leant down as if in thought. A number of dignified old dowagers formed a semicircle; and the assemblage, on a deep-red carpet—a white field in the middle, on which was worked a leopard—looked very grand and imposing. Your mother gave me a courageous look when they were introduced. She spread out her gown with her left hand, giving the salute with her right, which sported the fan; and, while she bowed her head repeatedly with great condescension, she said in a loud voice, that sounded distinctly through the room, *"Je suis la mére de Goethe."*

A REFLECTION.

I have seen many great works with tough contents bound in pig-skin; I have heard great scholars droning; and I have always thought a single flower must put it

all to shame, and a single June-bug with a rap on a philosopher's nose must knock his whole system over.—*From a Letter to Goethe.*

BREWSTER, Sir David, a Scottish scientist; born at Jedburgh, December 11, 1781; died at Allerby, near Montrose, February 10, 1868. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, for the Scottish Church, but early showed his preference for scientific studies, to which he soon devoted himself, and contributed many papers to various scientific journals. In 1807 he undertook the editorship of *The Edinburgh Encyclopædia.* From this time he was an indefatigable writer, and produced hundreds of articles on scientific subjects. In 1816 he invented the kaleidoscope; he also perfected the stereoscope (1849–50), and improved the light-house system. In 1819 he assisted in establishing *The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,* and in 1831 took part in the formation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1859 he was elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh, which office he held until a short time before his death. The *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton,* published in 1855, is Brewster's greatest work, embodying the result of more than twenty years of investigation. Among his other works are: *A Treatise on the Kaleidoscope* (1818); *Notes to Robinson's System of Mechanical Philosophy* (1822); *Treatise on Optics* (1831); *Letters on Natural Magic* (1831); *Martyrs*

of Science (1841); *Treatise on the Microscope,* and *More Worlds than One* (1854).

IS THE PLANET JUPITER INHABITED?

The distance of Jupiter from the Sun is so great that the light and heat which he receives from that luminary are supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon the Earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the Sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes; upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe decreases as we rise in the atmosphere and approach the Sun, and it increases as we descend into the bowels of the Earth and go further from the Sun.

In the first of these cases the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the Earth from a great height, is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the Sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe.

These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the Sun; but in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the Sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected by the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis that a brilliant phos-

phorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays.

Another difficulty has presented itself—though very unnecessarily—in reference to the shortness of the day in Jupiter. A day of ten hours has been supposed insufficient to afford that period of rest which is requisite for the renewal of our physical functions when exhausted with the labors of the day. This objection, however, has no force. Five hours of rest are surely sufficient for five hours of labor; and when the inhabitants of the temperate zone of our own globe reside—as many of them have done for years—in the Arctic regions, where the length of the days and nights is so unusual, they have been able to perform their usual functions as well as in their native climates.

A difficulty, however, of a more serious kind is presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter. The stems of plants, the materials of buildings, the human body itself, would—as it is imagined—be crushed by their own enormous weight. This apparently formidable objection will be removed by an accurate calculation of the force of gravity upon Jupiter, or of the relative weight of bodies upon its surface.

Sir David makes an elaborate calculation, based upon data which, we believe, are not questioned, and his conclusion is:

We shall have 312 pounds as the weight of a man on Jupiter who weighs on the Earth only 150 pounds—that is only double his weight; a difference which actually exists between many individuals on our own planet. A man, therefore, constituted like ourselves, could exist upon Jupiter; and plants and trees and buildings, such as occur on our own Earth, could grow, and stand secure, in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.—

LORD BACON'S METHOD.

That Bacon was a man of powerful genius, and endowed with varied and profound talent—the most skil-

ful logician, the most nervous and eloquent writer of the age which he adorned—are points which have been established by universal suffrage. The study of ancient systems had early impressed him with the conviction that experiment and observation were the only sure guides in physical inquiries; and, ignorant though he was of the methods, the principles, and the details of the mathematical sciences, his ambition prompted him to aim at the construction of an artificial system by which the laws of nature might be investigated, and which might direct the inquiries of philosophers in every future age. The necessity of experimental research, and of advancing gradually from the study of facts to the determination of their cause, though the groundwork of Bacon's method, is a doctrine which was not only inculcated but successfully followed by preceding philosophers.

In a letter from Tycho Brahé to Kepler, this industrious astronomer urges his pupil "to lay a solid foundation for his views by actual observation; and then, by ascending from these, to strive to reach the causes of things;"—and it was no doubt under the influence of this advice that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies to the test of observation, and was conducted to his most splendid discoveries. The reasonings of Copernicus, who preceded Bacon by more than a century, were all founded upon the most legitimate induction. Dr. Gilbert had exhibited in his treatise on the magnet the most perfect specimen of physical research. Leonardo da Vinci had described in the clearest manner the proper method of philosophical investigation; and the whole scientific career of Galileo was one continued example of the most sagacious application of observation and experiment to the discovery of general laws.

The names of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, and Cardan have been ranged in opposition to this constellation of great names, and while it is admitted that even they had thrown off the yoke of the schools, and had succeeded in experimental research, their credulity and their pretensions have been adduced as a proof that to "the bulk of philosophers" the method of induction was un-

known. The fault of this argument consists in the conclusion being infinitely more general than the fact. The errors of these men were not founded on their ignorance, but on their presumption. They wanted the patience of philosophy, and not her methods. . . .

Having thus shown that the distinguished philosophers who flourished before Bacon were perfect masters both of the principles and practice of inductive research, it becomes interesting to inquire whether or not the philosophers who succeeded him acknowledged any obligation to his system, or derived the slightest advantage from his precepts. If Bacon constructed a method to which modern science owes its existence, we shall find its cultivators grateful for the gift, and offering the richest incense at the shrine of a benefactor whose generous labors conducted them to immortality. No such testimonies, however, are to be found. Nearly two hundred years have gone by, teeming with the richest fruits of human genius, and no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the supposed legislator of science. . . . When we are told, therefore, that Newton owed all his discoveries to the method of Bacon, nothing more can be meant than that he proceeded in that path of observation and experiment which had been so warmly recommended in the *Novum Organum;* but it ought to have been added, that the same method was practiced by his predecessors—that Newton possessed no secret that was not used by Galileo and Copernicus—and that he would have enriched science with the same splendid discoveries if the name and the writings of Bacon had never been heard of.—*Life of Newton.*

BRIDGES, Robert ("Droch"), an American critic, essayist, and poet; born at Shippensburg, Pa., July 13, 1858. He was graduated from Princeton, and was for a time on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*. Later he became assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. Under the pseudonym of "Droch" he wrote the keen and witty book reviews for *Life* for several years. His published works include *Humors of the Court* (1893); *Overheard in Arcady* (1894); *Suppressed Chapters and Other Bookishness* (1895); and *Bramble Brae* (1902).

THE MATERIAL AGE.

It is the commonplace of criticism to say that this is a material age, and that the books which succeed must appeal to material tastes. I do not believe it. This, it seems to me, is one of the most romantic of all ages; its great men are men of daring imagination, and huge capacity for making their dreams come true — but few of them are writing poetry. The men of imagination to-day have made wire a talk, have seen through the human body, have weighed the stars, have signaled around the world, have found and revealed a whole unseen world by the microscope and through it ameliorated or banished diseases; they have annihilated the terrors of delaying superstitions — but often have replaced them by the insistent worries of a complicated life of which, perhaps, we know too much for our own peace of mind. These worries of material life true poetry can soothe and often destroy.

"To the men of imagination who are achieving all these things, with bravery and superb optimism, the contemporary poet has too often fed the husks of a feeble, pessimistic intellect, of a doubting soul afraid of its own destiny and whining about it; he has poured his timorous

complainings into the mould of verse, and called the product poetry. It isn't pretty. It isn't real metal; it is adulterated, and full of air holes and slag. When a real poet comes, men of imagination, no matter what they are doing, stop and listen to him."— *The Critic.*

THE READER OF FICTION.

The attitude of the reader toward books of fiction is peculiarly sociable and receptive; he buys a novel as he would a ticket to the theatre, with the expectation of being amused and of having a pleasant evening. He may be tired of dining out with real people, and therefore asks this particular guest to his own fireside. The reader is the host and the author is the guest who is honored by the invitation. It is a very informal invitation, and most of the conventional bars are down which protect people from social bores. There is for that reason an unusual obligation upon the author to be polite — to maintain that attitude of gentleness and consideration for others that is the essence of good breeding. Most people hesitate to ask a blatant barbarian to their homes for a quiet evening — no matter how many adventures he may have had. Any reader has a right to feel resentful when the novelist, whom he has asked to amuse him, suddenly reveals his strident voice, his harsh and carping nature, the essential vulgarity of his intimates in the domains of fancy, and the twisted standards of beauty and morality which he habitually applies to all social questions. It is not necessary for a writer to be "ladylike" in order to be polite. In literature as in affairs "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

One of the surest holds that an author can have upon the hope of permanence is this relation of respectful good-fellow-ship with his readers. An author who can be slapped on the back, as it were, is not the fellow to tie to. But when you can laugh with him, and debate with him, and come perilously near quarreling with him, and yet feel that he is fair and honest, and holds his opinions for high motives — then you have admitted him into that

high fellowship of the mind and fancy where the best writers of all ages dwell. That kind of guest justifies himself to the reader, and is sure of another invitation.—*Collier's Weekly.*

BRIDGES, Robert Seymour, an English poet and essayist; born at London, October 23, 1844. He was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He is one of the most scholarly of modern English poets. His published works include: *Growth of Love* (1876, another edition, 1890); *Prometheus the Fire-giver* (1884); *Plays* (1885); *Feast of Bacchus* (1889); *Shorter Poems* (1890, 1893-1894); *Eden* (1891); *Achilles in Scyros* (1892); *Milton's Prosody* (1893); *John Keats, a Critical Essay* (1895).

MELANCHOLIA.

The sickness of desire, that in dark days
Looks on the imagination of despair,
Forgetteth man and stinteth God his praise,
Nor but in sleep findeth a cure for care.

Incertainty, that once gave scope to dream
Of laughing enterprise and glory untold,
Is now a blackness that no stars redeem,
A wall of terror in a night of cold.

Fool! thou that hast impossibly desir'd
And now impatiently despairest, see
How nought is changed: Joy's vision is attir'd
Splendid for other eyes, if not for thee:

Not love or beauty or youth from earth is fled:
If they delight thee not, 'tis thou art dead.
— *London Academy.*

SONNETS.

The dark and serious angel who so long
Vexed his immortal strength in charge of me
Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
To take his pastime with the peerless throng.
Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong,
Wounding his heart to wonder what might be
God's purpose in a soul of such degree:
And there he had left me but for mandate strong.

But seeing thee with me now, his task at close
He knoweth, and wherefore he was bid to stay
And work confusion of so many foes.
The thanks he looks to have from me I pay,
Yet fear some heavenly envy as he goes
Unto what great reward I cannot say.
— *The Growth of Love.*

The world comes not to an end; her city-hives
Swarm with the tokens of a changeless trade,
With rolling wheel, driver and flagging jade,
Rich men and beggars, children, priests and wives.
New homes on old are set as lives on lives,
Invention with invention overlaid:
But still or tool or toy or book or blade
Shaped for the hand that holds and toils and strives.

The men I meet work as their fathers wrought
With little bettered means; for works depend
On works and overlap, and thought on thought.
And through all change the smiles of hope amend
The weariest face, the same love changed in nought:
In this thing too the world comes not to an end.
— *The Growth of Love.*

BRIGHT, JOHN, an English orator and statesman; born of Quaker parentage at Greenbank, near Rochdale, Lancashire, November 16, 1811; died March 27, 1889. He was educated at the Friends' schools at Ackworth, York, and Newton. During 1835 he travelled on the Continent, and on his return he delivered at Rochdale a series of lectures on subjects connected with his journey and on commerce and political economy. He had already, at an earlier age, taken a public interest in questions of parliamentary reform, and his Quaker education had made him a prominent young opponent of church rates, capital punishment, and intemperance. The anti-corn-law agitation, however, brought him into more extended notice. He was one of the first and leading members of the league, and in 1839 he engaged with Cobden in an extensive free-trade tour of the kingdom. In 1843 he was returned by Durham to Parliament. In 1845 he obtained the appointment of a select committee of the House on the game laws, and one on cotton-cultivation in India. He advocated the reform of the Irish land-laws and the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In 1847 he was elected member for Manchester, and again at the general election which followed the formation of the first Derby ministry. The session of 1855 was rendered memorable as the occasion of some of his finest orations, delivered in denunciation of the Crimean war. He travelled abroad for a while, on account of ill-health; and in 1857 he was elected for Birmingham, for which borough he remained a member until his death, March 27, 1889. On the outbreak of the civil war in the

JOHN BRIGHT.

United States, Mr. Bright excited great unpopularity by his uncompromising advocacy of the Federal cause. In 1865, after Gladstone's defeat on the reform bill, Bright conducted a campaign in favor of reform, and obtained from the Disraeli government a measure embodying many of his principles. In 1870 he was president of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's government, which passed the land act and the Irish Church disestablishment act. He was appointed Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1880; and in 1882 he retired from the Gladstone ministry, being unable to support the government in its Egyptian policy. His appearance in public was thereafter infrequent. His completion, in 1883, of a quarter of a century of public service was marked by a series of popular demonstrations. In 1886 he opposed the Gladstone home-rule policy, and became the great strength of the Unionist party, his influence going far toward winning the general election of that year. A collection of Bright's *Speeches* was published in 1868, another collection in 1881, and his *Public Letters* in 1885. Mr. Bright was recognized as one of the most eloquent public speakers of his time.

WAR.

Unless you can come to the time when men, in obedience, as they believe, to the will of God, will submit to every sacrifice, I do not see myself, and have never said, how war can be always escaped. I know that when I preach the doctrines of peace you are told that I do not think war can be justified or ought ever to be carried on. I think it was Lord Palmerston, in his, I would say, rather ignorant manner, who said that what people of my opinion would do in the case of an invasion would be to bargain with the invader for a round sum if possi-

ble to get him to go home again. But what I say with regard to war, speaking of it practically, is this — that the case for it should be clear; not a case supported only when men are half crazy, but when they are cool; that the object of it should be sufficient; that the end sought for should be peaceable and should be just; and that there should be some compensation for, and justification of, the slaughter of a hundred thousand men.—*Speech at Birmingham.*

PREPARATION FOR SPEAKING.

As to modes of preparation for speaking, it seems to me that every man would readily discover what suits him best. To write speeches and then to commit them to memory is, as you term it, a double slavery, which I could not bear. To speak without preparation, especially on great and solemn topics, is rashness, and cannot be recommended. When I intend to speak on anything that seems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience. I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three or four slips of note-paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call while I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written. This is very nearly all I can say on this question. The advantage of this plan is that while it leaves a certain and sufficient freedom to the speaker, it keeps him within the main lines of the original plan upon which the speech was framed, and what he says, therefore, is more likely to be compact, and not wandering and diffuse.—*From Letter to Mr. Cheesman.*

BRILLAT-SAVARIN, ANTHELME, a French author; born at Belley, April 1, 1755; died at Paris, February 2, 1826. He was educated to his father's profession of the law, and was practicing when, in 1789, he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. He afterward became president of the civil tribunal of the department of Ain, and on the establishment of the Court of Cassation he was made a judge. During the Reign of Terror he fled to Switzerland, and then to the United States, where he taught music and French. In 1796, he returned to France, where, after filling several offices under the Directory, he was reappointed Judge of the Court of Cassation, in which office he remained during the rest of his life. His life-study was gastronomy. It is related of him that, while in America, returning from a shooting-expedition in the course of which he had killed a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began to relate to him some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war. Observing, however, his hearer's distracted air, the statesman was about to leave, when the Frenchman, recovering himself, begged a thousand pardons for his inattention. "I was thinking," said he, "how I should dress my wild turkey." Brillat-Savarin is known to history by his one great book, *Physiologie du Goût* (The Physiology of Taste), published a year or so before his death. As Walton's *Angler* has made many of its readers turn fishermen, so this work, relating to the pleasures of eating and drinking, has converted a fair proportion of the reading public into gastronomers. It consists of a collection of aphorisms;

a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication; a biographical notice of the friend; thirty "meditations," in lieu of chapters; and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes — all about the kitchen and the dining-room. Here is a specimen argument of this great dinner-table authority in favor of

LA GOURMANDISE.

Gourmandise has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it, it is an exertion. Besides, one may have a cold; or, the instrument is out of tune; or, one has the blue devils, or, it is a day of rest. But in *gourmandise,* a common want summons the pair to table; inclination retains them there; they naturally practise toward one another those little attentions which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of their life.

Apropos of the *Physiologie du Goût* of this "man of one book," this epicure whose destiny it was to popularize a rational theory of diet, a story is told to show that he had a worthy disciple in his own son. At a certain country inn, finding four turkeys being roasted, he demanded a whole one for his dinner, when, to his surprise, he was told that they had all been bespoken for another gentleman. "For one gentleman?" "Yes, monsieur." "He must have a large party with him." "No, monsieur, he is alone." "His name?" "Brillat-Savarin." "My son!" exclaimed the astonished father, and desiring to be shown into the room where his offspring was dreaming of coming

pleasures. After the first greetings, the sire demanded an explanation, which was given in the frankest terms. "The fact is, sir, there is a particular slice of the turkey of which I am extremely fond, but which, whenever I am in your company, you eat. Being alone, I determined to regale myself on my favorite morsel without stint."

THE TWENTY APHORISMS.

I. The Universe is nothing except through life, and everything which lives nourishes itself.

II. Animals feed; man eats; a man of wit and breeding alone knows how to eat.

III. The destiny of nations depends on the way in which they nourish themselves.

IV. Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

V. The Creator, in obliging man to eat in order that he may live, invites him by appetite, and rewards him by pleasure.

VI. Taste is an act of our judgment, by which we accord the preference to things which are palatable over those which are not.

VII. The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and all days; they can associate themselves with all other pleasures, and remain to console us for their loss.

VIII. The dining-room is the only place where you are never bored during the first hour.

IX. The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a new constellation.

X. Those who get an indigestion, and those who get drunk, know neither how to eat nor how to drink.

XI. The order of edibles is from the more substantial to the lighter.

XII. The order of drinks is from the lighter to the more heady and more perfumed.

XIII. To assert that there should be no change of wines at dinner is a heresy; the tongue surfeits itself; and, after the third glass, the best wine produces but a dull sensation.

XIV. A dessert without cheese is even as a fair woman who lacketh an eye.

XV. A man may become a cook, but he must be born a roaster.

XVI. The most indispensable quality in a cook is punctuality; the same quality is required of a guest.

XVII. To wait too long for a guest who is late is a want of politeness to all who are present.

XVIII. He who receives his friends, and bestows no thought on the meal to be prepared for them, is unworthy to have friends.

XIX. The mistress of the house ought always to assure herself that the coffee is excellent; the master should see that the wines are of the best brands.

XX. To invite any one to dinner is to make yourself responsible for his happiness during the time he is under your roof.— *From Physiologie du Goût; translation in The Cornhill Magazine.*

LA GOURMANDE.

Nothing is more agreeable than to see a pretty *gourmande* armed for conquest. Her napkin is daintily arranged; one of her hands reposes on the table; the other conveys to her mouth the little morsels so deftly cut, or the wing of partridge she must bite. Her eyes are bright; her lips are of nature's enamel; her conversation is sprightly. All her motions are graceful; nor is she without that spice of coquetry which women put into everything. With so many advantages she is irresistible; Cato the Censor would have yielded to the gentle influence.— *From Physiologie du Goût.*

BRONTË SISTERS: CHARLOTTE, born at Thornton, Yorkshire, England, April 21, 1816; died at Haworth, March 31, 1855; EMILY JANE, born at Thornton, August 28, 1818, died at Haworth, December 19, 1848; and ANNE, born at Thornton, March 24, 1820; died at Scarborough, May 28, 1849, novelists; daughters of the Rev. Patrick Brontë. There were besides them in the family two older daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, and a son, Patrick Branwell. Their father (who in 1820 became rector of Haworth, in Yorkshire) was of Irish birth; their mother, Maria Branwell, belonged to a Cornish family. The mother died soon after their removal to Haworth, and Maria, then between seven and eight years of age, became the guardian of the other children. The father, infirm in health, and unsympathetic in character, left the children much to themselves. They knew no other children, and thus learned to depend only on one another for companionship and sympathy. The parsonage was a bleak and lonely house, with the graveyard close beside it, and a wide expanse of moorland stretching behind it. The isolation of the Brontë children, the bleak scenery of the moors around them, and the rude character of the few persons with whom they came in contact, wrought upon their imagination, and rapidly developed their sympathies. Thrown upon themselves, they created an ideal world of their own. In the early dusk, when their old servant forbade their lighting a candle, they amused themselves by choosing islands, and peopling them with their favorite historical characters. Sometimes they repeated stories that they had previously

composed, walking up and down the room as they talked; or they discussed the merits of living statesmen; for young as they were, they read the newspapers, and took an interest in politics.

In July, 1824, Maria and Elizabeth were sent to a school for clergymen's daughters; Charlotte and Emily Jane went there later in the year. This school was the original of Lowood, described in *Jane Eyre,* and Charlotte Brontë always maintained that the picture was not too highly colored. The severe discipline and scanty and ill-cooked food soon broke down Maria's health completely. She died a few days after her removal from school. Elizabeth died a few months later. The other two girls returned home in the autumn of 1825, and Charlotte, then eleven years of age, assumed the care of the family. The young sisters pursued their habits of writing and repeating to each other what they had written. For six years Charlotte remained at home caring for the household, and giving her leisure to study and composition. She then spent a year in school at Roe Head, to which, in 1835, she returned in the capacity of teacher. Her sisters went as pupils, but they remained there only a short time. Charlotte says:

EMILY BRONTË.

My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best-loved was liberty. Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it she perished. The change from her own home to a school, and from her own very noiseless, very secluded, but unrestricted and unartificial life, to one of

disciplined routine (though under the kindest auspices), was what she failed in enduring. Her nature proved too strong for her fortitude. Every morning when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me. I knew only too well. In the struggle her health was quickly broken; her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home, and with this conviction I obtained her recall.

At the end of three years Charlotte's own health failed, and she returned home. After an interval of rest she twice sought a situation as governess, but her experience soon convinced her that such a life was entirely unsuited to her. She and her sisters then thought of establishing a school of their own. As a preliminary step to this project, Charlotte and Emily went, in 1842, to Brussels to study French. They made rapid progress, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the language. On their return home, in 1844, they found that their plans for a school must be relinquished. Their brother Branwell had become a mental and physical wreck. For four years he lingered and died in September, 1848.

Forced to relinquish their plans for a school the sisters earnestly engaged in literary work. In 1846 they each discovered the others' poetical powers. Together they published a volume of poems, assuming the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. During the same year, each sent a prose work to different publishers. Charlotte's was *The Professor,* Emily's, *Wuthering Heights,* and Anne's *Agnes Grey.* The last two were accepted; *The Professor* was declined.

Undismayed by the failure of her first book, Char-

lotte immediately set to work upon another, which she completed in August, 1847. It was *Jane Eyre.* She sent it to Messrs. Smith & Elder, who accepted it at once, and published it in October. It met with immediate and great success. Even its publishers were ignorant of the sex and name of its author, and many were the conjectures in regard to it. The publication of *Agnes Grey* and *Wuthering Heights,* and the announcement of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,* Anne's second work, rendered explanation necessary, and the sisters went up to London, and made themselves personally known to the publishers of *Jane Eyre.* A second edition of this novel appeared before the close of the year. To this Charlotte Brontë prefixed a preface, in which she paid a notable tribute to a man who had just begun to make a distinctive mark in literature:

CHARLOTTE BRONTË UPON THACKERAY.

There is a man in our days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of Society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned Kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is this satirist of *Vanity Fair* admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time, they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, Reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day — as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped

systems of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture. Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackery never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive; but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb. Finally, I have alluded to Mr. Thackery, because to him — if he would accept the tribute of a total stranger—I have dedicated the second edition of *Jane Eyre*.

The death of Branwell Brontë was speedily followed by that of Emily. Always reserved, she remained so on the subject of her illness. Her sisters saw her rapid decline, but could neither bring her to acknowledge it nor pursuade her to use any remedies until she was beyond aid. She died in December, 1848. In May of the next year Anne also passed away, and Charlotte was left alone with her feeble and half-blind father.

During her days of grief, she was at work, completing *Shirley*. The book was published in 1849, and was at once the means of discovering its author, someone having recognized Haworth from the description. The disclosure of her name at once introduced her to the acquaintance of the most celebrated literary men of London. Her sensitive nature shrank from publicity, and she gladly retreated to the quiet of Haworth. Her health was failing. At intervals she was able to work, and in 1853 she completed *Villette*, the work which gives us, in the person of Lucy Snowe, the clearest insight into her own character, and the most vivid delineation of her own experience.

In June, 1854, Charlotte Brontë was married to the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, her father's curate. A few months of domestic happiness followed. But years of suffering had enfeebled her fragile body. The same disease that had taken away her sisters was rapidly making its way in her, and she died at the age of thirty-eight.

Charlotte Brontë is perhaps most widely known by her first novel, *Jane Eyre;* but *Shirley* has merits of a higher order; and upon the whole, *Villette* is better than either of the others. The earlier story, *The Professor,* which was declined by several publishers, would probably never have been printed except on account of the reputation acquired by the three subsequent novels.

THE FLIGHT FROM THORNFIELD.

That night I never thought to sleep; but a slumber fell on me as soon as I lay down in bed. I was transported in thought to the scenes of childhood; I dreamed I lay in the red-room at Gateshead; that the night was dark, and my mind impressed with strange fears. The light that long ago had struck me into syncope, recalled in this vision, seemed glidingly to mount the wall, and tremblingly to pause in the centre of the obscured ceiling. I lifted up my head to look; the roof resolved to clouds high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapors she is about to sever. I watched with the strongest anticipation; as though some word of doom were to be written on her disk. She broke forth as never moon yet burst from cloud : a hand first penetrated the sable folds and waved them away; then, not a moon, but a white human form shone in the azure, inclining a glorious brow earthward. It gazed and gazed on me. It spoke to my spirit; immeasurably distant was the tone, yet so near, it whispered in my heart :

"My daughter, flee temptation!"

C. Brontë

"Mother, I will."

So I answered after I had waked from the trance-like dream. It was yet night, but July nights are short; soon after midnight dawn comes. "It cannot be too early to commence the task I have to fulfil," thought I. I rose: I was dressed; for I had taken off nothing but my shoes. I knew where to find in my drawers some linen, a locket, and a ring. In seeking these articles I encountered the beads of pearl necklace Mr. Rochester had forced me to accept a few days ago. I left that; it was not mine: it was the visionary bride's, who had melted in air. The other articles I made up in a parcel; my purse, containing twenty shillings (it was all I had), I put in my pocket: I tied on my straw bonnet, pinned my shawl, took the parcel and my slippers, which I would not put on yet, and stole from my room.

"Farewell, kind Mrs. Fairfax!" I whispered, as I glided past her door. "Farewell, my darling Adèle!" I said as I glanced toward the nursery. No thought could be admitted of entering to embrace her. I had to deceive a fine ear: for aught I knew, it might now be listening.

I would have got past Mr. Rochester's chamber without a pause; but my heart momentarily stopped its beat at that threshold, my foot was forced to stop also. No sleep was there: the inmate was walking restlessly from wall to wall; and again and again he sighed while I listened. . . . That kind master, who could not sleep now, was waiting with impatience for day. He would send for me in the morning; I should be gone. He would have me sought for; vainly. He would feel himself forsaken; his love rejected: he would suffer; perhaps grow desperate. I thought of this too. My hand moved toward the lock: I caught it back, and glided on.

Drearily I wound my way down stairs. I knew what I had to do, and I did it mechanically. I sought the key of the side-door in the kitchen; I sought, too, a phial of oil and a feather; I oiled the key and the lock. I got some water, I got some bread: for perhaps I should have to walk far; and my strength, sorely shaken of late, must

not break down. All this I did without one sound. I opened the door, passed out, shut it softly. Dim dawn glimmered in the yard. The great gates were closed and locked; but a wicket in one of them was only latched. Through that I departed; it, too, I shut; and now I was out of Thornfield. . . .

I skirted fields, and hedges, and lanes, till after sunrise. I believe it was a lovely summer morning. But I looked neither to rising sun, nor smiling sky, nor wakening nature. He who is taken out to pass through a fair scene to the scaffold, thinks not of the flowers that smile on his road, but of the block and axe-edge; of the disseverment of bone and vein; of the grave gaping at the end: and I thought of drear flight and homeless wandering—and, oh! with agony I thought of what I left. I could not help it. . . .

As yet my flight I was sure was undiscovered. I could go back and be his comforter — his pride; his redeemer from misery; perhaps from ruin. Oh, that fear of his self-abandonment, how it goaded me! It was a barbed arrow-head in my breast; it tore me when I tried to extract it; it sickened me when remembrance thrust it further in. Birds began singing in brake and copse: birds were faithful to their mates; birds were emblems of love. What was I? In the midst of my pain of heart, and frantic effort of principle, I abhorred myself. I had no solace from self-approbation: none even from self-respect. I had injured — wounded — left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one and stifled the other. I was weeping wildly as I walked along my solitary way: fast, fast I went like one delirious. A weakness, beginning inwardly, extending to the limbs, seized me, and I fell. I lay on the ground some minutes pressing my face to the wet turf. I had some fear — or hope — that here I should die: but I was soon up; crawling forward on my hands and knees, and then again raised to my feet — as eager and as determined as ever to reach the road.

When I got there I was forced to sit to rest me under the hedge; and while I sat, I heard wheels and saw a coach come on. I stood up and lifted my hand; it stopped. I asked where it was going: the driver named a place a long way off, and where I was sure Mr. Rochester had no connections. I asked for what sum he would take me there; he said thirty shillings; I answered I had but twenty; well, he would try to make it do. He further gave me leave to get into the inside, as the vehicle was empty. I entered, was shut in, and it rolled on its way.— *Jane Eyre.*

THE YORKE BOYS.

The three eldest of the family are all boys: Matthew, Mark, and Martin. They are seated together in that corner, engaged in some game. Observe their three heads: much alike at a first glance; at a second, different; at a third, contrasted. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, red-cheeked, are the whole trio; small English features they all possess; all own a blended resemblance to sire and mother, and yet a distinctive physiognomy, mark of a separate character, belongs to each.

I shall not say much about Matthew, the first-born of the house; though it is impossible to avoid gazing at him long, and conjecturing what qualities that visage hides or indicates. He is no plain-looking boy: that jet-black hair, white brow, high-colored cheek, those quick dark eyes, are good points in their way. How is it that, look as long as you will, there is but one object in the room, and that the most sinister, to which Matthew's face seems to bear an affinity, and of which, ever and anon, it reminds you strangely — the eruption of Vesuvius. Flame and shadow seem the component parts of that lad's soul: no daylight in it and no sunshine, and no pure, cool moonbeam ever shone there. He has an English frame, but, apparently, not an English mind: you would say, an Italian stilleto in a sheath of British workmanship. He is crossed in the game — look at his scowl. Mr. Yorke sees it, and what does he say? In a low voice, he pleads: "Mark and Martin, don't anger your brother."

And this is ever the tone adopted by both parents. Theoretically, they decry partiality; no rights of primogeniture are to be allowed in that house; but Matthew is never to be vexed, never to be opposed: they avert provocation from him as assiduously as they would avert fire from a barrel of gunpowder. "Concede, conciliate," is their motto wherever he is concerned. The republicans are fast making a tyrant of their own flesh and blood. This the younger scions know and feel, and at heart they all rebel against the injustice: they canot read their parents' motives; they only see the difference of treatment. The dragon's-teeth are already sown amongst Mr. Yorke's young olive-branches: discord will one day be the harvest.

Mark is a bonnie-looking boy, the most regular-featured of the family; he is exceedingly calm; his smile is shrewd; he can say the driest, most cutting things in the quietest of tones. Despite his tranquillity, a somewhat heavy brow speaks temper, and reminds you that the smoothest waters are not always the safest. Besides, he is too still, unmoved, phlegmatic, to be happy. Life will never have much joy in it for Mark: by the time he is five-and-twenty he will wonder why people ever laugh, and think all fools who seem merry. Poetry will not exist for Mark, either in literature or in life; its best effusions will sound to him mere rant and jargon: enthusiasm will be his aversion and contempt. Mark will have no youth: while he looks juvenile and blooming, he will be already middle-aged in mind. His body is now fourteen years of age, but his soul is already thirty.

Martin, the youngest of the three, owns another nature. Life may, or may not, be brief for him; but it will certainly be brilliant; he will pass through all its illusions, half believe in them, wholly enjoy them, then outlive them. That boy is not handsome — not so handsome as either of his brothers: he is plain; there is a husk upon him, a dry shell, and he will wear it till he is near twenty; then he will put it off: about that period he will make himself handsome. He will wear uncouth garments till that age, perhaps homely garments; but the chrysalis

will retain the power of transfiguring itself into the butterfly, and such transfiguration will in due season, take place. For a space he will be vain, probably a downright puppy, eager for pleasure and desirous of admiration; a thirst, too, for knowledge. He will want all that the world can give him, both of enjoyment and lore; he will, perhaps, take deep draughts at each fount. That thirst satisfied — what next? I know not. Martin might be a remarkable man; whether he will or not, the seer is powerless to predict; on that subject, there has been no open vision.— *Shirley.*

MADAME BECK.

As Madame Beck ruled by espionage, she of course had her staff of spies; she perfectly knew the quality of the tools she used, and while she would not scruple to handle the dirtiest for a dirty occasion — flinging this sort from her like refuse rind, after the orange had been duly squeezed — I have known her fastidious in seeking pure metal for clean uses; and when once a bloodless and rustless instrument was found, she was careful of the prize, keeping it in silk and cotton-wool. Yet woe be to the man or woman who relied on her one inch beyond the point where it was her interest to be trustworthy: interest was the master-key of Madame's nature — the mainspring of her motives — the Alpha and Omega of her life. I have seen her *feelings* appealed to and I have smiled in half-pity, half-scorn at the appellants. None ever gained her ear through that channel, or swayed her purpose by that means. On the contrary, to attempt to touch her heart was the surest way to rouse her antipathy, and to make of her a secret foe. It proved to her that she had no heart to be touched: it reminded her where she was impotent and dead.

Never was the distinction between charity and mercy better exemplified than in her. While devoid of sympathy, she had a sufficiency of rational benevolence; she would give in the readiest manner to people she had never seen — rather, however, to classes than to individuals. *"Pour les pauvres"* she opened her purse freely — against *the*

poor man, as a rule, she kept it closed. In philanthropic schemes, for the benefit of society at large, she took a cheerful part. No private sorrow touched her; no force or mass of suffering concentrated in one heart had power to pierce hers. Not the agony in Gethsemane, not the death on Calvary, could have wrung from her eyes one tear.

I say again, Madame was a very great, a very capable woman. That school offered for her powers too limited a sphere; she ought to have swayed a nation: she should have been the leader of a turbulent legislative assembly. Nobody could have browbeaten her, none irritated her nerves, exhausted her patience, or over-reached her astuteness. In her own single person, she could have comprised the duties of a first minister and a superintendent of police. Wise, firm, faithless; secret, crafty, passionless; watchful and inscrutable; acute and insensate — withal perfectly decorous — what more could be desired? —*Villette.*

IN THE CLASSE.

One morning, coming on me abruptly, and with the semblance of hurry, Madame Beck said she found herself placed in a little dilemma. Mr. Wilson, the English master, had failed to come at his hour, she feared he was ill; the pupils were waiting in classe; there was no one to give a lesson; should I, for once, object to giving a short dictation exercise, just that the pupils might not have it to say they had missed their English lesson?

"In classe, madame?" I asked.

"Yes, in classe: in the second division."

"Where there are sixty pupils," said I; for I knew the number, and with my usual base habit of cowardice, I shrunk into my sloth, like a snail into its shell, and alleged incapacity and impractibility as a pretext to escape action. If left to myself, I should infallibly have let this chance slip. . . .

"Come," said Madame, as I stooped more busily than ever over the cutting out of a child's pinafore, "leave that work."

"But Fifine wants it, Madame."

"Fifine must want it, then for *I* want *you*."

And Madame Beck did really want and was resolved to have me — as she had long been dissatisfied with the English master, with his short-comings in punctuality, and his careless method of tuition. . . . She, without more ado, made me relinquish thimble and needle; my hand was taken into hers, and I was conducted down stairs. When we reached the *carré*, a large square hall between the dwelling-house and the pensionnat, she paused, dropped my hand, faced, and scrutinized me. . . .

"Will you," said she, "go backward or forward," indicating with her hand, first, the small door of communication with the dwelling-house, and then the great double portals of the classes or school-rooms.

"*En avant*," I said.

"But," pursued she, cooling as I warmed and continuing the hard look, from the very antipathy to which I drew strength and determination, "can you face the classes, or are you over-excited?"

She sneered slightly in saying this — nervous excitability was not much to Madame's taste.

"I am no more excited than this stone," I said, tapping the flag with my toe: "or than you," I added, returning her look.

"*Bon!* But let me tell you these are not quiet, decorous English girls you are going to encounter *Ce sonet des Labassecouriennes, rondes, franches, brusques, et tant soit peu rebelles*."

I said: "I know; and I know too, that though I have studied French hard since I came here, yet I still speak it with far too much hesitation — too little accuracy to command their respect: I shall make blunders that will lay me open to the scorn of the most ignorant. Still I mean to give the lesson."

"They always throw over timid teachers," said she. "You will not expect aid from me, or from anyone. That would at once set you down as incompetent for your office."

I opened the door, let her pass with courtesy, and fol-

lowed her. There were three school-rooms, all large. That dedicated to the second division, where I was to figure, was considerably the largest, and accommodated an assemblage more numerous, more turbulent, and infintely more unmanageable than the other two.

The first glance informed me that many of the pupils were more than girls — quite young women; I knew that some of them were of noble family (as nobility goes in Labassecour), and I was well convinced that not one amongst them was ignorant of my position in Madame's household. As I mounted the *estrade* (a low platform raised a step above the flooring), where stood the teacher's chair and desk, I beheld opposite to me a row of eyes and brows that threatened stormy weather — eyes full of an insolent light, and brows hard and unblushing as marble. Madame Beck introduced me in one cool phrase, sailed from the room, and left me alone in my glory.

I shall never forget that first lesson, nor all the undercurrent of life and character it opened up to me. Then first did I begin rightly to see the wide difference that lies between the novelist's and the poet's ideal *juene fille,* and the said *juene fille* as she really is.

It seems that three titled belles in the first row had sat down predetermined that a *bonne d'enfant* should not give them lessons in English. They knew they had succeeded in expelling obnoxious teachers before now; they knew that Madame would at any time throw overboard a professeur or maitresse who became unpopular with the school — that she never assisted a weak official to retain his place — that if he had not strength to fight, or tact to win his way — down he went. Looking at "Miss Snowe," they promised themselves an easy victory.

Mesdemoiselles Blanche, Virginie, and Angélique opened the campaign by a series of titterings and whisperings; these soon swelled into murmurs and short laughs, which the remoter benches caught up and echoed more loudly. This growing revolt of sixty against one, soon became oppressive enough; my command of French being so limited, and exercised under such cruel constraint.

Could I but have spoken in my own tongue, I felt as if

I might have gained a hearing. . . . All I could do now was to walk up to Blanche — Mademoiselle de Melcy, a young baronne, the eldest, tallest, handsomest, and most vicious — stand before her desk, take from under her hand her exercise-book, remount the estrade, deliberately read the composition, which I found very stupid, and as deliberately, and in the face of the whole school, tear the blotted page in two.

This action availed to draw attention, and check noise. One girl alone, quite in the background, persevered in the riot with undiminished energy. I looked at her attentively. She had a pale face, hair like night, broad strong eyebrows, decided features, and a dark mutinous, sinister eye. I noted that she sat close by a little door, which door, I was well aware, opened into a small closet where books were kept. She was standing up for the purpose of conducting her clamor with freer energies. I measured her stature, and calculated her strength. She seemed both tall and wiry; but so the conflict were brief and the attack unexpected, I thought I could manage her.

Advancing up the room, looking as cool and careless as I could, I slightly pushed the door, and found it was ajar. In an instant, and with sharpness, I had turned on her. In another instant, she occupied the closet, the door was shut, and the key in my pocket.

It so happened that this girl, Dolores by name and a Catalonian by race, was the sort of character at once dreaded and hated by all her associates: the act of summary justice proved popular: there was not one present but in her heart liked to see it done. They were stilled for a moment; then a smile — not a laugh — passed from desk to desk: then — when I had gravely and tranquilly returned to the estrade, courteously requested silence, and commenced a dictation as if nothing at all had happened — the pens travelled peacefully over the pages, and the remainder of the lesson passed in order and industry.

"*C'est bien,*" said Madame Beck, when I came out of class, hot and a little exhausted. "*Ça ira.*"

She had been listening and peeping through a spyhole the whole time.—*Villette.*

MR. EARNSHAW'S DEATH.

Now, Mr. Earnshaw did not understand jokes from his children: he had always been strict and grave with them; and Catherine, on her part, had no idea why her father should be crosser and less patient in his ailing condition than he was in his prime. His peevish reproofs wakened in her a naughty delight to provoke him: she was never so happy as when we were all scolding her at once, and she defying us with her bold saucy look, and ready words. . . .

After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night. "Nay, Cathy," the old man would say, "I cannot love thee; thou 'rt worse than thy brother. Go say thy prayers, child, and ask God's pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee!" That made her cry at first; and then being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven.

But the hour came, at last, that ended Mr. Earnshaw's troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fireside. A high wind blustered round the house and roared in the chimney; it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together — I a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then after their work was done). Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still; she leant against her father's knee, and Heathcliffe was lying on the floor with his head in her lap. I remember the master before he fell into a doze stroking her bonny hair — it pleased him rarely to see her gentle — and saying — "Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?" And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered, "Why cannot you always be a good man, father?" But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head fell

on his breast. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him.

We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done so longer, only Joseph, having finished his chapter, got up and said he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He stepped forward and called him by name, and touched his shoulder; but he would not move, so he took the candle and looked at him. I thought there was something wrong as he set down the light; and seizing the children each by an arm, whispered them to "frame up stairs, and make little din — they might pray alone that evening — he had summat to do."

"I shall bid father good-night first," said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck before we could hinder her. The poor thing discovered her loss directly — she screamed out —"Oh, he's dead, Heathcliffe! he's dead!" and they both set up a heart-breaking cry.

I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter; but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in heaven. He told me to put on my cloak and run to Glimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I could not guess the use that either would be of them. However, I went through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me; the other said he would come in the morning.

Leaving Joseph to explain matters, I ran to the children's room: their door was ajar. I saw they had never laid down, though it was past midnight; but they were calmer, and did not need me to console them. The little souls were comforting each other with better thoughts than I could have hit on; no parson in the world ever pictured heaven so beautiful as they did in their innocent talk; and, while I sobbed and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together. — *Wuthering Heights.* (EMILY BRONTË.)

FROM MRS. HUNTINGTON'S DIARY.

July 30.— He returned about three weeks ago, rather better in health, certainly, than before, but still worse in temper. And yet, perhaps, I am wrong; it is *I* that

am less patient and forebearing. I am tired out with his injustice, his selfishness, and hopeless *depravity* — I wish a milder word would do. I am no angel, and my corruption rises against it. My poor father died last week; Arthur was vexed to hear of it, because he saw that I was shocked and grieved, and he feared the circumstance would mar his comfort. When I spoke of ordering my mourning, he exclaimed —

"Oh, I hate black! But, however, I suppose you must wear it awhile for form's sake; but I hope, Helen, you won't think it your bounden duty to compose your face and manners into conformity with your funeral garb. Why should you sigh and groan, and I be made uncomfortable, because an old gentleman in ——shire, a perfect stranger to us both, has thought proper to drink himself to death? There now, I declare you're crying! Well, it must be affectation."

He would not hear of my attending the funeral, or going for a day or two, to cheer poor Frederic's solitude. It was quite unnecessary, he said, and I was unreasonable to wish it. What was my father to me? I had never seen him but once, since I was a baby, and I well knew he had never cared a stiver about me; and my brother, too, was little better than a stranger. "Besides, dear Helen," said he embracing me with flattering fondness, "I cannot spare you for a single day."

"Then how have you managed without me these many days?" said I.

"Ah! Then I was knocking about the world, now I am at home; and home, without you, my household deity, would be intolerable."

"Yes, as long as I am necessary to your comfort; but you did not say so before, when you urged me to leave you, in order that you might get away from your home without me," retorted I; but before the words were well out of my mouth, I regretted having uttered them. It seemed so heavy a charge: if false, too gross an insult; if true, too humiliating a fact to be thus openly cast in his teeth. But I might have spared myself that momentary pang of self-reproach. The accusation awoke neither

shame nor indignation in him; he attempted neither denial nor excuse, but only answered with a long, low, chuckling laugh, as if he viewed the whole transaction as a clever, merry jest, from beginning to end. Surely that man will make me dislike him at last!

> "Sure as ye brew, my maiden fair,
> Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

Yes; and I *will* drink it, to the very dregs; and none but myself shall know how bitter I find it!

August 20.— We are shaken down again to about our usual position. Arthur has returned to nearly his former condition and habits, and I have found it my wisest plan to shut my eyes against the past and future, as far as *he* at least is concerned, and live only for the present; to love him when I can; to smile (if possible) when he smiles; be cheerful when he is cheerful, and pleased when he is agreeable; and when he is not, to try to make him so; and if that won't answer, to bear with him, to excuse him and forgive him, as well as I can, and restrain my own evil passions from agravating his: and yet, while I thus yield and minister to his more harmless propensities to self-indulgence, to do all in my power to save him from the worse. — *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* (ANNE BRONTË.)

Not long after the death of Emily and Anne, Charlotte Brontë published a little memorial volume containing some of the "Remains" of her sisters. She says: "It would not have been difficult to compile a volume of the papers left by my sisters." Of the poems by Emily Brontë, her sister says: "The following pieces were composed at twilight, in the schoolroom, when the leisure of the evening play-hour brought back in full tide the thoughts of home." The following poem is simply entitled "Stanzas." We give it a specific title:

ASPIRATIONS

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be:
To day, I will not seek the shadowy region,
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear.
And visions, rising legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

What have these lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell:
The earth that wakes *one* human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

To the ensuing verses, Charlotte Brontë prefixes these words: "The following are the last lines my sister Emily ever wrote:"

LOOKING FORWARD.

No coward soul is mine;
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere
I see Heaven's glories shine;
And Faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast!
Almight, ever-present Deity!
Life, that in me has rest,
As I — undying Life — have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main —

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine Infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years;
Pervades, and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And Suns and Universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every Existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou — Thou art Being and Breath: —
And what *Thou* art may never be destroyed.

Of Anne Brontë, Charlotte writes thus:

ANNE BRONTË.

In looking over my sister Anne's papers, I find mournful evidence that religious feeling had been to her but too like what it was to Cowper. . . . It subdued her mood and bearing to a perpetual pensiveness. The pillar of cloud glided constantly before her eyes; she ever waited at the foot of a secret Sinai, listening in heart to the voice of a trumpet sounding long and waxing louder. Some, perhaps, would rejoice over these tokens of sincere though sorrowing piety in a deceased relative. To me they seem sad, as if her whole innocent life had been passed under the martyrdom of an unconfessed physical

pain. Their effect, indeed, would be too depressing, were it not combated by the certain knowledge that in her last moments this tyranny of a too tender conscience was overcome: this pomp of terrors broke up, and, passing away, left her dying hour unclouded. Her belief in God did not then bring to her dread — as of a stern Judge — but hope, as in a Creator and Saviour. And no faltering hope was it; but a sure and steadfast conviction, on which, in the rude passage from Time to Eternity, she threw the weight of her human weakness; and by which she was enabled to bear what was to be borne, patiently, serenely, victoriously.

Among these poetical remains of Anne Brontë is the following:

DESPONDENCY.

I have gone backward in the work;
The labor has not sped;
Drowsy and dark my spirit lies,
Heavy and dull as lead.

How can I rouse my sinking soul
From such a lethargy?
How can I break these iron chains
And set my spirit free?

There have been times when I have mourned
In anguish o'er the past,
And raised my suppliant hands on high,
While tears fell thick and fast;

And prayed to have my sins forgiven,
With such a fervent zeal,
An earnest grief, a strong desire
As now I cannot feel.

And I have felt so full of love
So strong in spirit then,
As if my heart would never cool,
Or wander back again.

And yet, alas! how many times
My feet have gone astray!
How oft have I forgot my God!
How greatly fallen away!

My sins increase — my love grows cold,
And Hope within me dies:
Even Faith itself is wavering now;
Oh, how shall I arise?

I cannot weep, but I can pray;
Then let me not despair:
Now Jesus, save me, lest I die!
Christ, hear my humble prayer.

In closing the little memorial volume, Charlotte Brontë says: "I have given the last memento of my sister Emily. This is the last of my sister Anne. These lines written, the desk was closed, the pen laid aside forever:"

RESIGNATION.

I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie:
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high.

But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well;
I said so, with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.

Thou God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away;
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost —
  These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost —
  Can I but turn to Thee:

With secret labor to sustain,
  In humble patience, every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
  And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
  Whate'er may be my written fate:
Whether thus early to depart,
  Or yet awhile to wait.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
  More humbled I should be —
More wise — more strengthened for the strife —
  More apt to lean on Thee.

Should Death be standing at the gate,
  Thus should I keep my vow.—
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
  Oh, let me serve Thee now.

BROOKE, STOPFORD AUGUSTUS, a British clergyman, biographer, and critic; born at Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, November 14, 1832. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1856, having previously gained the Downe prize, and the Vice-Chancellor's medal for English verse. In 1857 he became curate of St. Matthew, Marylebone, London, and subsequently held several other London benefices,

the last being that of minister of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury (1876–1880). In 1872 he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. In 1880 he formally separated himself from the Anglican Church, on the ground that "he had ceased to believe that miracles were credible, and that since the Established Church founded its whole scheme of doctrine on the miracle of the Incarnation, his disbelief in this miracle put him outside the pale of that Church." — Mr. Broke has published *Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson* (1865); *John Milton* (1870); *Theology in the English Poets* (1874); *English Literature* (1876); *Faith and Freedom* (1881); *Tennyson: His art in relation to modern life* (1894); *Old Testament and Modern Life* (1896); and *The Gospel of Joy* (1898). He has also published several volumes of *Sermons* (1868-77).

THE NOVEL.

Sir Walter Scott, the great Enchanter, now began the long series of his novels. Men are still alive who well remember the wonder and delight of the land when *Waverley* (1814) was published. In the rapidity of his work Scott recalls the Elizabethan time. *Guy Mannering,* his next tale, was written in six weeks. *The Bride of Lammermoor,* as great in faithful pathos as *Romeo and Juliet,* was done in a fortnight. His National tales, such as *The Heart of Midlothian,* and *The Antiquary,* are written as if he saw directly all the characters and scenes, and when he saw them enjoyed them so much that he could not help writing them down. And the art with which this was done was so inspired, that since Shakespeare there is nothing we can compare to it. "All is great in the Waverley Novels," says Goethe, "material, effects, characters, execution." In the vivid portraiture and dramatic story of such tales as *Kenilworth* and *Quen-*

tin Durward, he created the Historical Novel. His last tale of power was the *Fair Maid of Perth* in 1828; his last effort, in 1831, was made the year before he died. He raised the whole of the literature of the novel into one of the greatest influences that bear on the human mind. The words his uncle once said to him, may be applied to the work he did,—"God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good."

John Galt and Miss Ferrieo followed him in describing Scottish life and society. With the peace of 1815 arose new forms of fiction, and travel, which became very popular when the close of the war with Napoleon opened the world again to Englishmen, gave birth to the tale of Foreign scenery and manners. Thomas Hope's *Anastasino* (1819) was the first. Lockhart began the Classical novel in *Valerius*. Fashionable society was now painted by Theodore Hook, Mrs. Trollope, and Mrs. Gore; and Rural life by Miss Mitford in *Our Village*. Edward Bulwer Lytton began with the Fashionable novel in *Pelham* (1827), and followed it with a long succession of tales on historical, classical, and romantic subjects. Towards the close of his life, he changed his manner altogether, and *The Caxtons* and those that followed are novels of Modern Society. The tone of them all from the beginning to the end is too high-pitched for real life, but each of them being kept in the same key throughout has a reality of its own. Charlotte Brontë revived in *Jane Eyre* the novel of Passion, and Miss Yonge set on foot the Religious novel in support of a special school of theology. We need only mention Captain Marryat, whose delightful sea stories carry on the seaman of Smollett to our own times. Miss Martineau and Mr. Disraeli carried on the novel of Political opinion and economy, and Charles Kingsley applied the novel to the social and theological problems of our own day. Three other great names are too close to us to admit of comment: Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, and the novelist who is known as George Eliot. It will be seen then that the Novel claims almost every sphere of human interest as its own, and it has this special character; that it is the only kind of literature in which

women have done excellently.— *Primer of English Literature.*

BROOKS, Charles William Shirley, an English novelist and journalist; born at London, April 29, 1816; died there February 23, 1874. He began the study of law, but early abandoned the pursuit of the profession for that of literature, and was engaged upon the London *Morning Chronicle,* writing the regular parliamentary summary for that journal. He made an extended tour in Southern Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt in order to study the condition of the laboring classes in those countries. A portion of his letters to the *Chronicle* was published separately under the title of *The Russians in the South* (1856). He was an early and frequent contributor to *Punch,* and in 1870, upon the death of Mark Lemon, became editor of that periodical. Shortly after his death a volume of his miscellaneous writings appeared under the title *Wit and Humor.* Besides dramatic pieces, he wrote several successful novels, among which are *Aspen Court* (1855); *The Silver Cord* (1861); *Sooner or Later* (1866); *The Gordian Knot* (1861); and *The Naggeltons* (1875). His novels are marked by variety of incident, and sparkling dialogue. They contain also pleasant personal sketches of eminent contemporaries.

SKETCH OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Margaret found herself alone, but not being one of those persons who find themselves bores, and must always seek companionship, she sat down, and amused herself with

one of the new books on the table. And as the volume happened to be a fresh and noble poem by a poetress who is unreasonable enough to demand that those who would understand her magnificent lines shall bestow on them some little thought in exchange for the great thought that has produced them, Margaret's earnest attention to Mrs. Browning rendered the reader unaware that another person had entered the room.

Presently, as she raised her eyes, she found herself confronted by a stranger; and she colored highly as that look was returned by a pleasant glance and a bow, respectful and yet playful, as the situation and difference of age might warrant.

Before her stood a gentleman considerably below the middle height, and in form delicate almost to fragility, but whose appearance was redeemed from aught of feebleness by a lion-like head, and features which, classically chiseled, told of a mental force and will rarely allotted. The hair, whose gray was almost whiteness, was long and luxuriant, and fell back from a noble forehead. The eye, set back under a bold, strong brow, yet in itself somewhat prominent, was in repose, but its depths were those that, under excitement, light up to a glow. About the flexible mouth there lingered a smile, too gentle to be called mocking, but evidence of a humor ready at the slightest call; and yet the lips could frame themselves for stern or passionate utterances at need. The slight stoop was at first taken by Margaret for part of the bow with which the stranger had greeted her; but she perceived that it was habitual, as the latter, resting his small white hands on the head of an ivory-handled cane, said, in a cheerful, kindly voice, and with a nod at the book: "Fine diamonds in a fine casket there, are there not?"

His tone was evidently intended to put Margaret at her ease, and to make her forget that she had been surprised; and his manner was so pleasant, and almost fatherly, that she felt herself in the presence of some one of a kindred nature to that of her Uncle Cheriton. By a curious confusion of idea, to be explained only by the suddenness of the introduction, Margaret seized the no-

tion that her other uncle was before her. I am sorry, however, to say that neither the poetess's page nor the visitor's phrase inspired her with a cleverer answer to his speech than a hesitating "O — O yes, very."

And then she naturally expected to receive her relative's greeting; but as she rose, the gentleman made a slight and courteous gesture, which seemed to beg her to sit, or do exactly what she liked, and she resumed her chair in perplexity. Her companion looked at her again with some interest, and his bright eyes then fell upon Bertha's album, which Margaret had laid on the table.

"Ah," he said, pointing to the cover, "those five letters again in conspiracy against the peace of mankind. They ought to be dispersed by a social police. But may one look?"

"There is scarcely anything there," said Margaret. "Only a few pages have been touched."

"Ah, I see," he said. "Just a few songsters, as the bird-catchers put some caged birds near the nests, to persuade the others that the situation is eligible. But," he continued, turning on till he came to a drawing, "this is another kind of thing. This is capital!" It was a sketch by Margaret, and represented her cousin Latimer, in shooting costume, and gun in hand. At his feet lay a hare — victim of his skill. "Capital!" he repeated. "Your own work?"

"Yes," said Margaret; "the likeness happened to be thought fortunate, and so ——"

"No, no; you draw charmingly. I'll give you a motto for the picture. Shall I?"

"Please. I am glad of any contribution."

He took a pen, and, in a curious little hand wrote below the sketch: "And beauty draws us with a single hare."

"I shall not find any poetry of yours, here," he said. "You read Mrs. Browning, and so you know better. What a treasure-house of thought that woman is! Some of the boxes are locked, and you must turn the key with a will; but when you *have* opened, you are rich for life." — *The Gordian Knot.*

BROOKS, Maria Gowan, called by Southey "Maria del Occidente," an American poet; born at Medford, Mass., about 1795; died at Matanzas, Cuba, November 11, 1845. Her father, Mr. Gowan, died bankrupt before she was fourteen years of age, and a merchant of Boston, Mr. Brooks, provided for her education, and on her leaving school, married her. A few years of prosperity were followed by financial loss and poverty. Mrs. Brooks now turned her thoughts to poetry, and in 1820 published a small volume, *Judith, Esther, and other Poems.* On her husband's death, in 1823, she went to live with an uncle in Cuba, where she soon completed the first canto of her poem *Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven.* It was published in 1825, and the remaining five cantos were written between that year and 1829. Her uncle, on his death, left her his property, which yielded a liberal income. In 1830 she went to Europe, and spent the winter of 1831 at the home of the poet Southey, who warmly admired her poem, and who attended to its publication in London. *Zophiël* is an Eastern tale, founded upon the story of Sara, related in the book of Tobit. *Zophiël* takes the place of Asmodeus, the evil spirit in the Apocryphal book. Becoming enamored of Egla, the heroine, he destroys her suitors, one after another, until Helon, the seventh of the number, guided by the angel Raphael in disguise, rescues her from death, and becomes her husband.

In 1843 Mrs. Brooks printed for private circulation a prose romance entitled *Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri,* which is in many respects an autobiography.

EGLA APPEARS BEFORE SARDIUS.

Day o'er, the task was done; the melting hues
Of twilight gone, and reigned the evening gloom
Gently o'er fount and tower; she could refuse
No more; and, led by slaves, sought the fair banquet-room.

With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
For doubtful modesty; while all were glancing
Over the strange attire that well became such form.

To lend her space the admiring band gave way,
The sandals on her silvery feet were blue;
Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
Spreads softly o'er the heavens, and tints the trembling dew.

Light was that robe, as mist; and not a gem
Or ornament impedes its wavy fold,
Long and profuse; save that, above its hem,
'Twas broidered with pomegranate-wreath in gold.

And, by a silken cincture broad and blue
In shapely guise about the waist confined,
Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
Half-floated, waving in their length behind;
The other half, in braided tresses twined,
Was decked with rose of pearls, and sapphires azure too,

Arranged with curious skill to imitate
The sweet acacia's blossoms; just as live
And droop those tender flowers in natural state;
And so the trembling gems seemed sensitive;

And pendent sometimes touch her neck; and there
Seem shrinking from its softness as alive.
O'er her arms flower-white, and round, and bare,
Slight bandelets were twined of colors five;

Like little rainbows seemly on those arms;
None of that court had seen the like before;
Soft, fragrant, bright — so much like heaven her charms
It scarce could seem idolatry t' adore.

He who beheld her hand forgot her face;
Yet in that face was all beside forgot;
And he who, as she went, beheld her pace,
And locks profuse, had said, "nay, turn thee not."

MARRIAGE.

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!
But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream —
So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils — then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

BROOKS, PHILLIPS, an American clergyman and author; born at Boston, Mass., December 13, 1835; died there, January 23, 1893. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, studied theology in the Episcopal Divinity School at Alexandria, Va., was rector of

the churches of the Advent and the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, and in 1869 became rector of Trinity Church, Boston, where he remained until his election to the bishopric of Massachusetts in 1891.

Bishop Brooks was a man of broad mind and large sympathies, a magnetic preacher and an indefatigable worker — undoubtedly the most eminent preacher ever produced by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. His writings are marked by their spirituality and the ability he displays in stating great truths in succinct and forcible language. It would be difficult to set down his character and life-purpose in better words than to quote his own language in a speech before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church in Boston in 1885: "The more Christ becomes simply and absolutely known, the more the missionary spirit will grow and deepen and extend, until, with the perfection of simplified Christianity, there will at last come the conversion of the world." The following volumes of his sermons and addresses have been published. *Lectures on Preaching* (1877); *Sermons* (1878); *The Influence of Jesus,* and *Sermons* (1879); *The Candle of the Lord* (1881); *Sermons Preached in English Churches* (1883); *The Oldest Schools in America* (1885); *Twenty Sermons* (1886); *Tolerance* (1887); *The Light of the World* (1890); *The Symmetry of Life* (1892); and *Addresses* (1893).

CHARACTER AND ACTION.

Behind every foreground of action lies the background of character on which the action rests and from which it gets its life and meaning. It matters not whether it be an age, a nation, a church, a man; anything which is ca-

pable both of being and of acting must feel its being behind its acting, must make its acting the expression of its being, or its existence is very unsatisfactory and thin. What does it mean to me that the French Revolution burst out in fury a hundred years ago, unless in that outburst I see the utterance of the whole character of that crushed, wronged, exasperated time which had gathered into itself the suppressed fury of centuries of selfish despotism? What is it to me that a great reformer arises and sets some old wrong right, unless I see that his coming and the work he does are not mere happy accidents, but the expression of great necessities of human life and of a condition which mankind has reached by slow development and education? What is your brave act without a brave nature behind it? What is your smile unless I know that you are kind? What is your indignant blow unless your heart is on fire? What is all your activity without you? How instantly the impression of a character creates itself, springs into shape behind a deed. A man cannot sell you goods across a counter, or drive you a mile in his carriage on the road, or take your ticket in the cars, or hold the door open to let you pass, without your getting, if you are sensitive, some idea of what sort of man he is, and seeing his deed colored with the complexion of his character. . . .

Here is the value of reality, of sincerity. Reality, sincerity is nothing but the true relation between action and character. Expressed artistically, it is the harmony between the foreground and the background of a life. We have all seen pictures where the background and the foreground were not in harmony with one another; each might be good in itself, but the two did not belong together. Nature never would have joined them to each other, and so they did not hold to one another, but seemed to spring apart. The hills did not embrace the plain, but flung it away from them; the plain did not rest upon the hills, but recoiled from their embrace. They were a violence to one another. Who does not know human lives of which precisely the same thing is true? The deeds are well enough and the character is well enough, but they

do not belong together. The one does not express the other. The man is by nature quiet, earnest, serious, sedate. If he simply expressed his calm and faithful life in calm and faithful deeds, all would be well; but, behold! he tries to be restless, radical, impatient, vehement, and how his meaningless commotion tries us. The man's nature is prosaic and direct, but he makes his actions complicated and romantic. It is the man's nature to believe, and only listen to the scepticism which he chatters! It is the discord of background and foreground, of character and action.

On the other hand, when the two are not in discord but in harmony everyone feels the beauty of the picture which they make. The act which simply utters the thought which is the man, what satisfaction it gives you! The satisfaction is so natural and instinctive that men are ready enough to think, at least, that they prefer a bad man who without reserve, without disguise, expresses his badness in bad deeds, to another bad man who with a futile shame tries to pretend in his activities that he is good. "Let us have sincerity at least," they say. They are not always right. The good deed which the bad man tries to do may be a poor blind clutching at a principle which he does not understand but dimly feels,— the principle of the reaction of the deed upon the character; that principle and its working we must not lose sight of in our study. The heart gives life to the arm. The arm declares the life of the heart; that the heart also gets life from the arm. Its vigorous exertion makes the central furnace of the body to burn more brightly. So the good action may have some sort of power over the character of which at first it expresses not the actual condition, but only the shames, the standards, and the hopes.

What will be the rule of life which such a description of life as this must necessarily involve? Will it not include both the watchfulness over character and the watchfulness over action, either of which alone is woefully imperfect? — *The Light of the World, and Other Sermons.*

BROUGHAM, Henry (Baron Brougham and Vaux), a British jurist and statesman; born at Edinburgh, Scotland, September 19, 1778; died at Cannes, France, May 7, 1868. He was a precocious boy, and many stories are told of his early maturity in several branches of human knowledge, especially in mathematics; and moreover he came to be noted for his ability as a declaimer in a debating society of which he was one of the founders. In 1801 he was admitted to "the Faculty of Advocates," that is, was called to the Scottish bar. But this provincial career seemed to promise little for him, and six years later he went to London; was admitted as a member of one of the Inns of Court, and in 1808 was called to the English bar.

Before leaving Edinburgh he had found something which had much to do in shaping his future life. Several rather impecunious young men, among whom were Henry Brougham, Francis Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, in 1802 projected a quarterly periodical to be called The Edinburgh *Review.* Each of these men has put upon record his share in the projection of *The Review,* and each of them seems inclined to claim for himself the leading part. It is enough to say that Brougham was in the outset the most active of these collaborators. To the first twenty numbers of *The Review* he is said to have contributed not less than eighty articles, upon all sorts of topics — science, politics, colonial policy, literature, poetry, surgery, mathematics, and the fine arts. Among the papers of Brougham was the sneering critique upon Byron's *Hours of Idleness* which stung the author into fury,

and had much to do with making a poet of him. Brougham was evidently a man of mark from the moment when he left Scotland, though his success at the English bar was not speedy. In 1810 he was returned to Parliament for the "rotten borough" of Camelford, owned by the Duke of Bedford; two years later he was a candidate for the representation of Liverpool, but was defeated by Mr. Canning; in 1816 he was returned for the "pocket borough" of Winchelsea, owned by the Earl of Darlington. He held this seat many years; and finally resigned in consequence of a disagreement with the Earl. He represented other constituencies in Parliament, the last being that of Yorkshire. Brougham's popularity was unbounded, and when, in 1830, shortly after the accession of William IV., the reform Ministry of Earl Grey was formed, Brougham was persuaded to accept the position of Lord Chancellor, and was raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Brougham and Vaux. This ministry went down in 1835, and then closed the official career of Brougham, though he continued for many years to take an active part in political discussions in the House of Lords.

The most notable episode in the career of Brougham was his connection with the troubles between the Prince Regent (afterward King George IV.) and his consort, the Princess (afterward Queen) Caroline. As early as 1812 Brougham became the legal adviser of the Princess, and he seems to have done his best to dissuade her from the foolish course upon which she soon afterward entered. George III., insane and blind, died in 1820, and the Prince Regent became King. The Princess Caroline, who for five years had led a

questionable life on the Continent, resolved, despite the earnest remonstrances of Brougham, to return to England, and claim her position as Queen. The Government thereupon instituted proceedings against her, in the House of Lords, charging her with adultery with one of her Italian servants. Brougham was one of the counsel for the defence, in which he took the leading part. The evidence for the prosecution — which, though perhaps falling short of absolute proof, was very damaging to the Queen — being all in, Brougham opened the defence by a famous speech. At the outset he said, menacingly:

FORESHADOWING THE DEFENCE OF THE QUEEN.

My Lords:— The Princess Caroline of Brunswick arrived in this country in the year 1795 — the niece of our Sovereign, the intended consort of the Heir Apparent, and herself a not very remote heir to the Crown of these realms. But I now go back to that period only for the purpose of passing over all the interval which elapsed between her arrival then and her departure in 1814. I rejoice that, for the present at least, the most faithful discharge of my duty permits me to draw this veil. But I cannot do so without pausing for an instant to guard myself against a misrepresentation to which I know that this cause may not unnaturally be exposed; and to assure your Lordships most solemnly that if I did not think that the case of the Queen, as attempted to be established by the evidence against her, not only does not require recrimination at present — not only imposes no duty of even uttering one whisper, whether by way of attack, or by way of insinuation, against her illustrious husband — but that it rather prescribes to me, for the present, silence upon this great and painful head of the case — I solemnly assure your Lordships, that, but for this conviction, my lips on that branch would *not* be closed; for in discretionally abandoning the exercise of the power which I feel that

I have — in postponing for the present the statement of that case — I feel confident that I am waiving a right which I possess, and abstaining from the use of materials which are mine. And let it not be thought, my Lords, that if hereafter I should so far be disappointed in my expectation that the case against me shall fail, as to feel it necessary to exercise that right — let no man vainly suppose that only I, but that any of the youngest member of the profession would hesitate one moment in the fearless discharge of his paramount duty.

I once before took leave to remind your Lordships — which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be needful to remind — that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes to his client, knows, in the discharge of that office but one person in the world — *that client and no other.* To save that client by all expedient means; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others — and among others to himself — is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties. And he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, into the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection.

Most persons at the time, and for long afterward, supposed that the sting of this declaration lay in the first of these paragraphs, while in the mind of Brougham — as there were a few who were aware — it lay in the last paragraph; that the annunciation there embodied was no idle fulmination, but an irresistible weapon for the overthrow of the King. Brougham, in his *Autobiography,* written more than forty years later, told the world, probably for the first time, what he really had in mind. He says:

THE MEANING OF BROUGHAM'S THREAT.

Even upon the supposition of the case appearing against us, I had a sure resource — a course which could not have failed, even if the bill had actually passed the Lords. The threat which I held out in opening the defence was supposed to mean recrimination; and, no doubt, it included that. We had abundant evidence of the most unexceptionable kind, which would have proved a strong case against the King. But we never could be certain of this proving decisive with both Houses; and it assuredly never would have been sufficient to make the King give up the bill. He knew that all the facts of his conduct with Lady Jersey and others were universally known in society, and he cared little for their being proved at the bar of the Lords.

When I said that it might be my painful duty to bring forward what would involve the country in confusion, I was astonished that everybody should have conceived recrimination to be *all* that I intended. Possibly their attention was confined to this, from nothing but recrimination having ever been hinted at, either by us or our supporters in either House, or by the writers who discussed the case in the newspapers; and I was very well satisfied with the mistake, because it was of the last importance that the real ground of defence should be brought forward by surprise; or, at all events, that it should be presented at once in its full proportions.

The ground then, was neither more nor less than impeaching the King's own title, by proving that *he had forfeited the Crown.* He had married a Roman Catholic (Mrs. Fitzherbert) while Heir-Apparent, and this is declared by the Act of Settlement to be a forfeiture of the Crown *"as if he were naturally dead."* We were not in possession of all the circumstances, as I have since ascertained them; but we had enough to prove the fact. . . .

The meaning of the statute is clear. The intention is to prevent a Roman Catholic marriage, and to forfeit all right and title in whatever King or Heir-Apparent to the Crown contracts such a marriage. The bringing forward,

therefore, the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert was of necessity the announcement either that the King had ceased to be king, or that the other branch of the legislature must immediately inquire into the fact of the prohibited marriage; or that there must be a disputed succession. Or, in other words, that civil war was inevitable. The bringing forward of this case, therefore, must at once have put an end to the bill; and whether that would suffice depended upon the Duke of York. But the very best that could happen was the abandonment of the bill peaceably, and the King being left with a doubtful title — which his adversaries would not fail to represent as no title at all.

The peroration of Brougham's speech is perhaps the most labored of all his forensic efforts. He is said to have rewritten it fifteen times, in order to render it as effective as possible. It reads thus:

OPENING OF THE DEFENCE.

Let me call upon you, my Lords, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence: first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward — when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a reason to impure plans — when no escape for the guiltless seemed open — no chance of safety to remain — they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of these two principles: by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be

sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision — the attack being unforeseen — had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage — I say *great,* for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired — in the Sacred Writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; "for that," as the Book says, "they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look on Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments." But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story were disappointed; and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about the tamarisk-tree. Let not men call these contradictions, or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses — let not men rashly and boldly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favorably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you. Such is the evidence in support of the measure — evidence inadequate to prove a debt — impotent to deprive of a civil right — ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence — monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a Parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice: then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flour-

ish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is in peril; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow which rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed — the Church and the King have willed — that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

The trial of Queen Caroline began on August 17, 1820; and early in November passed its second reading by a small majority. But on the 10th of that month the prosecution formally abandoned it, and it was never put upon its final passage. The reason undoubtedly was that the Government had come to understand what was the ultimate weapon which the defence held in reserve, but which it had declared that it would use, if need were, even should it involve, as it surely would, the "throwing of the country into confusion." The Queen, of course, was permitted to assume her royal title. But when she made an attempt to enter Westminster Hall at the coronation of George IV., on the 19th of the following July, she was refused admittance. She died on August 7th, and her remains were borne for interment to her native Brunswick. While they were still on their way, George IV. set out upon that triumphal visit to Ireland which was so keenly satirized by Byron in his *Irish Avatar*. His marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert

took place in 1785. This act came near costing him his crown more than a quarter of a century afterward. Marie Fitzherbert (born Smythe) had been twice widowed before her marriage with the Prince of Wales. She was then twenty-six years of age, George being three years younger. After his quarrel with the Princess Caroline, she resumed her connection with the Prince, but finally left him on account of his excesses, and retired with a large pension from Government. She died in 1837, at the age of seventy-eight.

Brougham's brief career as Lord High Chancellor was at least a creditable one; and for more than twenty years later he continued to be a notable figure in the House of Lords; "What is the House of Lords without Brougham?" asked Lord Lyndhurst; "Brougham *is* the House of Lords." In 1860 a second patent of nobility was conferred upon him by Queen Victoria, with a reversion of the peerage to his younger brother, he himself being then childless. The preamble to this patent stated that this unusual mark of honor was conferred upon Lord Brougham as an acknowledgment of the great services which he had rendered to the Crown, "more especially in promoting the abolition of slavery and the emancipation of the negro race."

He moreover resumed his literary activity, which indeed had hardly been interrupted during his political career. For more than thirty years he contributed largely to the Edinburgh *Review*. The best of his later contributions to this periodical were enlarged and published separately under the titles, *Sketches of the Statesmen* and *Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III.* He published anonymously a novel entitled *Albert Lunel*, and also a historical fragment upon *England Under the House of*

Lancaster. His writings upon science, politics, and theology were numerous. Among these were an edition (prepared in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell) of Paley's "Natural Theology," to which he prefixed a *Discourse on Natural Theology,* from which we extract the following passage:

STUDIES IN OSTEOLOGY.

A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eye would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly the form of its extremity (or extremities, if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of the surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon general chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connection of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes is perceived, and the reason understood: as, that the animal has a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But frequently the inquiry is as certain in its results although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect: as, gathering that the animal ruminated, from observing the print of a cloven hoof; or that he had horns, from his wanting certain teeth; or that he wanted the collar-bone, from his having cloven hoofs.

The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shown that animals formerly existed upon the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and

even *genera,* wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth as it was, not merely before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries we are conversant, not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which before the flood, was covered with water, and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds and beasts and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back; and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud; and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions, elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long; and by others with huge eyes, having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length; and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard. No less strange, and yet no less proceeding from induction, are the discoveries made respecting the former state of the earth, the manner in which those animals — whether of known or unknown tribes — occupied it, and the period when, or at least the way in which, they ceased to exist.— *Discourse on Natural Theology.*

As early as 1838 Brougham put forth a collection of his *Speeches,* in four volumes, carefully revised by himself for publication. The following extract is from a speech delivered in the House of Commons, February 7, 1828:

UPON LAW REFORM.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all time, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than were ever done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age — con-

queror of Italy — humbler of Germany — terror of the North — saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win: — saw him contemn the fickleness of fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce this memorable boast: "I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendor of the Reign (of George IV). The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys — the Justinians of their day — will be the just tributes of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus — it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost — that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble: a praise not unworthy a great Prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the Sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say, that he found Law dear, and left it cheap; found it a Sealed Book, left it a Living Letter; found it in the patrimony of the Rich, left it in the inheritance of the Poor; found it the two-edged sword of Craft and Oppression, left it the staff of Honesty and the shield of Innocence.

The latter years of Brougham's long life were marked by numerous traits which — to put them in the mildest form — were eccentricities. He resided mainly at Cannes, in the South of France — a place where he had bought a residence as early as 1838. Ten years later, after the revolution of 1848, he made formal request to be accepted as a French citizen. A few years later he prepared a complete edition of his principal *Works,* carefully revising them, and furnish-

ing Introductions to the different pieces. This edition, in ten volumes, was issued in 1857, and again in 1872, after his death. After he had passed the age of fourscore he set himself at work to write his *Autobiography*. He brought it down only to 1835, when he had reached the age of fifty-seven, and had just been displaced as Lord Chancellor of England. He left this *Autobiography* with express directions that it should be published, unaltered, after his death. The concluding paragraph of the work has a kind of pathetic interest.

CLOSE OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

And now my talk is ended, and my last words to the public are spoken. I have in this *Autobiography* endeavored to recall some of the chief interests and events of my long life. If I have imperfectly performed the work — if I have appeared to dwell too diffusely on some subjects, while others of equal importance have been passed over — if many statements have been feebly, and some inaccurately rendered — let it be recollected that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me to assist it. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days whose recollections might have aided mine. All were dead. I alone survived of those who had acted in the scenes I have fairly endeavored to rehearse.— *Autobiography*.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

BROUGHTON, Rhoda, an English novelist; born in North Wales, November 29, 1840. She early adopted literature as a profession and soon became a popular novelist. Much of her life has been passed at Oxford. Her many novels include *Cometh up as a Flower* (1867); *Not Wisely but Too Well* (1867); *Red as a Rose is She* (1870); *Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye* (1872); *Nancy* (1873); *Joan* (1876); *Second Thoughts* (1880); *Belinda* (1883); *Dr. Cupid* (1886); *Alas* (1890); *Mrs. Bligh* (1892); *A Beginner* (1894); *Scylla or Charybdis* (1895); *Dear Faustina* (1897).

THE DEATH OF HOPE.

So this is the way in which Barbara's hope dies! Our hopes have as many ways of dying as our bodies. Sometimes they pine and fall into a slow consumption, we nursing, cockering, and physicking them to the last. Sometimes they fall down dead suddenly, as one that in full health, with his bones full of marrow, and his eyes full of light, drops wordless into the next world unaware. This last has been Barbara's case. When she thought it healthiest and most vigorous in its stalwart life, then the death-mark was on it. To most of us, O friends, troubles are as great stones cast unexpectedly on a smooth road, over which, in a dark night, we trip, and grumblingly stumble, cursing and angrily bruising our limbs. To a few of us they are ladders, by which we climb to God's hills, that lift us nearer heaven — that heaven which, however certainly — with whatever mathematical precision — it has been demonstrated to us that it exists not here, nor there, nor yet anywhere, we still dimly, with yearning tears and high longings, grasp at. Barbara has always looked heavenward. In all her mirth, God has mixed. Now, therefore, in this grief that He has sent her — this

ignoble grief, that yet cuts none the less deeply for being ignoble, and excluding the solace of human sympathy, she but thrusts her hand with a fuller confidence in his, and fixes her sweet eyes with a more reverent surety on the one prime consoler of humankind, who, from his Cross, has looked royally down the toiling centuries — the king, whom this generation, above all generations, is laboring — and, as not a few think, successfully — to discrown. To her, his kingship is as unquestioned as when heretics and painims burnt to prove it.— *Nancy.*

THE MOMENT OF PARTING.

The moment of parting has come. Sarah apparently wishes that that parting shall take place without witnesses. She draws her sister back into the drawing-room, and shuts the door.

"Belinda," she says, when she has somewhat coldly kissed her, looking in her face, with a gravity that only once or twice before in the course of their lives has Mrs. Forth seen written on those small gay lineaments — "Belinda, I wash my hands of you; I would have helped you if I could. I have no reason for saying so — I know nothing, and you will tell me nothing; but I can not help thinking that you are going to the devil, and that you are taking David Rivers with you!"

Then, without another word, she is gone. Without one last look from the cab-window, without a farewell friendly hand-wave; forgetting even to bid good-bye to the dogs, or take their messages to Jane, she is gone. For some minutes Belinda remains standing on the exact spot at which her sister had left her; remains standing, still and stunned. Then she suddenly throws herself into the Professor's arm-chair, and spreads her hands over her face. She would like not to let a quarter of an inch of it remain uncovered. The light is strong and brutal. She would like to draw the blinds down, and shut the shutters. *"Going to the devil, and taking David Rivers with you!"* The blood is singing loudly in her ears. It seems to take the form of these words. Over and over again. The moment the sentence is ended, it begins afresh. How

long she lies there — outwardly a log, inwardly a shameful fire — she neither knows nor cares. But after awhile, a tide of indignation sets in through all her being, chasing before it the shame, and she sits up.

What disgraceful words for her own sister to apply to her! and what slightest ground, excuse, palliation even, had she for so insulting her? *Going to the devil!* And pray, what is it to go to the devil? Is it to fulfill with nice scrupulosity every tasteless or even nauseous duty of a most dreary life? To sing as she walks her treadmill? To smile patiently over her oakum-picking? To forego her own hot bright youth, and clip down its rich proportions to the meagre pattern of the dry and crabbed age with which it is mismated? To be a secretary without pay, a drudge without wage, a *souffre douleur* without hope of enlargement, a prisoner the term of whose incarceration lies in the hands of arbitrary death? If this be to go to the devil, then she is not only going there, but has long ago gone.

She laughs sarcastically, and her feverish limbs carry her up and down the room. If Sarah had given her time, this is how she would have answered her — thus and thus. For a while she walks to and fro, muttering under her breath, framing withering sentences of self-exculpation, that must carry conviction to any mind. But that mood, too, passes. As her wrath — spent and exhausted — subsides, another voice, lower yet more penetrating, takes its place. *Going to the devil!* Is going to the devil to have a husband whose pursuits you abhor, whose infirmities you secretly deride, at whose accidental touch you shiver? Is going to the devil to be speeding with disloyal alacrity that husband's departure, to be counting the hours to the end of your only sister's visit, to be living and feeding and flourishing upon a hope that you dare not look in the face, that you would sooner die than impart to any soul that breathes? Is this to be going to the devil?

She has again wholly hidden her face with her hands. Again the light seems over-strung and pushing. And

plain and distinct, beyond possibility of misapprehension, the answer comes—"Yes! yes! yes!"—*Belinda.*

AMONG THE TOMBS.

By-and-bye they stray away together out of the bounteous air of the hill-top into a semi-underground church, to see the fifteenth and sixteenth century monuments, which look as fresh as if their marble had left its home in Carrara but yesterday. They stand looking down at those three kin who lie side by side before the high altar, each with head dropped a little sideways on the shoulder, as if overcome by sudden sleep. They step on into the side chapel, where that yet nobler mitred figure, fashioned by Donatello's hand, stretches his prone length above his border of fruit and flowers, among which lies a carved skull, through whose empty eye-holes — strange and grisly fancy contrasting with so much beauty — a mocking ribbon runs. Elizabeth is perfectly silent the whole time, but no flood of talk could make Jim half so conscious of her presence, palpitating with sympathy and feeling, could give half the confidence he enjoys that she will introduce no allusion to either Kensal Green or Woking, as it is but too probable that the excellent companion of most of his Florentine rambles would have done.

Elizabeth has been perfectly silent, yet at last she speaks. It is in the Chapter House, where, as most of us have done, they have suddenly come upon another tomb, the tomb of one lying full-length on the pavement before the altar, with no separating edge of marble or wrought-iron railing to keep him from the foot of the passer-by. He lies there, portrayed with such an extraordinary vividness of life about his prostrate figure and his severe, powerful face, that one feels inclined to speak low, lest he should lift his white lids and look rebuke at us. In the lines about his mouth there is a hint of sardonic mirth. Is he — hearing our foolish chatter — touched with a grave contemptuous amusement at it? Or is he keeping in his sleep the memory of some four hundred years' old jest? Elizabeth has involuntarily crept close to Burgoyne's side, with the gesture of a frightened child.

"Are you sure that he did not stir?" she asks tremulously under her breath. Her next thought is that her mother must see him too, this wonderful living dead man, and they presently set forth to return to the garden to fetch her.— *Alas!*

BROWN, CHARLES BROCKDEN, an American journalist and novelist; born at Philadelphia, January 17, 1771; died there February 22, 1810. He was well-descended and well-educated, and commenced the study of law at the age of eighteen. He had little liking for the legal profession, and began early to write in prose and verse for such journals as existed at the time. In 1799 he founded in New York a literary periodical entitled *The Monthly Magazine and American Review,* which was continued nearly two years, the greater portion of the matter being written by Mr. Brown. He had already (1798) put forth his first novel, *Wieland,* and had come to look upon authorship as the occupation of his life. "He was," says his biographer, "believed to be the first native American author who devoted himself to literary pursuits as a regular occupation, and who depended upon them for a regular support." Hannah Adams, however, seems to have been fairly living by her pen a few years earlier. *Wieland* was followed in 1799 by *Ormond;* then came *Arthur Mervyn,* which is noted for its graphic description of the ravages of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. After this came (1801) *Edgar Huntley,* or the memoirs of a sleep-walker; *Clara Howard* and *Jane Talbot* were written a few years later. In 1803 Mr. Brown took charge

of *The Literary Magazine and American Register,* a periodical which had just been established in Philadelphia. This was carried on for about five years. In 1806 he commenced a semi-annual publication entitled *The American Register,* "devoted to history, politics, and science," which was carried on until the death of the editor at the beginning of 1810, forming seven volumes. The constitution of Charles Brockden Brown was delicate, and he died of consumption when he had barely passed mid-life. He has at least the merit of being the pioneer American novelist — and from this point of view he has claims to consideration. Griswold writes of him: "The metaphysical unity and consistency of his novels are apparent to all readers familiar with psychological phenomena. His works, generally written with great rapidity, are incomplete, and deficient in method; but his style was clear and nervous, with little ornament, free of affectations, and indicated a singular sincerity and depth of feeling."

Mr. Verplanck, writing in 1819, complained that Brown was far from being a popular writer. "There is," he said, "no call, as far as we know, for a second edition of any of his works." But such an edition was called for — or at least appeared — in 1827. And Brown himself had come to be so much thought of that, about 1834, his *Life,* written by William H. Prescott, formed a volume of Sparks's *American Biographies,* and is also reproduced in Prescott's *Miscellanies. Edgar Huntley,* we judge, upon the whole, to be the most striking of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown. Mr. Allibone says that in this the author "incorporated portions of his first and unpublished novel — *Sky-Walk, or the Man Unknown to Himself.*"

In the Preface to *Edgar Huntley* the author presents his own idea of the work which he had accomplished, and of what the American novel should be:

PREFACE TO EDGAR HUNTLEY.

It is the purpose of this work to exhibit a series of adventures growing out of the condition of our country, and connected with one of the most common and most wonderful diseases or affections of the human frame. One merit the writer may at least claim: that of calling forth the passions and energy of the reader by means hitherto unemployed by preceding authors. Puerile superstition and exploded manners, Gothic castles and chimeras, are the materials usually employed for this end. The incidents of Indian hostility, and the perils for the Western Wilderness, are far more suitable; and for a native American to overlook these would admit of no apology. These, therefore, are, in part, the ingredients of this tale; and these he has been ambitious of depicting in vivid and faithful colors. The success of his efforts must be estimated by the liberal and candid reader.

We have characterized *Edgar Huntley* as the most notable of the novels by Charles Brockden Brown. The best part of this story, we think, belongs to the already conceived, but only very partially written-out, *Sky-Walk*. Here belongs Clitheroe's Confession, which has really little to do with the story itself, but is about the best thing ever written by the author.

PRELUDE TO CLITHEROE'S CONFESSION.

You call upon me for a confession of my offence. What a strange fortune is mine! That a human being, in the present circumstances, should make this demand, and that I should be driven by an irresistible necessity to comply with it! That here should terminate my calamitous secret! That my destiny should call upon me to

lie down and die in a region so remote from the scene of my crimes, at a distance so great from all that witnessed and endured their consequences. You believe me to be an assassin. You require me to explain the motives that induced me to murder the innocent. While this is your belief, and the scope of your expectations, you may be sure of my compliance. I could resist every demand but this.

For what purpose have I come hither? Is it to relate my story? Shall I calmly sit here and rehearse the incidents of my life? Will my strength be adequate to this rehearsal? Let me recollect the motives that governed me when I formed this design. Perhaps a strenuousness may be imparted by them which otherwise I cannot hope to obtain. For the sake of these I consent to conjure up the ghost of the past, and to begin a tale that, with a fortitude like mine, I shall live to finish.

You are unacquainted with the man before you. The inferences which you have drawn with regard to my designs and my conduct are a tissue of destructive errors. You, like others, are blind to the most momentous consequences of your own actions. You talk of imparting consolations. You boast the beneficence of your intention. You set yourself to do me a benefit. What are the effects of your misguided zeal and random efforts? They have brought my life to a miserable close. They have shrouded the last scene of it in blood. They have put the seal to my perdition.

My misery has been greater than has fallen to the lot of mortals. Yet it is but beginning. My present path, full as it is of asperities, is better than that into which I must enter when this is abandoned. Perhaps, if my pilgrimage had been longer, I might, at some future day, have lighted upon hope. In consequence of your interference I am forever debarred from it. My existence is henceforth to be invariable. The woes that are reserved for me are incapable of alleviation or intermission.

But I came not hither to recriminate. I came not hither to accuse others, but myself. I know the retribution that is appointed for guilt like mine. It is just. I

may shudder at the foresight of my punishment, and shrink in the endurance of it; but I shall be indebted for part of my torment to the vigor of my understanding, which teaches me that my punishment is just. Why should I procrastinate my doom, and strive to render my burden more light? It is but just that it should crush me. Its proscrastination is impossible. The stroke is already felt. Even now I drink the cup of retribution. A change of being cannot aggravate my woe. Till consciousness itself be extinct, the worm that gnaws me will never perish.

Fain would I be relieved from this task. Gladly would I bury in oblivion the transactions of my life. But no! My fate is uniform. The demon that controlled me at first is still in the fruition of his power. I am entangled in his fold, and every effort that I make to escape only involves me in deeper ruin. I need not conceal, for all the consequences of my disclosure are already experienced. I cannot endure a groundless imputation; though to free me from it, I must create and justify imputations still more atrocious. My story may at least be brief. If the agonies of remembrance must be awakened afresh, let me do all that in me lies to shorten them.—*Edgar Huntley, Chap. IV.*

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